AUGUST.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.

BY

C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d.

Vol. IX. No. 53. AUGUST, 1903.

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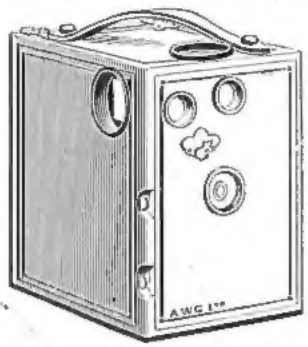

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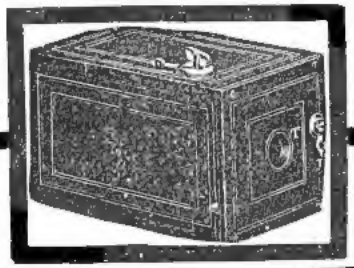

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A "Brownie" or "Scout" CAMERA,

A

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Or a complete

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Enter for "THE CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS. See page 483.

Or perhaps you would like to

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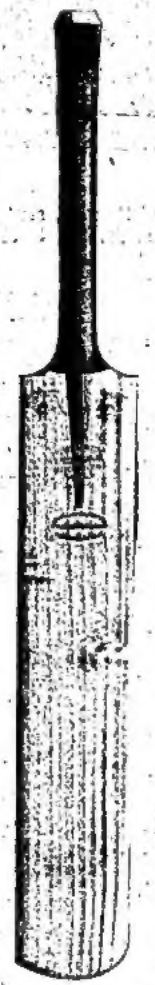
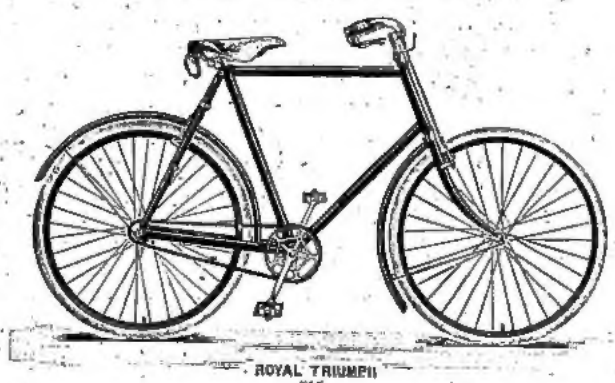
Fitted with Free-Wheel, Dunlop Tyres, Front and Back Rim Brakes, Mudguards, Lycett or Brooks Saddle, Tool Bag, Spanners, Pump, Clips, &c., &c., &c.



This Guinea LILLYWHITE, FROWD & CO.'S BAT is awarded as First Prize in our "PROFESSIONAL TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA" COMPETITION.



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£15

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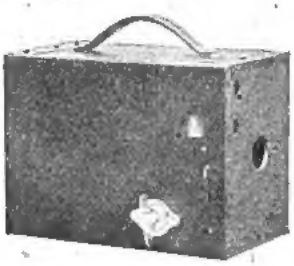
See COMPETITION No. I.

Two of these "CAMAGE" BATS are given away as Second and Third Prizes in our "PROFESSIONAL TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA" COMPETITION.

Two of these 10s. "Scout" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "HIDDEN ANIMALS" COMPETITION. Class II.



Two of these 10s. "Brownie" Hand Cameras are awarded as prizes in our "HIDDEN ANIMALS" COMPETITION. Class III.

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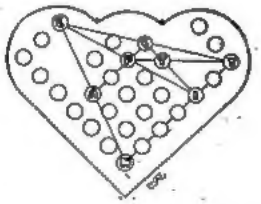
Correct solution to the "Egyptian Puzzle"
June, 1903.



See Results of "Captain" Competitions on page 488.

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A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

C. B. Fry. *Athletic Editor.*

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

The Old Fag. *Editor.*

Contents for August, 1903.

		PAGE
THE OLYMPIAN WALK	*...Back of Frontispiece*	
"SURRENDRE!" THE VOICE WAS HIGH AND CONFIDENT. "SURRENDRE! OU NOUS FINIRONS LES BATEAUX!" ... ... Drawn by E. F. Skinner.	*... Frontispiece*	
THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY ... ... Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	Franklin Welles Calkins	395
HAILEYBURY COLLEGE ... ... With Illustrations from Photographs.	A. E. Johnson	399
LOWER SCHOOL YARNS. (V.—"The Tenth Plague.")... ... ... Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	Harold Burrows	405
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (Novelties.) ... ... With Illustrations.	E. J. Nankivell	410
SOME PRACTICAL CRICKET TIPS DEMONSTRATED SPECIALLY FOR "CAPTAIN" READERS ... ... A Series of Unique Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.	C. B. Fry	412
THE ISLE OF FORTUNE. (Chaps. XIII.–XV.) ... ... Illustrated by E. S Hodgson.	Captain Charles Protheroe	414
HOW UF RED-HAIR BECAME A CHIEF ... ... Illustrated by Paul Hardy.	Edwin Lester Arnold	422
THE CYCLING CORNER. (Short Rides Round London.)	Charles H. Larrette	427

(Further contents on next page.)

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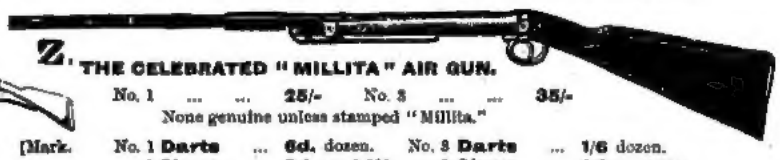

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Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY ...		431
THE ELEPHANT'S STORY ... Illustrated by the Author.	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS	434
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.) And Answers to Correspondents.	C. B. FRY	442
THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS. (PART I.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	P. G. WODEHOUSE	446
UP-RIVER CAMPING With Illustrations from Special Photographs.	A HOLIDAY CAMPER	456
CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS. (CAPTAINS, 1903.)		459
THE LONG 'UN. (CHAPS. XXI.-XXV.) Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.	R. S. WARREN BELL	460
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (VI.—IN A COASTER.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	J. E. PATTERSON	475
THE "CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	479
NATURALISTS' CORNER With Illustrations.	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	481
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST		483
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)		484
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		486
RESULTS OF JUNE COMPETITIONS		488
"THE LATEST"		489

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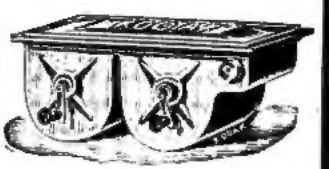

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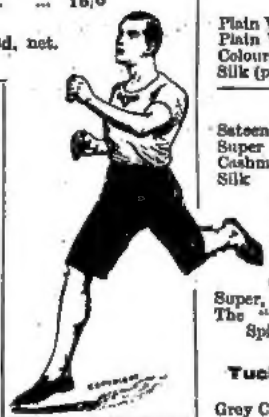

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THE OLYMPIAN WALK.

By ANDREW C. LEIGH. Illustrated by CONRAD H. LEIGH.

The gods of Olympus selected,
With very much bother and talk,
A dozen or so of the strongest,
To take an "Olympian Walk."

They started from old Mount Olympus
And walked to Mount Ida in Crete,
Mercurius easily winning
Because of the wings on his feet.

They walked o'er the sea on a rainbow,
Which saved the expense of a ferry—
Though Charon was vexed: he expected
A tip for the use of his wherry.

King Jove and his consort Queen Juno
Drove out in their new motor car;
While Bacchus and Hebe united
And set up a travelling Bar.

Fair Venus presented the prizes,
(Both she and the gifts were admired),
And after a bottle of nectar
The "Olympian Walkers" retired.

SURRENDRE!" THE VOICE WAS HIGH AND CONFIDENT. *"SURRENDRE' OU NOUS FINIRONS LES BATEAUX!"*

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THE BULLET-MAKER'S STRATEGY.*

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS. *Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.*

YOUNG Jean Marie Du Bois was the first white man to manufacture lead near the famous Fever River. In his early 'teens Jean served as apprentice to a gunsmith in Lyons, France, and before his majority as a non-commissioned officer in the French Army.

Then he came to this country—straight to the Mississippi frontier. Not long afterward he was engaged in making bullets and mending guns at a point on the river below the French and Indian rendezvous at Prairie du Chien.

In the lead regions near St. Louis, the French, Spanish, and Indians had, in a crude way, mined for and melted ore for more than half a century. This product found its way by various water courses to the Great Lakes. And this is exactly the reason why the British and their Indian allies invaded the upper Mississippi country in 1780-81. This they did by two water routes, and at least one expedition returned laden with lead, many scalps, and some prisoners.

The trade of Jean Du Bois had flourished finely until the coming of the British in these raids. In the spring of 1780 a fleet of Mackinaw boats, manned by red-coats and Winnebagoes, passed down the river and ravaged the country of the Sacs and Foxes, who were allies of the French. They missed Du Bois, probably passing him in the night on their way down, but on the return, British boats anchored off shore and battered down his rough stone walls with small cannon.

Jean escaped into the woods, and the enemy, well freighted, were content to pass on, leaving his small "works" a wreck. When they were gone, the lone bullet-maker set to work ruefully and repaired his damaged house and workshop.

He now bethought him seriously of his lonely life, and especially of his need of interested allies in time of war. Below him, some days' journey upon the river, were villages of Sacs and Foxes. He now went among these Indians and narrated his losses —not so great as their own—at the hands of the "Inglis" and Winnebagoes. He remained some time among their lodges and finally married the Young Corn, a Sac girl, and took her brother, Bobadeesha, to live with them.

The Sacs and Foxes, to whom he gave generous supplies of bullets, promised to watch the river closely in the future and to give him timely warning of the approach of mutual enemies.

Du Bois passed a winter pleasantly with his young wife and the Indian lad for helpers. The Young Corn and Bobadeesha dug for the chunks of ore which Jean smelted. The brother and sister were much delighted when they could fetch, from their badger-like drifts into the hills, great lumps of galena as big as they could carry.

This labour left Du Bois free to work at his moulds and at his forge in repairing old North-west guns and fowling-pieces which had been placed in his hands by traders, *voyageurs*, and woodsmen at Prairie du Chien. And there was, of course, the burning of charcoal to assist in this business.

The high waters of spring came and went and the bullet-maker was preparing for his annual trip to Prairie du Chien, when a Sac runner came across country from the Fox River to warn him of the approach of a fleet of British and Winnebagoes. The main body of Sac and Fox warriors, said the runner, had gone to the far north to strike the Menominees. Himself had followed with a small party, and, while upon the trail of their fellows, they had discovered the coming boats —ten or more of them. There was no time to follow and fetch back the war parties, so he had run night and day to warn Du Bois and to save the women and children of the villages below.

Jean fed the runner and bade him haste on his errand. The Young Corn then asked her husband if they, too, should not go and hide themselves with her people.

"We can as well hide here," said Du Bois, and the obedient wife composedly accepted his dictum. Du Bois now spent some time in deep meditation, sitting outside his storehouse and looking upon the broad river. Then he reached a decision and set to work.

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He felled two sound hard-wood trees, peeled and shaped the trunks to resemble cannon, burned a smooth bore into them and charred them black. From some old gun-barrels he forged hoops of iron and belted one of his log cannons solidly from breech to muzzle.

This one he loaded with a pound or so of powder and slugs and fired the piece without bursting it. At short range he saw that it might be made to do execution without too great danger to himself.

The Young Corn and her brother looked upon the great guns with much amazement, but, Indian like, awaited his explanation of their purpose. They were more than ever astonished when he unfolded his plan to them. They had listened to many tales of brave exploits, told in the lodges of the Sacs and Foxes, but never of such a deed as this master of the stone house and maker of guns proposed.

When Du Bois told them they were to stand by the big gun while he aimed and fired it, and again in the face of the enemy, they were speechless. But they obeyed without flinching at the test. It was now nearly time for the hostile fleet to arrive; so, in his bateau, Du Bois and his small force repaired to an island at some distance above the mines. Here the channel of navigation for loaded boats was narrowed—as it is to this day—to a deep and tranquil current some three hundred feet in width. Beyond was a succession of small isles, shallows and sand bars.

Behind a sharp ridge of sand, at the upper extremity of the large island, Du Bois planted his hooped cannon. On the opposite bank, but lower down, under a big oak, he mounted the charred piece, with its mouth gaping upon the river. Along with this dummy cannon was also mounted a big-bore fowling-piece, placed breech against the tree, with a string attached to the trigger and loaded to the muzzle with balls and slugs.

The log gun at the sand bank was effectively ambushed by dry bushes and drift stuff flung carelessly along the ridge. A number of loaded rifles also were placed under cover behind this natural earthwork.

The hostile boats, so soon expected, however, were delayed. Du Bois and his little party waited, living upon jerked meat, for three or four days. Every morning there was fog upon the river, and Du Bois began to fear the bateaux had slipped by him unawares. Then, on the fourth morning, after the mist had lifted, Bobadeesha came running in from the hill of look-out. The "Inglis" and the Winnebagoes were coming —ten boats; he held up the fingers of both hands

Then this daring man, Jean Marie Du Bois, posted his forces. The Young Corn was left in hiding to fire the fowling-piece, freshly primed. She was to pull its trigger as soon as the boats should reach a certain point upon the river, marked from her line of vision, toward the island. If the enemy then attempted landing she was to flee to the woods. With final repetition of instructions Du Bois took an affectionate leave of his young wife and, with Bobadeesha, repaired to the sand ridge. They hid their bateau among some willows and then primed their rifles and arranged them for quick firing. Then Du Bois lighted, smokeless, a little heap of charcoal, and they were ready.

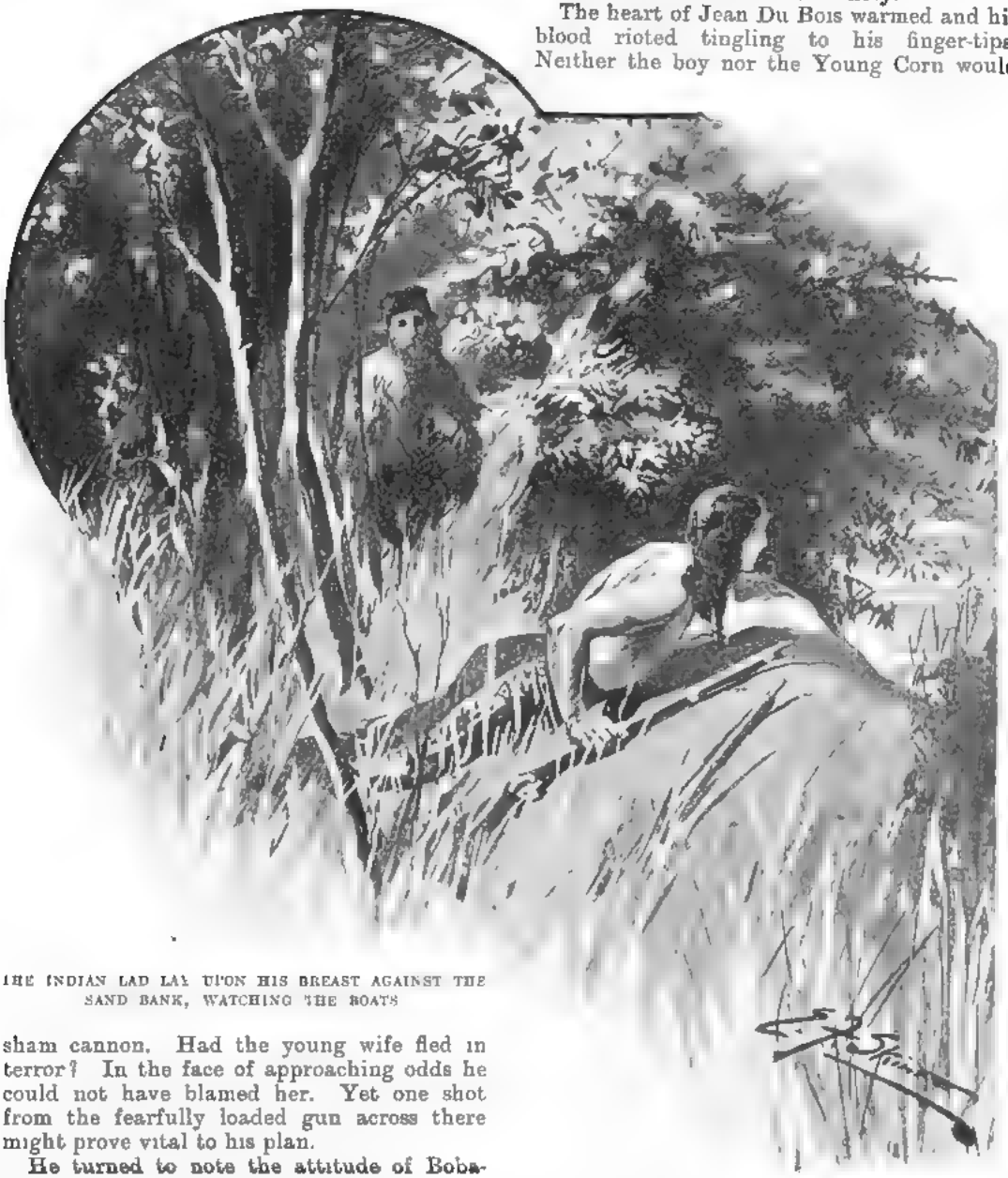
Presently the fleet of boats, with sails furled—for there was no breeze—swept around a bend and bore down upon them. As they came on Du Bois corrected the Indian count. There were eleven large bateaux, each manned with a crew of eighteen or twenty men. Their delay could be easily accounted for in the time it must have taken to cross the portage at La Prairie.

Five or six boats were in the lead and nearly abreast. Du Bois could see no cannon, but cannon was what he feared, if indeed so bold a man feared anything. One boat was loaded wholly with British officers and red-coats, and Du Bois saw with much regret that this bateau would pass furthest from his position. He wanted to sink this boat at the outset. To deal with the Winnebagoes, unofficered by their white allies, he felt would simplify matters. But war is war, and one must fight a stationary battery, especially of logs, as one has opportunity. So reasoned this admirable Frenchman. It was his patriotic duty to defend innocent and happy villages from a ruthless invader. Not again should these inhuman savages ravage and lay waste the country of the allies if he and his could prevent. Not for an instant did this intrepid man quail.

One boat was now drawing in near the bar. It was manned by a crowd of befeathered and paint-streaked chiefs and high warriors and a couple of red-coats, who doubtless managed its sail when there was a wind. Du Bois noted, with exultation, that this bateau was likely to pass within fifty feet of the shore.

He now glanced across to where he had left

the Young Corn in hiding. Nothing was to be seen save the great oak and a bush which had been thrown upon the muzzle of the



THE INDIAN LAD LAY UPON HIS BREAST AGAINST THE SAND BANK, WATCHING THE BOATS

sham cannon. Had the young wife fled in terror? In the face of approaching odds he could not have blamed her. Yet one shot from the fearfully loaded gun across there might prove vital to his plan.

He turned to note the attitude of Bobadeesha, who had charge of the rifles. The Indian lad lay upon his breast against the sand bank, his face sheltered by a wisp of willow twigs, narrowly watching the boats. There was an eager light in his eyes, a fierce, valorous glow upon his dark cheek, which spoke of unbounded courage and determination. For the first time this boy was about to lift his hand against the hereditary enemies of his home and country.

The heart of Jean Du Bois warmed and his blood rioted tingling to his finger-tips. Neither the boy nor the Young Corn would fly. They would stay in the fight to its finish. Reassured, he resumed his inspection of the fleet.

The foremost boats were now nearly opposite. Soon prying eyes might detect the un-

covered muzzle of his clumsy gun. The near bateau was right at hand. He gathered a live coal upon a bit of bark and ran his eye along the barrel. Its aim was too high, but the piece was balanced upon the sharp ridge. He elevated the breech with one hand and, as the prow of the bateau passed his line of sight, dropped a bit of fire upon the priming.

Boom! A dull, hollow roar and a crash of pine splinters was followed by whoops of fright and amazement and then by a great splashing of scared swimmers. Du Bois instantly fired a musket on either hand, aimed simply to rake the river with small bullets, and, before the smoke had lifted, rammed a home-made cartridge into his home-made cannon.

"Surrender!" he shouted above the din. "Surrender, or we finish the bateaux!"

As the smoke of his guns lifted, his eyes fell upon a scene of confusion. The bateau which had received his wad of slugs had overturned and was floating bottom up, while the survivors of its crew were threshing water frantically in their efforts to get aboard other boats. All the bateaux had swung to, fearing more effective ambush in the narrows below. The Winnebagoes were paddling for dear life to reverse their heavily loaded craft. The British crew, lower in the channel, however, had dexterously brought their boat about. A young officer standing in its bow was eagerly scanning the sand ridge. He saw the black muzzle of a single cannon confronting him.

"Forward, men!" he shouted, courageously, "land and give 'em the guns!" The man was bold as a lion. Du Bois, behind his cannon, felt a thrill of admiration. It was thus a soldier should meet the enemy. The young officer roared at the Winnebagoes and flourished his arms until the flush of his valour enthused them. Despite the fact that Bobadeesha was firing rifles from behind his line of drift stuff, Du Bois saw that the whole force of the enemy were encouraged to attack.

Some of the boats were drifting now and the brave Frenchman saw that these would quickly make a landing below. With intense anxiety he turned his eyes upon the Young Corn's ambuscade. Dare she fire upon those boats? They were under the very muzzle of her gun. Now was the time! At that instant he saw a slim figure stoop from behind the big oak and fling away the bush which covered a threatening muzzle. The figure disappeared and before he could catch breath there was an explosion like the bursting of a shell.

Slugs, bullets, pieces of gun-barrel whistled and sang. These flew wildly over and among the bateaux. Two or three of the Winnebagoes were knocked off their knees and their paddles drifted upon the current.

"*Surrendre!*" The voice was high and confident. "*Surrendre! ou nous finirons les bateaux!*"

The English officer, still standing in his boat, looked about him with anxiety. His Winnebagoes were paddling frantically to get up stream and out of ambush. He looked squarely into the muzzle of a gun which had sunk one of his bateaux. He ordered his men to hold their boat steady.

"Upon what conditions, Monsieur, if we choose to yield?" he called to Du Bois, in the tongue of France.

"The French and the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi," responded Jean, "desire nothing but to be left at peace. If *Monsieur l'Officier* will have the politeness to land his bateau and lay down the English muskets, Monsieur shall retain his sword and retreat with all his forces whence he came." Generous terms! The Englishman lifted his hat in salute. "I have the honour," he said, "to accept the conditions of Monsieur le——"

"Captain Du Bois, *par la grâce de Dieu* general of the forces on both sides of this river," supplied the bullet-maker.

And now, to overcome the peril of this surrender, for all the boats had halted at this brief parley, Jean Du Bois added: "Monsieur will keep his Indians at a distance. Monsieur will land only five men to stack the arms of his enlisted soldiers."

"Very well," replied the British officer, and forthwith ordered his allies to proceed upon the retreat. The terrified Winnebagoes were only too glad to obey.

At some fifty yards below his position the muskets were delivered, and then Jean, standing upon his embankment, gravely exchanged salutes with the vanquished, as the soldiers paddled away in the wake of their frightened allies.

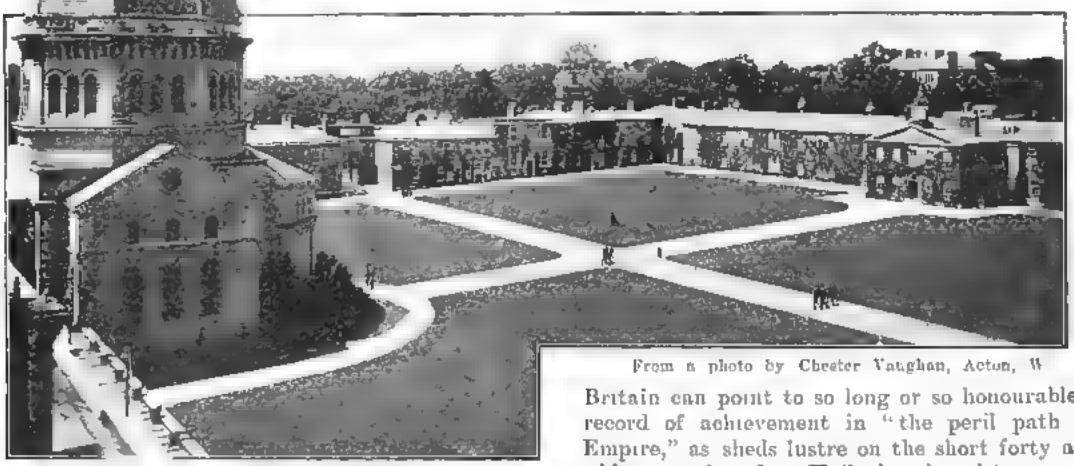
At Mackinaw, some weeks later, the British lieutenant reported a sharp skirmish with superior forces guarding the Mississippi waterway.

When the enemy's departure was safely assured, the intrepid defender of the river and his jubilant young helpers returned to their vocation upon the bluff.

Haileybury COLLEGE.

SURSUM CORDA

By H. C. Johnson.



From a photo by Chester Vaughan, Acton, W.

THE QUADRANGLE FROM THE WATER TOWER.

" God send her rulers wisdom, the task to tame the lands,
The peril path of Empire is safe in those young hands.
Though the air be filled with strange new sounds, and perplexed with doubtful creeds,
The boys we send to the world's far end still know what England needs."

IT were no easy task, even for a brilliant epigrammatist, to sum up in a few words the animating spirit, the dominating influence, of a particular public school. In the case of Haileybury College, however, the thing has been done for us in the lines quoted above, written by an old Haileyburian and a distinguished servant of the Empire, Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., C.B. Frankly imperialistic as every public school must be—being, indeed, itself an empire in miniature—it yet may be doubted if any of our nurseries of Greater Britain can point to so long or so honourable a record of achievement in "the peril path of Empire," as sheds lustre on the short forty and odd years of modern Haileybury's existence.

THE HON. AND REV. CANON E. LYTTELTON, M.A., HEADMASTER OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Without question this general trend of Haileybury life and teaching may be traced in no small degree to the descent—if the word be permissible—of the school from the Old East India College. Early in the last century the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, acting upon various suggestions and proposals from home and abroad, founded a College on the estate of Haileybury, near Hertford, for the purpose of affording a better education, moral, intellectual, and physical, to the young men who were destined to become servants of the Company abroad. Of the four principals—the Revs. S. Henley, J. H. Batten, C. W. Le Bas, and H. Melvill—the names of the last three are perpetuated in the dormitories of modern Haileybury, which are called after them. Many are the names distinguished in the history of British India which the Old East India College can claim as those of *alumni*—the most

"BARTLE FRERE": ONE OF THE DORMITORIES, OR HOUSES

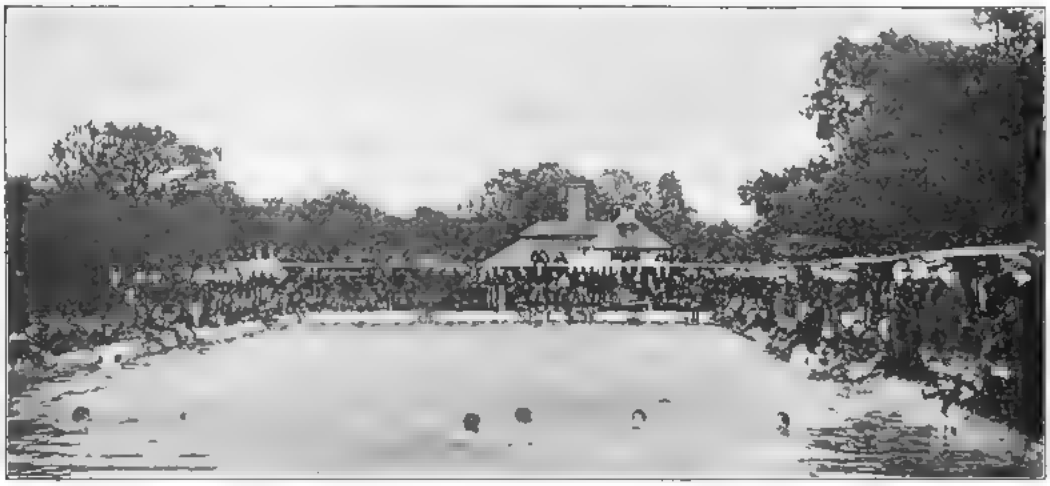
Photo by G. Stephenson.

famous of them (as in the case of the former Principals just referred to) being attached to the various dormitories, and serving not only to link together past and present Haileybury, but to remind of great examples.

The Act of Parliament which, in 1853, deprived the Court of Directors of the Company of their privileges in connection with nominations to posts in the Indian Civil Service, and the substitution of competitive examinations, practically removed the object for which the old College existed. In 1855 its doom was sealed, and in the following year the last of the earlier generation of Haileyburians left its portals. For a few years the deserted college stood alone in its desolation. Then, in 1861, it was sold, and on September 4th, 1862, recommenced existence as modern Haileybury, with fifty-four boys. Since that time the numbers have increased tenfold, no small achievement for a brief period of forty years, and sufficient testimony in itself to the progress of the College, and the rapidity with which she has taken her place in the foremost rank of the public schools.

To her two first headmasters, modern Haileybury owes a debt not easily to be estimated. The difficulties which beset the school at the commencement of its career, as yet without organisation and established in the cheerless surroundings of the disused East India College buildings, may be well imagined. In the Rev. A. G. Butler, however, the council had found a master made of no ordinary stuff. His attainments as a scholar eminently fitted him for the work of a teacher, as, indeed, the speedy academic successes of the school proved; but it was to his admirable qualities as a man that the firm foundation upon which the fortunes of Haileybury were laid was chiefly due. His was the enthusiasm that fires, and the energy that over-rides all obstacles. "Butler's Leap" is familiar, not only to Rugbeians, but to all followers of public school cross-country running, and as was the boy, so was the man.

Butler's successor was Dr. Bradby, whose name is commemorated in Bradby Hall. What the one had begun, the other finished, and when at the close of sixteen years of sterling service, Dr. Bradby resigned, to devote himself to arduous work among the poor of London's slums, the position of Haileybury was assured. His place



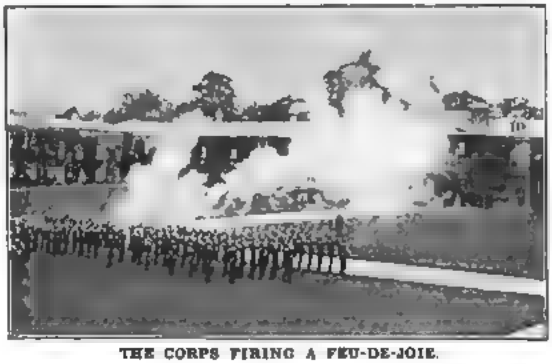
THE OPEN-AIR BATH AT HAILEYBURY.

Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

"THE ATHLETICS."
Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

was taken, in 1882, by the Rev. J. Robertson, who ruled until 1890, when Canon Lyttelton, the present headmaster, under whom the high traditions of the college are being so fully maintained, entered upon office.

The chief feature of the school work is the ample opportunity afforded by the workshops and special classes in connection with the modern side, for instruction in those subjects, technical and otherwise, which are required in preparation for such professions as engineering, the Army, or the Civil Service. In these three spheres of activity Haileyburians have always been numerous, and all over the world are to be found men who cherish early memories of the "dear old school beneath the dome." Especially is this the case with India, for with India Haileybury is still closely linked, partly through the influence, no doubt, of tradition, partly through the more concrete circumstances of former pupils of Old Haileybury repaying the debt they owe the Old East India College by sending their sons to New Haileybury. Of the ten dormitories or "houses" into which the college is split up, three are named, as we have already noted, after principals of the East India College, while six others bear the names of distinguished Indian civilians among their pupils. Thus we have "Lawrence," "Bartle Frere," "Trevelyan," "Thomson," "Colvin," and "Edmonstone," a system of nomenclature which, apart from the charm of its associations, has much to recommend it on the score of convenience. In other ways, too, these great names are honoured. In one of the studies, a tablet bears the name and date "John Lawrence, 1820," and in Bartle Frere, one of the compartments contains the inscription "Here was the room of Bartle Frere." The tenth house, "Hailey," was originally a lower school, but since 1879 has ranked with the rest. "Highfield" is a boarding-house, opened in 1868, for boys whose health requires special attention.



THE CORPS FIRING A FEU-DE-JOIE.

THE HAILEYBURY NATURAL SCIENCE SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION IN THE BRADBY HALL.

In the social life of Haileybury an important part is played by the three school societies. The first of these is the Literary Society, which was founded in 1868. Its full title is "The Senior Literary and Debating Society," which has been somewhat mistakenly abbreviated, for though it was at first intended that the literary efforts of the society should be as much encouraged as the oratorical, the debating side has long ousted all other subjects.

The Natural Science Society was founded in 1872, chiefly through the energy of Frank Podmore, later the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. The "N.S.S." does excellent work, and the rural surroundings of the school offer many happy hunting grounds for the collector. Goose Green, and the Heath, hard by, give plenty of opportunities to the entomologist, and in former days the neighbouring "Gallows Hill" yielded many a skull to the anthropologist. The excellent and serious work, however, which the society accomplishes is indicated by its publication of a "Fauna and Flora" of the neighbourhood, and the exhibition which it annually holds in Bradby Hall.

The Antiquarian Society, founded in 1874. by the Rev. F. B. Butler, enjoys a measure of success not a little remarkable. It makes an annual expedition, known as a "pilgrimage," but devotes its time largely to the reading of papers and the delivery of lectures, especially on art, architecture, and kindred subjects.

Besides the three school societies, there is a musical club, composed of a section of the choir; a band, formed from instrumentalists amongst the masters' families as well as the boys; and a dark room, for the benefit of photographic enthusiasts.

Athletically, there is much to be said about Haileybury. But, on our way to the playing-fields, let us step across the parade-ground. For the Haileybury Cadet Corps demands a few words of more than ordinary notice. Ask any regular and unbiassed attendant at the camp of the Public Schools Brigade at Aldershot (which owes its initiation to Haileybury officers), his opinion of the Haileybury corps. Ask him which school has invariably the strongest muster, and who were the winners (on all the occasions upon which it was offered for competition) of the Wantage Bugle for the smartest detachment.

Lack of proper range accommodation has hitherto prevented the VIII. from doing well in competition for the Ashburton Shield, despite the best of endeavours with the Morris tube. A new safety range, however, is just about to be opened in one of the school fields, and in future we may hope to see the Haileybury team take its proper place at Bisley.

The thoroughness with which the Cadet Corps is "run" at Haileybury is especially interesting

SNOWBALLING ON HAILEY FIELD.

in view of the large numbers of Haileyburians who enter the Army. Few schools played so distinguished a part in the late South African War, as the "War Record," recently published as a supplement to the *Haileyburian*, testifies. One O.H., Capt. C. Mansel-Jones, of the West Yorks. Regt., received the Victoria Cross.

ON GALLOWS HILL.

To turn to athletics. For both cricket and football, the school plays by houses on "Little Side," or "Below Big Side," while the best players play on "Big Side." The games are organised by the C.O.G. (Committee of Games), who, at the beginning of term, appoint a "Captain of Firsts," a "Captain of Seconds," and a "Captain of οἱπς." The last word is an abbreviation of οἱ πολλοί, and signifies those players who are not good enough for "1sts" or "2nds." They receive occasional coaching from "Big Side," and thus gain opportunities of promotion, while the "colts"—boys under 16—also play occasional practice games for the purpose of discovering latent ability. Inter-house matches produce the keenest rivalry, the "Cock House" at the end of the term indulging in a triumphant procession round the quadrangle, the captain proudly bearing aloft the Challenge Trophy—a silver football or cricket-ball, as the case may be. During the

THE TERRACE GROUND, USED FOR BIG-SIDE FOOTBALL, LITTLE-SIDE CRICKET.
Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.

footer season, foreign matches are played on the terrace ground, while house matches and "Below-Big-Side" games take place on the "Twenty Acre," a large field that presents a very remarkable appearance with ten games in full swing. The school matches are against Dulwich, Tonbridge, and Bedford, in football; and Uppingham, Wellington, and, of course, Cheltenham (at Lord's) in cricket.

Racquets and fives are both played, and the school regularly enters a pair for the Public Schools Racquets Championship. But the racquet court is both slow and too large, and though twice the school representatives have reached the final round, the Championship has never been won. The following are the school athletic records :—

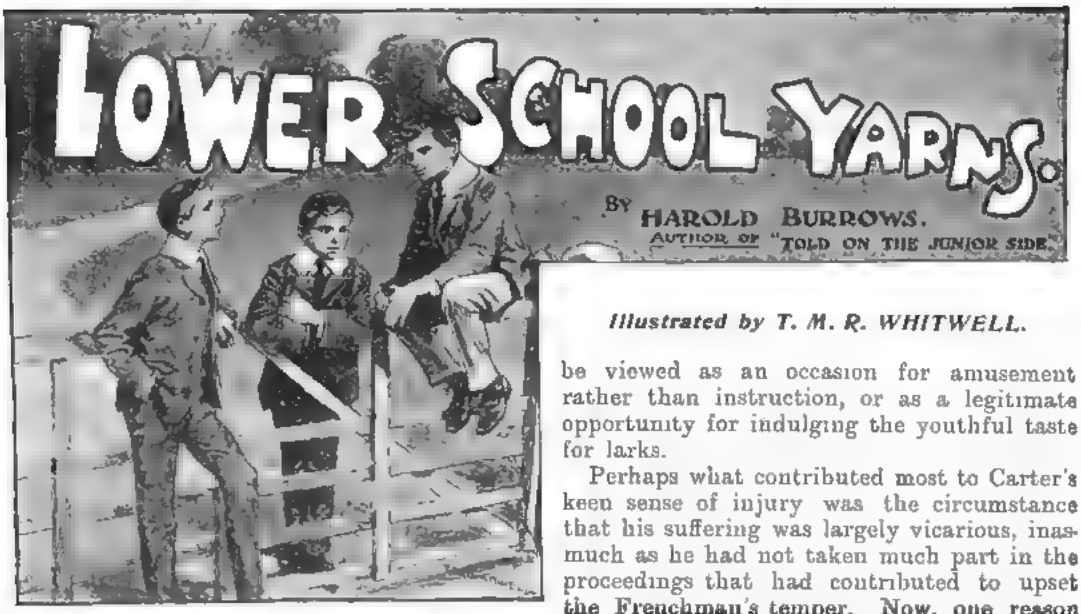
100 Yards : C. H. Jupp, 1897, 10 1-5 secs.
200 Yards : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 21 4-5 secs.
440 Yards : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 53 4-5 secs.
Half-mile : C. H. Dickinson, 1894, 2 mins. 6 1-5 secs.
Mile : B. C. Allen, 1889, 4 mins. 43 4-5 secs.
Hurdles : A. D. Green, 1891, 16 3-5 secs.
High Jump : W. S. Gurney, 1876, 5 ft. 6 ins.
Long Jump : N. S. A. Harrison, 1897, 20 ft. 9 ins.
Putting the Weight : N. S. A. Harrison, 1897, 35 ft. 6 ins.

For swimming, the school has a splendid open-air bath, and "the Aquatics" take place at the end of the summer term. Hockey, lawn tennis, and golf are also practised, though the latter two games are not under the jurisdiction of the C.O.G. The gymnasium is a most efficient institution. Every boy has to undergo at least one year's course, and should he at the end of that time fail to "pass out," he may be obliged to remain on yet longer. Careful statistics are kept of height, weight, and measurements, which have proved of great anthropometric value. The gym. VI. has colours of its own, and a pair represents the school in the public school competitions at Aldershot. In 1890, the Aldershot pair were successful, and on other occasions the school has been second and fourth. The foils at the same meeting have several times been won by Haileyburians, and latterly the school has done well in the boxing.

Of curious manners and customs, Haileybury has but few. A school with so recent a foundation cannot, of course, be expected to furnish many links with bygone times. The speech of Haileybury, too, differs but little from the ordinary slang common to most public schools. A few phrases and words, however, are distinctive : "Pauper," originally used as a half-pitying, half-contemptuous epithet for the lower school boy, who was "a poor sort of person," has found a recognised place in the school vocabulary. To "pauperise" is to commit a breach of good form, to behave in undignified fashion, and so forth. "Pauper's cricket" is a game, peculiar to Haileybury, which is played in a fives court. It has its own rules, but, like Harrow "Yarder," Tonbridge "Stumper," Bradfield "Furtle," and many another curious public school game, is a variant of cricket proper.

Two end-of-the-term customs deserve a word of notice. One is the "carrying" of prefects or members of the XV. or XI. who are leaving the school. Obstacles are removed from the long dormitory, and the departing one is hoisted aloft and carried at the double once up and down the room amidst wild cheering. The other custom, of comparatively recent introduction, is the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in the quadrangle, after the sing-song on the last Monday night of the Summer Term. The occasion is the eve of the final departure of many Haileyburians from the college precincts, to which they will return afterwards only as "Old Boys"; and seeing the love which Haileyburians bear to their Alma Mater, and the tender memories they cherish of happy days spent within the shadow of her Dome, it seems likely that the pleasing custom thus begun will pass into the recognised order of things.

"THE TWENTY ACRE."
Photo by the Rev. W. D. Fenning.



Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

V.—THE TENTH PLAGUE.

I.

CARTER was indignant. It was bad enough to have been sat on by the Junior Classic and enjoined to write out a chapter of Livy three times in Latin and English; but that the usual pliant Jalaguier should at last have turned on his chief persecutor, and inflicted an "impot" of twelve of the most irregular of irregular French verbs, was, indeed, an unexpected addition to his misfortunes. Moreover, there was no appealing from the sentence, as for once in a way, Jalaguier, mistrusting his own firmness, had fled the school precincts immediately after registering the decree in the black book. Its marking off would thus fall to the Senior Classic (old Slowcoach), who was taking detention that afternoon; and the unhappy Carter knew full well that the master was one who would exact the full pound of flesh.

So, during the whole of that long half-holiday, on a Wednesday in the early spring, Carter remained pent in the stuffy schoolroom, alternately fuming and sulking over his allotted tasks; and as his pen mechanically covered the paper, his mind was busy revolving schemes by which he might get even with the long-suffering Frenchman. That the Junior Classic should fling impots at us and require their performance was a recognised thing. But Jalaguier! Things were coming to a pretty pass if the hour spent in French class was no longer to be viewed as an occasion for amusement rather than instruction, or as a legitimate opportunity for indulging the youthful taste for larks.

Perhaps what contributed most to Carter's keen sense of injury was the circumstance that his suffering was largely vicarious, inasmuch as he had not taken much part in the proceedings that had contributed to upset the Frenchman's temper. Now, one reason why Jalaguier fell such an easy prey to those whom he frankly regarded as the representatives of a barbarous race was the fact that he made little attempt to disguise his methods, and we could generally predict with tolerable accuracy what he was about to say or do. If, for example, he had occasion to visit the Doctor during school hours, he invariably marched first of all to the masters' cupboard and exchanged his working gown for the newer one he kept there. In this way we always gleaned where he was going, and prepared to devote ourselves to ten minutes' unrestricted enjoyment. On the morning of the fateful impot, Jalaguier had arrayed himself in his best attire and departed with his customary admonition to observe the quiet and make not the noise. As soon as his back was turned young Lewis quitted his seat and made for the cupboard. Arraying himself in the discarded robe, he swaggered up and down the room, convulsing the form with laughter at his clever mimicry of the absent master. But for some unexplained reason Jalaguier returned with unexpected celerity.

"Cave, Lewis!" cried Bannister; and, completely taken by surprise, the youngster bolted into the cupboard just as the master re-entered the room. The latter walked straight to the cupboard, and we waited with bated breath the seemingly certain discovery. But Bannister, who occupied one of the front desks, was equal to the emergency. Just as Jalaguier passed his seat, the subtle youth dexterously tilted forward a heavy diction-

ary. It was caught by the master's flowing sleeve, and fell with a crash to the floor. Jalaguier turned and stormed, but Bannister was instantly on his feet with many apologies. Hearing the row, Lewis divined that a movement had been executed in his favour. Emerging unrobed from the cupboard, he made for his seat, but failed to reach it ere

HE SWAGGERED UP AND DOWN THE ROOM

Jalaguier turned again. Down went Lewis upon his hands and knees.

"Aha!" cried Jalaguier. "Is it that you do all play the foolery of the Tom as soon as I do turn myself upon my back? You there, what-you-call young Lewis, why for do you embrace the floor?"

The small boy looked up with an air of injured innocence.

"Please, mossoo, I am looking for a pencil, mossoo. I did not like to take a new one from your desk when you were out of the room, mossoo."

"Will you no to your seat retire?"

"Yes, mossoo. But please *may* I have a pencil, mossoo?"

"Ah! the tiresomeful boy. Take the two, if you will."

"Oh, *thank* you, mossoo."

And grasping a pencil in either hand young Lewis returned in triumph to his seat. But either something in the atmosphere suggested to the Frenchman that he had been done, or else his brief interview with the Head had been a somewhat unpleasant one. I fear he had occasionally to bear sharp criticism for the lack of order in the class. At all events, Jalaguier remained in an unusually stern mood for the rest of the hour, and it was a comparatively trifling offence which brought down the imposition on the head of the astonished Carter.

II.

Only half-an-hour remained of that wasted afternoon when Carter emerged from the schoolroom and hastened to seek solace in the compassion of his chums. Football was over, and cricket was not yet in full swing, so young Lewis and Bannister and I were easily detached from the rest, and the full quartette

met in solemn conclave behind the pavilion to discuss this sudden aggressiveness on the part of the French master, and to consider what should be done. Many and fantastic were the schemes of revenge proposed, but none seemed wholly satisfactory to our minds. A frog hopped solemnly from the ditch by the side of his hedge, and squatting down by our side, appeared for all the world as though he were a fifth member added to the council. Lewis meditatively tickled the intruder with a blade of grass.

"Ugh!" said he. "If Jalaguier was here he would eat you, nasty wretch. Lucky for you we are not Froggies."

"I say!" cried Bannister.

"What do you say?" demanded Carter.

"Suppose we take this fellow into class with us to-morrow morning and put him on Jalaguier's desk when he isn't looking! It will just show him what we think of him."

"Or put it in his pocket?" said I.

"Or down his neck," said Carter, viciously.

"What shall we do with it this evening?" enquired Lewis. "I don't fancy having the thing in *my* bed."

"He will be all safe in the desk," said Bannister. "There is enough air for two like him. And if there isn't it doesn't matter. I have heard they live shut up in a stone without air, oh! for ever and ever."

"Sure that isn't a toad?" doubted Carter.

"You are always so beastly particular," snorted Bannister.

"What is the use of quarrelling about a frog?" said I. "We can get stacks in the morning."

"Of course we can," said Lewis. "I will make a point of getting out somehow just before class, and collect a dozen. We can put them on the desk and into his pockets as well."

"But suppose you can't get out?" suggested Carter, anxious to leave no stone unturned to accomplish his revenge.

Lewis sniffed contemptuously. In the bright lexicon of that ingenuous youth there was no such word as fail; and he could not endure even a hint of the possibility of non-success. "Oh, very well," said he. "You can leave me out of it, if you like. Better ask Joey to do it for you."

"That is a good idea," quoth Bannister, anxious to propitiate. "Joey can make sure of getting out, and he can bring them to us just as we go in to class. Then we shan t have the trouble of hunting the beastly things ourselves."

"And of course we shan't leave you out," chimed in Carter. "You shall take them off Joey as we go in. I know I should make a mess of it, if I tried to carry them."

Mollified by this tribute to his superior skill, young Lewis graciously consented to the amended scheme, and a move was forthwith made to the boot-room. Joey proved as amenable as usual when a silver coin was displayed before his eyes, and expatiated at large on his justification for accepting the bribe. "You wants me," said he, "to get you a few young frogs, so I understands it, and nice, pretty, innocent little things they be. There ain't no harm in a frog or two, I hope? So I gets 'em. But what it is as you wants to do with 'em when you've got 'em ain't no concern of mine, and I ain't a-goin' to ask, neither. 'Cos why? I knows my place and I behaves as such. It's for my trouble in catching the little hoppers as you gives me this, and for my trouble I takes it."

"What an old Solomon you are, Joey," cried Carter admiringly. "You have summed up the situation exactly." The butler slapped his pocket, into which the coin had already found its way, with the air of a man of wealth, and pledged himself to have the frogs ready for delivery at the time appointed. And thereat the virtuous factotum went his way, and we also took our departure.

III.

THE morrow arrived, and with it in due course came the French class, and at the appointed hour came Joey. Lewis received the wriggling tribute, and, unheeding of Joey's disclaimer of all responsibility for any little parlour tricks, just nipped into the room as the door was shut. So far, therefore, as the collecting of the frogs was concerned, this part of the programme had gone off well enough. But Jalaguier was still in an exceptionally vigilant mood, and the morning's class was half-way through and still no opportunity had occurred of transferring even one frog to the Frenchman's desk or pocket.

Jalaguier suddenly looked up from the task —it *was* a task!—of correcting one of Carter's themes, and regarded Lewis with an air of stern severity.

"Why for the little boy he bulge?" demanded the master.

"Bulge, mossoo!" exclaimed Lewis.

"Did I not say the bulge?" reiterated the Frenchman, excitedly, and made a grab at Lewis. The result was disastrous. In his effort to escape the master the small boy went

flying backwards over the form, and a bevy of young frogs, which had been huddled against the bosom of young Lewis, escaped croaking to the ground, and hopped in wild perturbation amidst the astonished class.

"Aha!" thundered Jalaguier. "It is the insult! Cochon Anglais! Do I not know that you call me one frog? *Conspuez.*"

"AHA! IT IS THE INSULT! DO I NOT KNOW THAT YOU CALL ME ONE FROG!"

"Please, mossoo," expostulated Lewis, picking himself up ruefully, 'I *never* called you a frog."

"No, it's Froggie," corrected a mild voice on the other side of Jalaguier.

"Who said the froggie, *hein*?" shouted

Google

the infuriated Frenchman, as he wheeled sharply round. But no one answered.

"Aha!" cried Jalaguier. "Shall I no teach you the better? You, sir, what-you-call young Lewis, go fetch me the book. Shall I no put you the name to go to the Doctor, and will he no give you one birch? How for you like that, *hein*?"

"Please, mossoo," pleaded Lewis tearfully, "I didn't mean any harm. It is only the anniversary, mossoo."

"The anniversary?"

"Yes, mossoo. The anniversary of the plague of frogs in Egypt, mossoo. We *always* celebrate it in this way, mossoo."

"What!!"

"Yes, mossoo," affirmed Carter, "that's quite right. And"—with a fine air of justice—"if it *isn't* right, it won't be fair to punish the youngest for it, will it, mossoo?"

Appealed to on his ever tender side, the Frenchman seemed disconcerted, and gazed perplexedly at the class. Not a muscle quivered beneath his scrutiny.

"*Eh bien!*" said he at last. "But you have the funny custom, you English. But no more of this foolery of the Tom. Va-t-en! Pouf! Expel me the frog!"

By this time the frogs had mainly expelled themselves, but there was a rush of the class to obey the command, and a scene of wild disorder ensued. Some in their zeal for service chased real or imaginary frogs right out of the school, across the playground, and into the field beyond. Then others had to be despatched to call them back from the pursuit, and at least a quarter of an hour was consumed before the whole form was once more assembled in its entirety.

"*Comment?*" quoth Jalaguier, when something approaching order was at last restored. "Tell me now. The plagues of Egypt, is it that the school does celebrate them all after this fashion?"

"All of them, mossoo," cried the class in chorus.

"Aha!" said Jalaguier, frowning and nodding at us darkly. "But I will recollect that." But so used were we to the Frenchman's melodramatic methods, that, for the most part, we had forgotten the remark almost as soon as it was made.

IV.

WELL had it been for some of us if we had also forgotten the episode that led up to it. But the explanation which had suddenly inspired Lewis so tickled our fancy, and Jalaguier seemed so easy a prey, that we rushed blindly to our fate in the trial of fresh experiments. A fierce battle of paper-pellets, deftly propelled through tube or by catapult, or even by finger and thumb, found its justification in the anniversary of the plague of flies. When Jalaguier once chanced to be the only master in the lower school during evening "prep." the lights suddenly went out as if by magic, and the responsibility was cast on the anniversary of the plague of darkness. In vain the Junior Classic gave us a friendly and unofficial hint not to carry matters too far. It was the spring term, and matters had already gone too far for even the Junior Classic to receive attention where he had no authority. Soon we ceased to offer even the excuse of an anniversary.

But whilst other masters fumed and fretted at the annoyance caused by these disorders, Jalaguier smilingly pursued the even tenour of his way. It had ever been his custom to endeavour to soften our hearts by injudicious, and generally resented, references to the effect of our conduct on those at home. To all appearances he was still content to rely on that specific.

"Aha! sir," he would remark, "you, what-you-call young Lewis, do you not consider within yourself how the good mother will be deplored at your conduct?"

"And him an only son, too," commented Bannister, ironically; "her own one little pet lamb."

"And you, sir," said Jalaguier, turning on him fiercely, "will it not serve you right if I did counsel one big brother to give you the smack on the head?"

"I haven't got a big brother," said Bannister, indignantly resenting this intrusion into his private affairs; "they are all kids but me."

"Just my case, mossoo," added Carter, cheerfully, "I am the eldest of seven."

So matters went on until Jalaguier had learned that few of us had an elder brother.

Then the thunderbolt fell. One morning, at the conclusion of a more than usually interrupted hour, Jalaguier opened his desk and suddenly produced that report book which he could never persuade one of us to fetch.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed he, "but I do sicken myself with this foolery of the Tom. Behold me! I do put down the names of those who do go forthwith to the Doctor."

Consternation reigned supreme, but it gave way to stupefaction as, deaf to all cries and entreaties, Jalaguier rapidly set down name

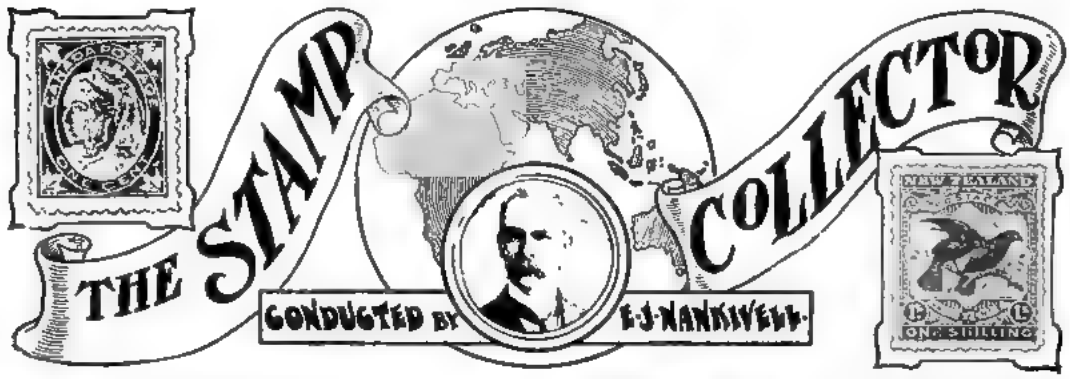
after name in the book from which there was no appeal.

"Oh, mossoo!" cried a despairing chorus, as a sense of the inevitable dawned slowly upon them. "Why have you done that, mossoo!"

And Jalaguier regarded us with a sweet, complacent smile.

"It is," he explained, "the anniversary of the plague of the first-born in Egypt, and in France we do always celebrate it after this fashion."

And for the remainder of the term there was an air of quietness, not to say soreness, amongst that youthful class. But the unkindest cut of all was the unsympathetic grin on the face of the Junior Classic as he congratulated us on getting on so much better with the French master since he last broached the subject.



Novelties.

THERE is more or less of a lull in new issues just now. As I write, the summer, with its outdoor games, holds sway, and even the producers of new stamps appear to hold their hands. We have a few novelties of interest to chronicle, but very little is heard of forthcoming issues. The Canadian King's head, which was expected to make its appearance this month (June) or next, may not be out till August or even later. One noticeable feature in some recent new issues is the adoption of the long rectangular shape, as illustrated this month in the 4s. Gibraltar, which appears to be the latest and most fashionable size for high values in our colonies. The large square shape of our own 5s. English stamp, which so long set the fashion of size for high values, is quite going out of favour.

Gibraltar.—The new King's head series for this Mediterranean outpost has taken us by storm. Not only have we quite a new design, but we have received the whole series of ten values in one month. The high values, 2s. and upwards, are all of the long rectangular shape, the lower values being of the ordinary size. Some are printed upon coloured paper, and in others the value is printed in a separate colour.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. grey green, name in green.
1d. purple on red paper.
2d. grey green, name in carmine.
2½d. purple, name in black, on blue paper.
6d purple, name in violet.
1s. black, name in carmine.
2s. green, name in blue.
4s. purple, name in green.
8s. purple, name in olive, on blue paper.
£1 purple, name in black, on red paper.

Malta.—Another value, the 1d., has been added to the King's head series, making the list up to date at follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

½d. green.
1d. black and carmine.
2d. mauve and green.
3d. mauve and grey.
1s. mauve and violet.

New South Wales.—We illustrate a new value, 2s. 6d., received from this colony. The design will be recognised as being that of the 8d. of the Centennial series. It is printed on chalky surfaced paper.

Chalky paper.
Wmk. Cr. NSW. Perf. 12.
2s. 6d. green.

Niue.—Three more of the New Zealand stamps, namely, the 3d., 6d., and 1s., have been surcharged for use in this island of the Samoan archipelago. Each stamp is overprinted with the word "NIUE," and the value in the native language.

New Zealand current stamps.

3d. brown, sur. "Tolu e Pene."
6d. rose, sur. "Ono e Pene."
1s. red, sur "Tahae Silesi."

It is stated that in the surcharge on the 1s., the letter "e" should have been separated as in the other surcharges, and that joined as it is it means "thief" shilling instead of one shilling. The overprinting of these stamps was done by the Government printers in New Zealand, and as soon as the blunder was discovered all the stamps that could be traced were withdrawn by telegraph. In all only 96 were printed, and dealers are now asking £5 each for these 1s. stamps.

Penrhyn Island.—For this island the 3d., 6d. and 1s. current stamps of New Zealand have been surcharged with the name "Penrhyn Island," and the value in the native language.

New Zealand current stamps.

3d. brown, sur. "Toru Pene."
6d. rose, sur. "Ono Pene."
1s. red, sur. "Tahi Silingi."

India, Bundi.—Here is a real curiosity in the shape of a native Indian stamp. It is sent us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., who, however, have received no particulars as to its issue. Its design is certainly quite original. The gay old chap who is evidently giving a performance with a couple of hitherto unknown quadrupeds is presumably intended for the ruling Raja of the State. We have had many peculiar stamps from the native Indian States, but never a more peculiar one than this. Perchance some Indian reader of THE CAPTAIN can tell us something more about it.

Hyderabad (Deccan).—A new series of much the same design as before, but in a slightly larger size, seems to be foreshadowed by the issue of a new ½ anna stamp, which we illustrate. It is printed in pale blue on wove paper, strongly gummed, and perf. 12.

South Australia.—This colony is evidently determined to continue its most inconveniently sized long rectangular stamps, for it has added some high values to the series, the latest received being the 10s. Here is the complete list up to date :—

Wmk. Cr. SA. Perf. 11½ to 12½.

3d. olive green.
4d. orange red.
6d. blue green.
8d. ultramarine.
9d. lake.
10d. buff.
1s. brown.
2s. 6d mauve.
5s. pale rose.
10s. green.
£1 blue.

Tasmania.—Now that this colony is having its stamps printed in Melbourne, the Victoria watermark of V and crown is being used. We have just received the 9d. blue of the current type with the Victoria watermark.

Western Australia.—We have received a fresh batch of varieties from this colony. The 4d. stamp has been redrawn in the current design slightly enlarged, and with "Postage" added

before the words of value. The 8d., 9d., and 10d. stamps, which we illustrate, are all new values.

All have been printed in Melbourne, and are consequently watermarked V and crown, and perf. 12. Wmk. V and crown. Perf. 12.

4d. brown.
8d. apple green.
9d. orange.
10d. vermilion.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues :—

Ewen.—Gibraltar, complete set; New South Wales, 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Whitfield King for Western Australian, 4d., 8d., 9d., and 10d.; South Australian, 10s.; Tasmanian, 9d.; India, *Bundi;* Deccan, ½a.; Niue and Penrhyn Island, 3s. 6d., and 1s.; New South Wales, 2s. 6d.; Malta, 1d.; Gibraltar, complete set.

SOME PRACTICAL CRICKET TIPS DEMONSTRATED

Show you a few strokes with my walking-stick? Certainly! Consider this chair to be the wicket, and that bit of paper the block.

I first take what I consider to be guard for one leg.

And then query it with the umpire. Middle and leg, eh?

I think we'll put this past cover —so!

No mercy for the short, high riser. Hook it round to the on!

Here's one just made for cutting. I shall flick it past third man.

Photos by

SPECIALLY FOR "CAPTAIN" READERS BY C. B. FRY.

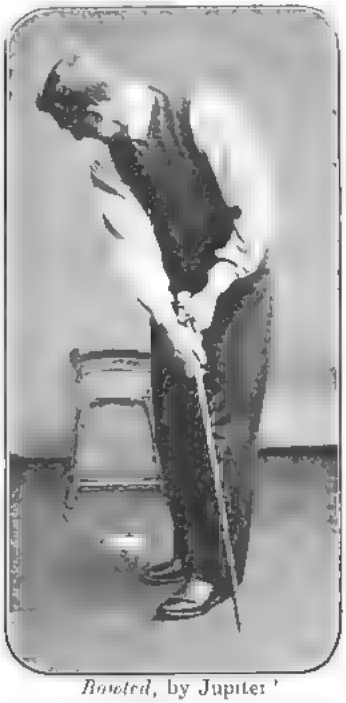
Here's a perfectly straight one. **I drive it—so—past the bowler for four.**

No difficulty with a long hop to leg! Four all the way!

Steady forward at this one. It is pitched on the blind spot.

Here's one at my knees. I'll push **it away, *à la* Archie Maclaren.**

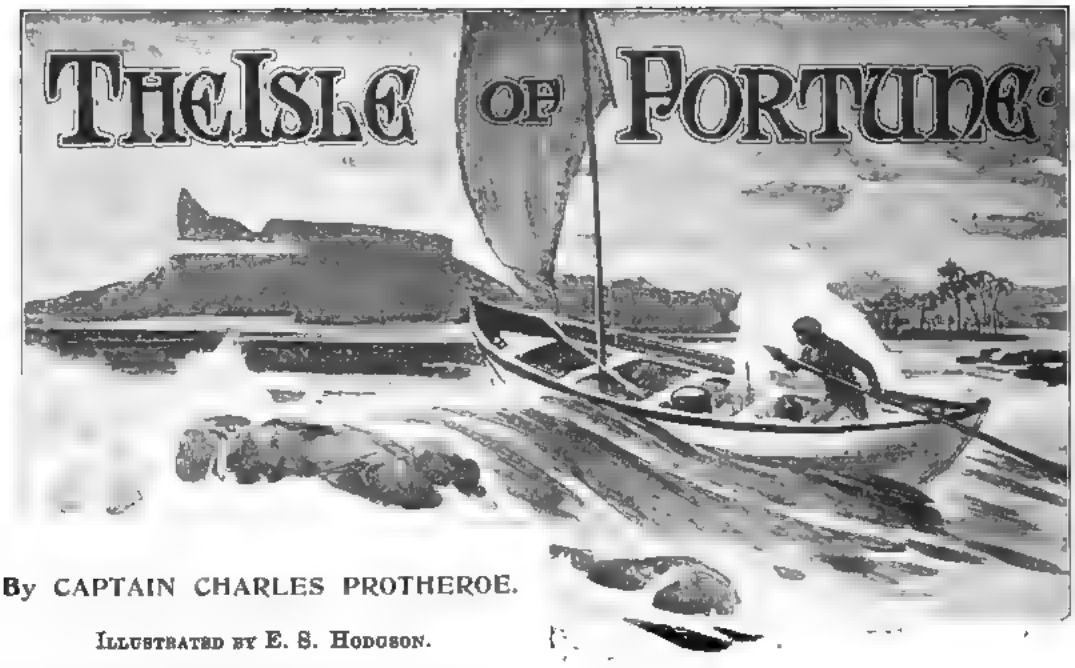
An easy one to pull. Cannot let **that pass!**



Bowled, by Jupiter!

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

The Isle of Fortune



By CAPTAIN CHARLES PROTHEROE.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

JIM HARVEY ships as mate of the *Aurora*, of which the notorious "Bully" Harker is skipper. A word and a blow is Jim's character. He is no respecter of persons, as "Bully" Harker learns to his great discomfiture soon after setting sail. Henceforth Harker watches him with a malignant eye. One of the crew, Tom Nichols, relates the story of the strange disappearance in the Solomons of Jim's predecessor, who was given out by Harker as kidnapped by natives. Rather than fall a victim to Harker's hate, Jim leaves the ship one night in an open boat, and drifts in the direction of New Guinea. He reaches an island, and establishes himself in great authority with the natives, because he drove off some of their belligerent neighbours with the aid of his rifle. The island chief makes friends with him, but he incurs the jealousy of Gawana, a native, who is in love with the old chief's daughter. Visiting a neighbouring island with the old chief and his daughter, Jim makes a great find of pearls. By keeping his discovery secret, he sees his way to amassing a big fortune out of these pearls. The chief and his daughter help him. When Jim has got together a good number of pearls, he returns to Sydney, purchases a small cutter, and again goes pearl-fishing. On his second return to Sydney he comes unexpectedly upon "Bully" Harker.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TUB WE LEFT BEHIND US.

"GOOD morning, Mr. Harvey," said he, sarcastically; "very pleased to meet you once again."

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," said I, scenting mischief in his cocksure manner.

"No, I suppose not," he answered, "few people care to meet their creditors, and that's what I represent. I have a little affair to settle, and I'm going to square it with you now."

"Oh! you are?" said I, standing on my defence, "sail right in then."

"You misunderstand me," he returned, with an evil smile; "what I intend to do is to give you in charge as a deserter and a thief."

If he thought to crush me by this declaration he was very much mistaken, for I had something up my sleeve.

"Go easy, captain," I replied, hotly, "that's a word I take quietly from no man. If you wish to charge me, I'm quite ready. I'll even assist you to bring it about. But I shall want to know something about the disappearance of Mr. Johnson, and what part you played in it. Don't you think it would be a most interesting investigation, and likely to lead to some peculiar results?"

I saw at once I had scored a bull's eye. Being quite unprepared for this sudden change of wind, and having no idea where I got my information from, he was taken flat aback.

"That for you and your Mr. Johnson," he cried at last, snapping his fingers and trying to hide his confusion by a bit of bounce. "I defy you to prove anything." A moment later he turned on his heel, and, walking away down the wharf, quite forgot to put into execution the threat he had made with so much gusto.

"If I live, I'll shoot that little affair home to you yet," I called after him, but he had lost some of his swagger, and didn't even answer.

The next time I saw him was in much more tragic circumstances.

It was just before we started on this trip that the game we were up to leaked out, and I'll tell you how it happened. A morning or two before we were to sail, I noticed that old Tom Nichol seemed to be a bit mopish. He couldn't touch

his dinner, and after the "Parson" had gone ashore about some business or other, he edged up to me, and said:—"I can't stand it any longer, Mr. Harvey, I must tell you, and when you've heard what I'm going to say, I expect you'll kick me on to the wharf for a confounded old fool, and serve me right, too, for I deserve nothing else."

"What's all this rot you're talking?" I observed, for I hadn't been paying much attention to him.

"It's not rot, Mr. Harvey," he answered; "what's troubling me this morning is, I recollect that last night I let the cat out of the bag."

"You consummate old ass!" I cried, jumping to a conclusion, "do I understand you to say you've given our enterprise away?"

"I believe I did, Mr. Harvey," he replied, dejectedly, "and I wish I'd 'a' bitten my tongue out first."

"I wish you had," said I; "you let those old jaws of yours wag too freely. Surely it's easy enough for a man to keep his mouth shut if he wants to."

"That's just where it is, sir," he replied. "I had a few more drinks last night than I ought to have had, and when that happens, my tongue runs away with me. My old Dad used to say:—'Don't you go through the world with your eyes shut and your mouth open, boy, but just keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, and you're not so likely to stumble up against something that may hurt you.' I'm afraid a lot of his good advice was thrown away on me, for I never seem to be able to use it."

"Well, it can't be helped now," I said, wishing to say something to comfort him, for he was the most repentant and the sorriest old sinner I ever remember setting eyes upon. "Just wade in, and tell me all about it, and let us see how we stand."

"Well, it was like this, sir," said he. "When I went ashore last night, I dropped across two old friends of mine in King Street. We didn't very well know what to do with ourselves, so finished up by going on a tramway fuddle."

"A tramway-fuddle?" said I; "what sort of a thing is that?"

"Well," he answered, "you keep going up and down Elizabeth Street in the tram, getting out at each end to have a drink, and the last man out of the tram pays for the refreshment. That's what we call a tramway-fuddle. I'll have to give it up. I'm getting too old for it now. The younger fellows always get ahead of me, and it comes expensive."

"You needn't worry about that," I remarked, thinking I had let him down rather more easily than he deserved; "it's very evident to me that you'll never be too old to make a fool of yourself."

"We carried this game on for an hour or two," he continued, "and getting tired of it, brought ourselves to an anchor in the Metropolitan. Then they began to chaff me about the *Mary Ann*, and the amount of cargo we brought into port whenever we returned.

"It riled me, and almost before I knew what I was saying, the thing was done. 'You seem to be easily amused,' said I, 'and if you could only see the swag of pearls we bring back every trip, enough to buy half-a-dozen such craft as you're in, from stem to ear-ring, why, I should think you'd fairly die of laughing.'

"They opened their eyes at this, and seeing I'd put my foot into it I tried to back out again and pretend I was joking, but it was no go, and I saw I had made a nice mess of it, for they wouldn't believe me. I've been miserable ever since to think what an ungrateful old fool I made of myself. You see, with all your kindness to me I couldn't keep my silly mouth shut to oblige you. So now, Mr. Harvey, the best thing you can do is to kick me over that rail as a useless old humbug, for I deserve it."

"Well, don't be so unhappy over it," said I, for the old fellow looked as miserable as they make 'em. "It's bad enough, but not so bad as it might be, for you didn't tell them where the pearls came from, and take it from me, that will need a bit of worrying out."

When "the Parson" returned, and I told him how things stood, he manœuvred old Tom into a corner, and preached a sermon to him with even more than his usual flow of eloquence, but it was about the most forcible and the queerest sort of homily I ever heard tell of, and nothing like one hears in church.

We sailed a day or two after this, but had hardly cleared the North Head when, being on the look-out for something of the kind, I saw we were likely to have company this trip. Three small craft were tailing after us, and to make sure I was right, I put my helm up and ran away before the wind to the east'ard.

They did the same, and that they were on a shepherding cruise was as clear as possible.

When the Parson saw this, he fired a long and peculiar sort of blessing at them, and old Tom Nichol was about as happy as a motherless calf.

"Oh," said I, "that's your little game, is it? You're going to shepherd us? Well, I'll give you all you want of it, and if you only knew what a tough job you've undertaken, you'd be sorry for yourselves." So I continued on the course I was going to the east'ard.

There was no shaking them off; they hung on to us like leeches, and, as they were faster

vessels than the *Mary Ann*, we couldn't outsail them.

On the third day we sighted Lord Howe's Island. I made up my mind to run in here and give them a bit of a rest, for I knew they would be tired before I'd done with them, so, just out of charity more than anything else, I sailed through the passage and dropped my anchor in the lagoon.

The Island was a little world of its own, the only inhabitants being about sixty white people.

After a couple of days here we came outside again, the others not far behind us, for all the world as though they were playing follow my leader. I took them to Norfolk Island, dodging about between the north and south anchorage, and by the time we departed I should think they hadn't enough patience left to throw at a dog, but still they hung on to us like a dun to his creditor. We led them a lively dance before finally giving them the slip one dirty night in the vicinity of New Zealand. We were close-hauled on the starboard tack, the wind, which was from the south-east, bringing up rain squalls occasionally, and making the night dark and dreary while they lasted. The only objects visible were three green lights to leeward bobbing on the water like a floating chemist's shop. These were the starboard lights of the vessels that accompanied us, they having artfully got me to windward of them to prevent us edging off the wind and giving them the slip. From the position they occupied, three points abaft the beam, our sidelights were not to be seen, but as long as they could keep in sight the white light we carried over the stern, I suppose they were quite easy in their minds that no tricks were being played them.

In order to escape, the first thing to do was to heave to by hauling the stay-sail sheet to windward, and by watching the bearing of their lights I soon found the other vessels had done likewise. Letting an hour go by, just to lull any suspicion they may have had, and give them the impression that we intended to remain in this position until daylight, I proceeded to put a finishing touch on the trick I intended.

"Bring aft the big wash-deck tub," said I, to old Tom Nichol.

"The wash-deck tub, sir?" he repeated wonderingly, but departed on the errand, nevertheless.

When it arrived, I started to rig a short mast in it, old Tom standing by with a face as stolid as a stuffed owl's. Presently a smile overspread his parchment-covered features. He didn't say anything, but the hoarse noise like a train in a tunnel, that every now and then issued from his throat, did away with the necessity for words, and told me he had at last grasped the idea, and was enjoying it.

We took the light from our stern, taking care to keep it exposed to view all the time, and lashed it to the mast I had rigged in the tub. Every other light was extinguished, and we waited for the next squall to come along. Then the head sheets were slacked away, and the *Mary Ann* swung gently up into the wind, a weakness of hers ordinarily the occasion for language, but just now serving a very useful purpose. As she filled on the other tack, I carefully placed the tub overboard, and a minute later, having quietly eased the boom off, the *Mary Ann* was scooting away to the westward for all she was worth, having left behind a deck tub with a light in it to represent her.

"Well," said the Parson, as he scanned the horizon next morning, "I hope they feel satisfied with themselves. Anyhow, they can't complain that we haven't given them a run for their money, and a memento into the bargain, for that riding light was brand-new and cost five and sixpence."

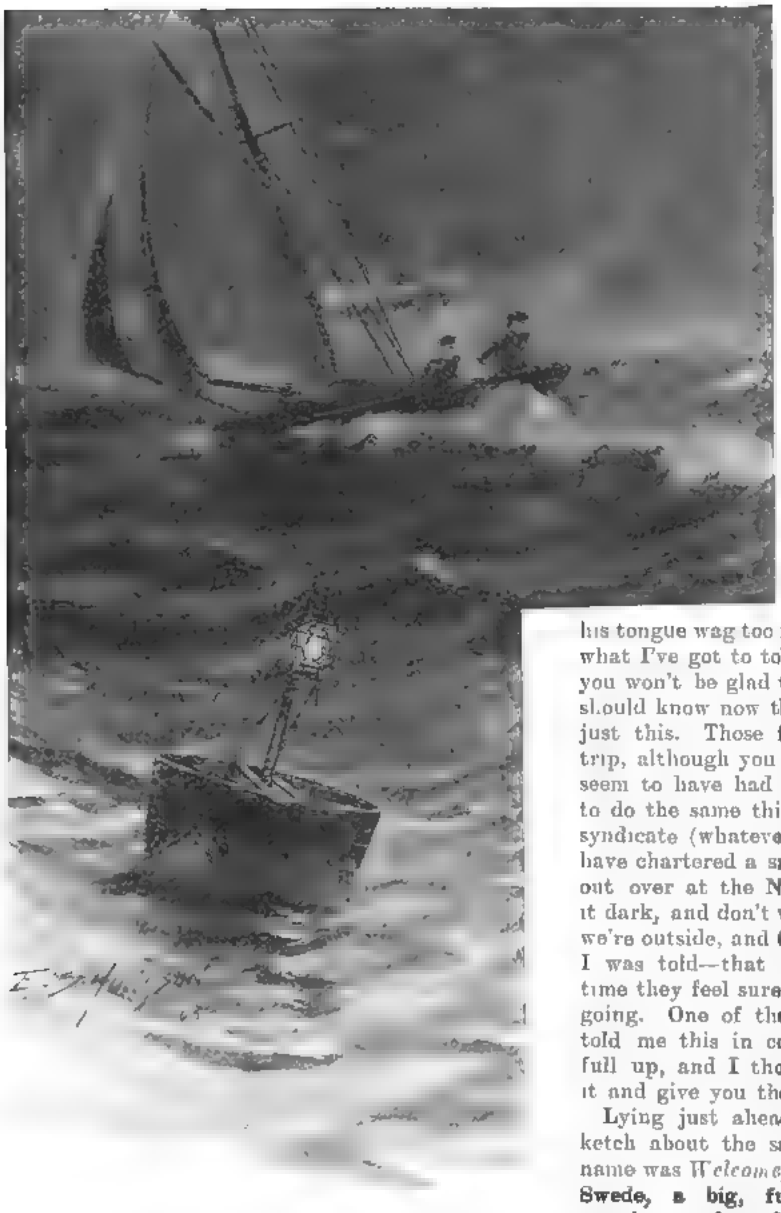
CHAPTER XIV.

WE BAFFLE THE SYNDICATE.

WE were away a long time that trip, for I hung out until we had barely sufficient stores to carry us back to Sydney. Of course, we could have gone into some other port to provision, and to some extent escape the attention of our friends, but, after talking the matter over, I decided that the time lost was worth the fun we had out of it. I didn't mind them shadowing us. It was rather exciting and broke the monotony, and I knew that if it came to a pinch I could always tire them out or lose them. I've always noticed that the harder a thing is to obtain the more valuable it appears to us. Eluding the fellows who were trying their level best to find out where we were bound for, added flavour to the whole thing. It gave me the sort of taste in the mouth a man has when he knows he is doing something to earn his money.

Our arrival in port caused a little buzz of excitement among the few who knew what our game was, but they didn't come down and throw funny remarks at us this time.

Those who did visit us were in search of information. Old Tom fairly wallowed in free drinks, for they used to entice him up to the nearest "pub," not a very difficult thing to do, and there try to fill him up just to loosen his tongue a bit. But he never forgot that he had made a mess of it before, and although he lowered a good amount of liquor at their expense, they couldn't get him to talk more than he wanted, and the only information they got out



I CAREFULLY PLACED THE TUB OVERBOARD, AND A MINUTE AFTER THE "MARY ANN" WAS SCOOTING AWAY TO THE WESTWARD.

of him was what he drew on his imagination for. "No, thanks," he'd say, having satisfied an ample thirst, "don't care for any more; must be getting down aboard again. Strikes me you fellows have made the mistake of taking me for a pump, and have been pouring liquor down my throat in hopes of starting it going." To others he'd give something in return for the money they spent in drinks, and pitch them all sorts of fairy tales.

Old Tom told me all this afterwards, and added with a wink:—

"My old Dad used to say I was like a summer cabbage, all heart and about as green, but even a cabbage doesn't remain green for ever, does it, Mr. Harvey?"

One morning, as I came on board, about a week before we were thinking of making another start, old Tom, full of importance, bustled up to me.

"What's the matter now, Tom—been indiscreet again?" said I, for I could see he was bursting to tell me something.

"No, sir," he answered, "but somebody else has. I'm not the only one who lets his tongue wag too freely. You'll be glad to hear what I've got to tell you, or rather I should say you won't be glad to hear it, but it's better you should know now than find it out later on. It's just this. Those fellows who followed us last trip, although you led them such a dance, don't seem to have had enough of it, and are going to do the same thing again. They've formed a syndicate (whatever that means) and this time have chartered a small steamer, and she's fitting out over at the North shore. They're keeping it dark, and don't want to spring it on you until we're outside, and they say—at least, that's what I was told—that if it takes six months, this time they feel sure of finding out where you are going. One of the crew with a thirst on him told me this in confidence when he was about full up, and I thought it was only fair to use it and give you the tip."

Lying just ahead of us was a white-painted ketch about the same size as ourselves. Her name was *Welcome*, and the skipper of her was a Swede, a big, full-whiskered man. He was running produce down from the Maclean river, and I noticed that the cook and handyman he carried was an African nigger as black as the ace of spades. Leaning over the rail, my eye wandered idly over the little craft, and it struck me that, as far as the hull was concerned, she and the *Mary Ann* were as like as two peas. But there the resemblance ended, for she was white-painted, and ketch-rigged, although the after-mast was only a glorified hop-pole. The fittings about her decks were also somewhat different, but, all the same, the sight of her put a bright idea into my head.

I had a talk with the Parson about it that evening, the outcome being that next day we sailed over to the slip, apparently to get a few necessary repairs effected.

The *Welcome* was sailing about the same time as ourselves, and, as part of my plan, we dropped anchor in Watson's Bay and gave her a start of an hour or two. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon before we made a final move, and I kept my eyes lifting for the consort I expected. We were a good two miles clear of the Heads, and there was still no sign of her, so I began to think that after all there was nothing in old Tom's yarn. I thought that perhaps his friends were returning the compliment so often tendered them, and had mildly pulled his leg in return. In that case the little preparations we had made to receive them would not be needed, and we should be the poorer by the loss of a little excitement and fun.

However, I need not have worried about that, for presently I saw a cloud of smoke, and a small steamer poked her nose round the North Head. She made directly for us, and took up a position on our starboard beam, which she maintained as if glued there. We continued on our course as though we took her for an ordinary trader bound to the north, and at dusk I told old Tom to hang out our sidelights and see that they were kept burning brightly.

I was glad to find, as it got later, that the night gave promise of being a dark one.

We now started to carry out the little idea that had come into my head as I looked at the *Welcome* lying near us in port, and that, as you may have guessed, was to change the appearance of the *Mary Ann*.

This was the little deception I wished to practise on them. Not that I had any great hope it was likely to succeed, but anyhow, it would occupy our minds and cause us some amusement, and was worth the little labour required to perform it.

First of all we went round the outside with a brush and a bucket of whitewash, a quick operation, as we paid no attention to hair strokes, and in like manner, with the same material coloured to the right shade, changed the complexion of the paint on deck. Then we shipped another mast aft, which had been made and fitted when we took that trip over to the slip for repairs. Just before daylight broke I went below, and when I came on deck again, about five minutes after, a most extraordinary change had taken place in my appearance, for in that space of time I had acquired a large, full whisker. As I stood aft by the tiller awaiting daylight and developments, I could tell by her lights that the steamer still kept about the same distance on our beam. This was just what I had hoped they would do, and, with this in my mind, I had kept our sidelights burning brightly to do away with the necessity of them coming nearer during the darkness, for closer quarters and the aid of night glasses might have disclosed what was taking place on board the *Mary Ann*. When dawn fairly broke, there were five or six vessels in sight bound for Newcastle and elsewhere, but nothing to answer to the description of a little, black-painted cutter called *Mary Ann*. In her place was a white ketch, with the word *Welcome* on her bow as large as life.

The only fear I had was that some of them aboard the steamer might know the original vessel well enough to detect the imposture by little details. A sailorman, if he knows a craft, can pick her out from a crowd of others by little things that would altogether escape the eye of a landsman. If they didn't know the *Welcome* sufficiently well to do this, it was all right, for they were aware that the vessel I was trying to imitate had left Sydney the day before. I hoped they would come to the conclusion that they had lost the *Mary Ann* through the night, and by some unfortunate means had blundered on to quite another craft in place of her.

I had my eye on the steamer, you may be sure, and at the first streak of daylight I saw the man who was on watch aboard of her put his head down the skylight. I couldn't hear at the distance, but I knew perfectly well he was shouting something to the others, who presently came tumbling up from below. They looked in my direction, and I can imagine their feelings when they saw before them an altogether different vessel from what they expected to see. The Parson was conspicuously dodging in and out of a fabrication something like a short sentry-box, a facsimile of the contrivance which did duty for a galley aboard the *Welcome*. I couldn't help smiling as I watched him run here and there, a kettle or saucepan in his hand, and I thought as I looked at him that he was about the best get-up of a nigger I had ever seen outside the real article.

The steamer sheared a bit closer to us, and I could see the people on her deck were quarrelling, and bully-ragging each other. I would have given something to hear that conversation, for I suppose they were laying the blame on any shoulders but their own, swopping fancy names, and each swearing that the substitution of one vessel for another couldn't have happened whilst he was on watch.

By-and-by one of them pointed to the east'ard where a craft of some sort, almost a speck on the horizon, could be seen. After a few minutes' deliberation, up went their helm, and they

scooted away after her under a full head of steam. I don't know what craft it was, but I do know that it wasn't the craft they were in search of. We didn't see any more of her that trip, but went on our way rejoicing, and that's how the syndicate (as they called themselves) almost at the start missed the *Mary Ann* and dropped their money.

We took the mizzen-mast out of her when we got along a bit, and I saw there was no chance of them overhauling us again, for it was only a temporary affair, anyhow, and not rigged to stand a breeze of wind. In a few hours, with the exception of the whitewash on her hull, which we let remain, the *Mary Ann* was herself again.

"You ought to have been a hactor," said old Tom Nichol, admiringly. But I told him I thought I should shine much better as a scene-shifter!

CHAPTER XV.

THE "AURORA" AGAIN.

JUST before we started on the fourth and, what I had made up my mind was to be, the final trip, a little incident happened which placed in my possession the name of the person who was prime mover in wanting to know so much of my business.

I had been up town, and having finished what was in hand, dropped into a house for a cup of tea, which has the effect of quenching a thirst better than anything I know of. The place was fitted with partitions in the interests of privacy, and only by standing upright and stretching a bit could a person look from one compartment into another.

Business seemed slack, for I was the only person in the place, but presently two others arrived and took the next compartment to mine They called for something or other, and while discussing it were joined by another man who evidently came by appointment.

"Oh, here you are," said the new comer, apparently taking a seat, "now let's get to business."

Up to this I had been indifferent, and without the slightest curiosity to know who my neighbours were, but after hearing that rasping voice I was all ears, for it belonged to no other than Bully Harker.

I could hear almost every word spoken, and was rather amused to find that the *Mary Ann* was the subject of their talk, as the two first arrivals laid the details of their failure to follow her before him.

"And is that all you have to tell me?" said he, when they had finished.

I knew that quiet tone of his; it preceded a burst of anger.

"Yes, that's all," said one; "he's too slippery a customer for us."

"You twopenny ha'penny pair of fools," blurted Bully Harker, banging his fist violently on the table until the cups fairly rattled again, "is that all the originality you possess? You might as well have asked him to leave his address at the post-office. No more of my money do you handle to fritter away on a wild-goose chase."

"You seem to be so smart," said one of them, irritably, "that it's a pity you didn't give us the benefit of your advice before you went away."

"What's the good of giving advice to idiots?" he thundered savagely, "you appeared so confident, I thought at least you had some common-sense plan."

"Well, it seems we hadn't," replied the other angrily, "and since you're so clever, perhaps you'll take the affair in hand yourself."

"That's just what I intend to do," returned Bully Harker. "It's about time some brains were brought to bear on the matter. From this moment I take the tiller, and if I don't steer safely through and find out inside of a month all there is to know, then my name isn't Harker."

"How do you intend to do it?" said one.

"In the most simple way under the sun," he answered, "and one which you might have seen for yourselves had you been gifted with a particle of brain between the two of you. I don't feel inclined to take all the world into my confidence, though," he added, rising and walking down to look into the different compartments, and returning to his seat again to say they were empty, which was true enough, as far as he could see, for I had slipped swiftly, and silently, under the table.

However, he seemed in no hurry to impart to the others the scheme he had concocted, and shortly afterwards he left the premises without disclosing the plan, leaving me just as much in the dark about it as they were.

I didn't worry over it, having faith in my ability to circumvent him whatever it might be, but I got into the habit of slipping a revolver into my pocket whenever inclination took me ashore after sunset.

One morning, some few days before we were to sail, old Tom Nichol failed to put in an appearance. Now, whatever faults old Tom had, want of punctuality was not among them. As the day wore on, I got anxious, so made my way up to some of the places I knew he frequented to see if I could gain tidings of him. Some of them had been visited by him the night before, but I quite failed to find his whereabouts just then.

"YOU TWOPENNY HA'PENNY PAIR OF FOOLS," BLURTED BULLY HARKER

Three days passed, and still there was no sign of him. I scoured the town, and finally put the matter into the hands of the police, but even they could find no trace of him.

"It's my belief," said the Parson, "that, being a bit top-heavy, the old man fell overboard and was drowned," and as I shared this belief equally with him, we had to let it rest at that.

It was at this time I had the chance to repay a little debt I owed by doing a good turn for the skipper of the *Gowrie Lass*. He was under a cloud, having lost his vessel the voyage before. I met Jenkins (that was his name) whilst hunting for old Tom, and to me he looked fairly on his beam-ends.

"Nothing doing?" said I.

"No, nothing," he answered, disconsolately. "As you know, I lost the *Gowrie Lass* last trip on the Bampton Shoal. I had every penny I possessed in that venture, and unhappily hadn't insured her. That wasn't enough misfortune, seemingly, so the Marine Board stepped in and

cancelled my ticket for six months. What I'm going to do now I don't exactly know."

"You remember picking me up one trip, don't you?" said I.

"Why, of course I do," he answered.

"Well, I have a faint recollection of it, too," said I, "and I remember you behaved to me like a white man. Look here, skipper, decent men are scarce, and I know one when I see him. Come and join us this trip—you know our game, don't you?"

"Pearls," he answered, "I couldn't well help knowing it—it's the talk of sailor-town."

"That's it," said I, "and if you like to come along, you're welcome. We'll share alike this trip, and if your portion of the proceeds doesn't put you in possession of another *Gowrie Lass*, why then, I don't know what I'm talking about. What do you say?"

"What do I say?" said he, flushing, "why, I call it downright handsome of you, that's what I say."

An hour later, he and his dunnage were on board, and the following day we sailed.

As we cleared the Heads, I was curious to know if anything would happen, for I had in mind Bully Harker's assurance that he could do very easily what the others had failed in, and I was wondering what his dodge was. A few old colliers, crawling sluggishly up the coast, with here and there a steamer, was all that came under our observation, and as we drew off the land it was soon evident that we had the ocean, or as much as we could see of it, all to ourselves.

"The fellow was bragging," thought I; or perhaps the quarrel they were so nearly on the verge of when I overheard them had reached a climax and upset all his plans.

Anyhow, not a craft of any sort did we sight the whole way down, so I banished the question altogether from my mind.

After six weeks energetically spent in searching the reefs, we found the shell getting beautifully less in quantity, until the time arrived when we were forced to acknowledge that looking for it was a sheer waste of good, honest daylight. The weather had been remarkably fine all this time, but it now came on to blow strongly from the south-east, bringing up a heavy sea which thundered on the reef incessantly.

The two sides of the island presented what I might call peace and war of the elements. On the windward side the waters rolled, and dashed, and tumbled, whilst the other was as calm and peaceful as a mill-pond.

It was here the *Mary Ann* was anchored. Suddenly the gale ceased, and for about five minutes there was not enough wind to swear by; then, without the slightest warning, it chopped dead into the nor'west, and blew harder than ever. Poor *Mary Ann* was utterly astonished. As though in protest, she dipped her head deeply into the seas which assailed her, then snap went her anchor chain like packthread, and five minutes afterwards she lay almost high and dry on the beach with her mast gone. Satisfied with its work, the wind gradually decreased, and twelve hours later the weather was as fine as ever.

It took a week to get the *Mary Ann* into her natural element again, and rig a native stick, cut on the island, to replace her lost mast, but even then we were woefully short of gear.

"Look here," said I, when we had done the best we could for her, "we can never face a beat to the south'ard under this jury-rig, and at the best it would take a month of Sundays. I have an alternative. I propose we make a soldier's wind of it, and run for the Solomons, where we are sure to drop across a vessel, and be able to get what we want from her."

"A most reasonable plan," said Jenkins; "I was thinking of the same thing myself."

"I have another object in view also," said I, "and that is to call at St. Christoval to see if I can find out anything about Bully Harker. I'd promised myself a trip there in any case, so now we can kill two birds with one stone. I would give half my fortune to get to the bottom of that affair about his mate, not from any vindictiveness, although I have no love for him, but as a matter of justice. I have no great hope of ever bringing it home to him, for we lost our best witness when poor old Tom Nichol was drowned; still, it's worth trying, anyhow."

Ten days after this conversation we had St. Christoval in sight.

"What do you make of her?" said the Parson, handing me the glasses with which he had been quizzing a vessel that lay at anchor.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, laying the binoculars down again, "here's a pretty kettle of fish. Yonder vessel is the *Aurora*."

"Are you sure of that?" said he.

"As sure as I can be of anything in this uncertain world of ours," I replied. "I know her by the kink she carries in her mizzen top-mast."

"In that case, what are you going to do?" said he.

"Do?" I answered, "why, go in—and be hanged to them."

"Good enough," he returned, quietly. "I'm going below to overhaul my gun; strikes me I shall want it, for if Bully Harker and his gang get half a show they'll stop at nothing short of murder."

(To be Concluded.)

HOW UF RED-HAIR BECAME A CHIEF.

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD. *Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.*

[Measured by the great periods of geological time the appearance of the earliest men in England is very recent; but counting as written history counts, it is immensely remote. Those primitive Englishmen came in, at first in small parties, from the Continent, when the great ice sheets which had for many thousand years covered this country were slowly receding, and, finding reindeer abundant, and salmon to be had for the spearing in the rivers, they hunted and fished east and west over all that part of England which the blue ice sea had left bare. Rough fellows they were, living mostly on raw flesh or such roots as they could dig up, and fearing nothing but the thunder in the hills and the fierce beasts of the forest. The flint spear and arrow heads they lost in battle or hunting, any one may find to-day in our coarse gravels. Many thousand years afterwards these same weapons, but of a more finished kind, and lying at a higher level, show us that the primitive savage was slowly improving. Yet even then he knew nothing of metals or of foods, save flesh and roots; he still wore no clothes but ragged skins, and had no domestic animals save wolf-like dogs. Still, he *was* improving, and that was the great thing! Somewhere and somehow there must have arisen an earlier "King Alfred" amongst these wild men of the English forests, to dream the dream of a better way of life, and probably he was very like that Uf Red-hair whose first great adventure is told below.]

IN TRUTH, he shall never again beat me like that! Never, by all the things living in sea and river, by the mountain ghouls, and the big voice behind the thunder-clouds, I say it!" and Master Uf Red-hair, a good-looking boy, as looks went in those days, sprang up from the sodden grass where he had been lying for the last half-hour with the soul of a man born within him. His back was sore, for he had been badly cudgelled that morning; his temper was still more sore, and he stamped on the grass in rage and pain, while his blue eyes glittered fiercely with the last of the tears in them as he swore never to bear the indignity again. Had he been later born I should feel bound to apologise for so much temper, but, as a matter of fact, he was just a little barbarian, an ancient British boy of that strange, far-away age when this land of ours was peopled by wandering tribes of hunters so rude they had no settled homes, had never even heard of the use of metals, and lived from one year's end to another in the forests on such game as they could find dead, or trap, or kill with their flint-tipped spears and arrows.

A hundred yards away was the halting-place of the diminutive tribe to which Uf belonged, the grey smoke of the fires curling up through the trees, and the score or so of rough huts made of broken boughs looking like ant heaps. To the northward the Thames, then a tumbling mountain stream, ran silvery in the distance, with a dim barrier of blue ice cliffs and glaciers covering the lands beyond it. To the southward all was heavy green forest through which cliffs and hills, long since worn down into low undulations, jutted here and there. Yes! the world was wide. Uf would set up for himself and be a great hunter, and have a bear-skin robe, and a stronghold amongst those cliffs all for his own; a cave and freedom was better than a stick on the back and damp boughs overhead, and Uf's heart bounded with delight at the idea. He grew two inches taller that minute as he fiercely shook the night rain out of his red hair and stared with eager eyes over the forest land.

Forthwith he went back towards the settlement, and crouching down under the stem of a fallen fir-tree imitated the whine of a wild boar so cleverly that all the dogs sleeping in the village sighed and dreamt luxuriously of roasted pig bones with bits of crackling on them. And six of the bigger boys who were not sleeping looked at one another

when they heard that sound, for they knew the wild swine had gone to sleep in the river sedges at daybreak—they knew it was Uf's private signal call, and one by one, as soon as they could slip away unnoticed, they slunk out to him and were soon sitting round their leader: chins on knees, as silent as only little savages can be.

When Uf had got them round him he began beating the ground with his fists and working himself up into a rage again. Then he threw off the ragged deer-skin he was wearing and showed his back all seamed and scarred with new weals. The other boys knew what he meant full well, and all together threw aside their shoulder coverings

WITH FLAMING TORCH AND SHARP AXE THE BOYS DANCED AND SCREAMED ROUND THE BEAR.

There was Ah Stump-heel, who could dive and swim like an otter in spite of his name: and Ull Wolf-mother, so called because he had been found, like Romulus, in a wolf's den when a baby: above all there was Hum Hide-from-the-Lightning, a boy who feared nothing in the world but a thunder-storm, and three others too young as yet to have attained to the honour of a nickname.

and blended their sorrows in pantomime with his. Then, having wrought them to a white heat, he unfolded his grand scheme, namely, that they should run away on the morrow and set up for themselves. The suggestion was received with unbounded delight, and the meeting having performed a war dance round Uf, during which Ull Wolf-mother nearly choked himself with the ex-

uberance of his delight and Hide-from-the-Lightning fell into a bramble-bush, the boys slipped back unobserved to the village.

All that afternoon they worked with desperate energy. They went half a mile back from the huts, and with a pick made of broken reindeer horn dug black flint stones out of a chalk bank and hammered and chipped them into spear and arrow heads. They cut reeds for the latter on the river bank, and long shafts for the former from the hazel bushes. They put new strings to their bows, and made new sandals for their feet out of parts of their leather shirts. They cut an old and rather "high" horse-hide lying near the village into thongs, invaluable for innumerable purposes of binding and snaring. Next they over-fed all the dogs so that they should sleep well and tell no tales that night, and when finally Stump-heel had stolen some fire from the public hearth and set it to smoulder in an old horn filled with dry tinder, all was ready. They were soundly beaten for neglecting to gather their proper quantities of fire-wood, when those mighty hunters, their fathers, returned that day from the chase; after which ceremony they all lay down in the shadows outside the glare of the camp fires, nominally to sleep, but in truth keenly excited.

They *did* doze off one by one, all except Uf, who was far too taken up with thoughts of his dangerous adventure to shut his eyes, and when the very first streak of dawn was lying in a pale line above the eastern forest, that chief-to-be rose slowly and touched each boy's face over the sleeping men and women with the end of a long reed he had by him for the purpose. Thereon Stump-heel nearly spoiled everything by sneezing so violently that all had to subside again until the suspicious men round the fire were asleep once more. Then, one by one, the new tribe arose to its feet, and silently slipped out to the trysting-place.

Twenty minutes later a quiet procession, loaded up with all the few things necessary to support life in the woods, passed out in single file over the brook and through the morning mist into the great solitudes beyond. There was no sorrow in their hearts at leaving, for sentiment was in a rudimentary stage at that time—and their bodies were still sore with recent beatings. Uf, too, knew that for the same reason there would be little wailing in the village if once they got clear away, and everything favoured their escape. He had it in his mind to take them to a ridge of lime-stone hills, where he had once noticed, when out hunting, a promising-looking cave; could they find this, it would make a grand headquarters.

"But suppose there should be a bear in it?" said one of the younger boys.

"Then we will fight and turn him out," answered he of the ruddy locks promptly, at which the small boy hung his head in silence, for they all knew it was too late to think of turning back now.

And to the cave Uf led them. If there was time I would tell you of the hard three days' march before they got there—how they trapped and hunted on the way, forcing a path through the trackless forest all day, and huddling together at night round the fire Stump-heel coaxed out of that jealously-guarded tinder horn of his, while they whispered to each other of demons and dreadful animals as the ghostly sounds of the primeval woods came to their sleepy ears. But all that you must imagine, and then picture Uf and his friends on the third evening in a land splendidly full of game, with open places here and there in the forest, and a blue sea, which we now call the Channel, shining brightly in the distance, while twenty yards above them, amongst the brushwood on a cliff side, was the dark entrance of the cavern they had come so far to find.

Uf set his friends down to eat the last of their provisions and rest while he crept up to examine the cave. He came back presently with the news that the cavern was a fine one—just what he wanted, but there was certainly a bear in occupation, as its foot-marks were fresh on the ground outside—and they must turn it out. Any boy who did not like the task, he added, only not so politely, for language at the time was very gruff and to the point, might go home to his papa and mamma, and forthwith he threw down his deer-skin cloak, took his best stone-axe in one hand and a torch of fir-twigs and dry reeds in the other, and tossing back his shaggy elf-locks looked haughtily over his little clan for any cowards. There were none there, and soon the "tribe," with Uf at its head, was before the cave and ready for its first fight.

The entrance was not quite so big as an ordinary doorway, and about as inviting as the mouth of a railway tunnel. From the number of footmarks in that narrow road you might have thought several hundred bears were within. But those hunters of ours saw, as Uf had seen, that one claw on every left front paw-mark had made a crooked impres-

sion in the clay: consequently they knew it was but one animal going to and fro which had impressed the marks, and entered with comparative cheerfulness. Inside it opened out into a spacious hall full of mysterious columns and corridors; the sides trending away into darkness on either hand, the roof a black sky with no ending overhead, and underfoot soft, dry sand and earth making no sound as they stole along in single file. One boy had lit his torch, and its red light made their shadows look like lines of black

yards ahead, and he knew he was staring into the eyes of the grim master of the cave himself.

Uf jumped back so suddenly—he could not help it—that he nearly made Hum Hide-from-the-Lightning swallow the lighted torch he was carrying. And Hum trod on Wolf-mother's toe, who in turn reeled back and struck Stump-heel most uncomfortably with the handle of his axe in the region of the waistcoat. The other boys brought up equally suddenly with their noses in the back of the

HE CRAMMED THE HAFT OF HIS AXE INTO THE BEAR'S MOUTH.

imps jumping along with them on either hand. All about were bones of strange animals that had been killed and eaten, and as they got far away from the daylight these began to glow phosphorescently until they looked like flower-beds on the endless black lawns of that strange place. Then, a couple of hundred yards from the entrance, where it was as dark as midnight, they came upon a pool of water which they had to pass by a slippery ledge of rock overhanging it. This brought them into a second hall smaller than the first, and Uf was just beginning to think that the bear, after all, was not at home, when a taint in the air caught his sensitive nostrils as the smell of a partridge will catch those of a dog. "The bear is here," he said to himself, and the minute after two green, glimmering stars rose in the blackness twenty

heads of those in front of them, and there they stood, all in a bunch, gasping and gaping. But not for long! There was a moment's pause, and then, with a fierce growl, the bear charged. Right and left sprang the hunters, and while Uf, who had drawn his especial attention by giving him a cut in the neck as he went by, dodged him round and round an isolated rock, the other torches were lit from Hum's brand, and the fighters spread themselves out round the great beast.

It was about as exciting a scene as you can imagine, the bear in the middle champing his red jaws and making short rushes here and there, the boys, each with a flaming torch in one hand and sharp axe in the other, dancing and screaming—for there was no need for silence now—round Bruin, all in that

sandy amphitheatre, with the shadows dancing on the walls and the noise of the fight thundering in the hollow roof overhead. Now two of Uf's men would run up and thrust their flares in the bear's face, and when he turned savagely on them two others would bring their razor-edged axes down on his luckless neck, and so it went on until presently even the great Lord of the Underhill began to think he would like a little fresh air, and edged away towards the distant cavern mouth. When Uf saw that he shouted aloud to his followers and pressed the fight with redoubled fury. And back went the struggling fighters, back over the dusty sand that rose in clouds under their feet, in the flickering torchlight, back through the garden of the phosphorescent bones, back to the slippery rock ledge overhanging the pool, and there the bear suddenly turned to bay for a moment and gripped the youngest boy, whose name, by the way, was So, before anybody could help or do anything. Had he been a town-boy and struggled to get away, there would have been an end of him at once. But, having been brought up in the woods, when he found himself in the bear's paws he just threw one of his own round the huge shaggy neck, hugging it for all he was worth, while with the other he crammed the haft of his axe into the brute's open mouth, tucking his head the while under the beast's chin, where Bruin could not readily get at it. Even then it would probably have gone badly with him, but, as the bear coughed and spluttered and tried to get the axe out of his mouth and So's head in, he suddenly reeled on the slippery rock, fell over on his back, and with the boy fast locked in his arms, slid to the brink and went headlong over into the pool.

For a moment an awe-inspiring silence reigned in the cave; then the bear came to the surface and struck out for the entrance, while So, ever afterwards known as Cuddle-bear, who came up next, struck out also, but —it need hardly be said—in the opposite direction.

Down went the boys at their enemy again, and away towards the cave mouth the fight swirled and roared. But the bear was now spent with many wounds and heavy with the weight of water in his fur. Fifty yards from where the sunset was shining redly in at the portal he stood at bay for the last time, and there the boys, who were now beside themselves with fighting and excitement—Uf foremost of all—finally pulled him down. A few great struggles the dying beast made, and then nothing was to be heard for a long time but the drip of far-away water and the panting of the hunters as they lay exhausted in a circle round their splendid victim.

A proud man was Uf that night as he sat at a great fire in the porch, a bear-skin under him by way of throne, a broiled bear cutlet in one hand, and his trusty axe by way of sceptre in the other. As proud, too, with a strange sort of responsible pride, as he was at any other time in his life when he presently left his sleeping companions and went and stood by the cave door. He did not quite understand it, for he was only a barbarian, but as he stood there the night seemed to wrap her soft black shadow round him and something whispered in his ear that all the land stretching from one low star to the other and back again to the dim sea in the south should be his own one day—which was exactly what happened—and that he should draw men together out of swamps and dens and leave them just a little bit better than he found them, so that they should be sorry as they had never been before when he went from them! And that whisper and the cool hand of the night on his shoulder made Uf a little frightened, for he believed that the blue mist in the valley was the home of spirits who knew all things and could speak. So he hurried back to the fire, and having thrown a bone at Stump-heel to stop his snoring, and propped his tired head on Cuddle-bear's chest, by way of pillow, went to sleep himself thinking it was a fine thing to be a man and wondering whether what the mist-spirit had said to him outside really *would* come true!

THE CYCLING CORNER.

SHORT RIDES ROUND LONDON.

By Charles H. Larrette, North Road C.C.

IT is difficult to define the word "short," as applied to cycling trips, where speed is not made the sole object of the outing. I think, however, that there are few cyclists, either male or female, who have had a reasonable amount of experience, who cannot, on a high-grade machine, cover from forty to sixty miles, or perhaps more, a day, provided they do not overdo it in the matter of pace, and are content to refrain from over-exerting themselves, especially when riding uphill or against strong winds. As one whose cycling experience commenced over thirty years ago, but who is still able to do his hundred miles or more in a day without fatigue, I must acknowledge my indebtedness to one of the greatest all-round riders we have ever seen, the late John Keen, for the advice he gave me, on the first occasion I ever rode with the ex-champion: "Never overdo it, especially uphill. If your companions are travelling too fast for you, go your own pace, and they, if of the same class as yourself, will probably 'come back' to you long ere the journey is ended." This has been the secret of my enjoyment of long distance cycling, even when riding with the speedy members of my own club, which numbers in its ranks some of the fastest road riders of to-day. If any of my young friends follow my example they would be able to ride twice the distance they do now without the slightest fatigue. They would cultivate the pace which suits them and not exceed it. And so, with the old hunting proverb, "It's not the distance but the pace that kills," I will turn to my text.

Through the Kentish Lanes.

Dwellers in anything like London are sadly handicapped by the miles of "bricks and mortar" they have to ride through before they reach the open country. It is this which prevents so many owners of cycles becoming anything else than mere potterers. I, therefore, propose to start all the rides which I shall attempt to describe from railway stations about ten miles or so from the most suitable metropolitan terminus, and will endeavour as much as possible to pilot my readers through "the lanes," rather than over the main roads, where they will probably be worried by those reckless motorists who are now driving cyclists away from so many of their once-favoured routes. Unfortunately, the space at my disposal is limited, and so I must apologise for not giving details as fully as I should like to.

For our first ride we set out from Bromley Station, easily accessible both from the City and West-end, and which might well be made the starting for fully half-a-dozen pleasurable trips in Kent. The first few miles of the Hastings Road, through Farnborough and Green Street Green, are very easy riding, but at the latter place commences a long, steady rise, with a fairly good surface, to the top of the North Downs. Unless the wind is foul the work is not hard. Then comes a most delightful "coast" of over a mile in length down Madamscourt Hill, through thick woods, in which glimpses of the Shoreham Valley and the big hills on the other side are visible. Then more interesting but fairly level roads through Denton Green to Riverhead, a mile or so north of Sevenoaks. In the middle of the village, turn to the left over some give-and-take roads, past the Bat and Ball Station to Seal, where commences a long tedious climb of a mile, but with a good surface, to the top of Seal Chart, a thickly wooded open space about 500 feet above the sea level. After passing Crown Point, one of the finest views in the prettiest county in

England opens out before us. There is a series of rolling undulations covered with fruit trees and nut gardens, at the foot of which the picturesque village of Ightham is situated. The George and Dragon Inn here is one of the old-timbered houses which are among the sights of this village. The old Moat House, a mile away, is also worth visiting. The homeward journey may be taken either by way of Ightham Hill, which must be walked, Farningham, and Sidcup, to Lewisham, or by the more pretty route, *viâ* the Bat and Ball, and then down the Darenth Valley, *viâ* Otford, Shoreham, Lullingstone, and Eynesford, to Farningham.

From Croydon.

My next route is one of the hilliest near town, but the stronger riders will be well repaid by the beauty of the scenery. Croydon is the starting point, and a mile further south the left hand turn is taken. A stiff pull of a mile or more takes us to Sanderstead. Easier work follows, through Warlingham, but the tendency of the road is upward. A mile or so beyond there is a steep hill to climb, over Worms Heath, where the surface is generally broken. About a similar distance further on the summit of the North Downs is reached, and the descent of Titsey Hill is commenced. For half-a-mile the fall is gradual, but then, all at once, it becomes almost precipitous, and should always be walked. Some fair road follows for a mile, as far as Limpsfield, where another climb commences. At the top of the hill, at the end of the village, leave the Westerham Road on the left and ride a couple of miles over Chart Common to the top of Crockham Hill, 700 feet above the sea level. Here a truly magnificent panorama lies spread out before you, which many contend to be one of the finest in Kent. This hill is very steep and tortuous. After passing the church, turn to the left through a narrow lane to Four Elms, and thence ride under the shadow of the towering height of Toy's Hill to Bow Beach. Here keep to the right, and a mile further will bring us to Chiddingstone, which is often termed, and I think rightly, the prettiest village in Kent. Here are some of the finest specimens of old-timbered houses that are to be found in the country. At the back of the Castle Inn, an excellent country hostelry, is a huge stone called the "Chiding Stone," from which the village takes its name. Its origin is "wropt in mystery," but it is probably Druidical. A mile away is Penhurst, the chief feature of which is the castle, the home of Lord de Lisle and Dudley, which was built by his ancestor, the famous Elizabethan poet, Sir Philip Sidney. Tonbridge, five miles away, can be reached by way of Leigh (pronounced "Lye"), a very pretty modern village. The homeward ride can be taken over Ide Hill and Sandridge Hill, past Knockholt Beeches, the highest spot in Kent, where one joins the main Hastings Road, about six miles south of Bromley.

Over the Surrey Downs.

Our third ride starts from Surbiton, whence we proceed to Leatherhead, where the real beauties of the trip commence, as the valley of the Mole between that place and Dorking is without equal in the south-eastern counties. At the last-named place, turn to the right, and travel westwards through Westgate, and up a steep hill to Wootton Hatch. Here take a lane on the left, and travel through some delightful park-like scenery for a mile or so till the road becomes a field track. Here, at some cottages, inquire for a path to Friday Street, and walk up a steep hill through thick woods which clothe the southern slopes of Leith Hill. This is followed by a corresponding descent.

Friday Street consists of a few scattered houses round a small lake lying at the bottom of a "cup" among the slopes of the highest hill in the south (Leith is nearly 1,000 feet high). It is a most picturesque spot, and even on stormy days the stillness which prevails is remarkable. More walking is necessary after leaving this place, then about a mile of rough riding brings you to Abinger Hatch. A good road now takes you to the crest of the range, but that range presents no difficulty to a fair rider. The tower on Leith Hill is now about half-way on the left, and can be only reached by walking, but the view from it is worth all the trouble. The descent of the southern slope is dangerous, especially at the steepest part, where there is a gate-post round a sharp bend. At the T roads, a mile further on, we turn to the right, and after another mile or so westwards, in the same direction, and then over a narrow but falling road, we travel through Pitland Street and Felday into the valley, about six miles west of Dorking. Ripley may be reached *viâ* Shiere, and then the way is over the North Downs at Newlands Corner. St. Martha's Chapel, which was founded as a hostelry for the pilgrims, who journeyed from Southampton to Canterbury along the tops of the Downs, is about a mile away, while on the south side of the

Downs is Albury, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland. The rides are so numerous and pretty in this district that they really require an article to themselves.

The Intricate Road to Guildford.

For our next ride we travel by rail farther afield, to either Guildford or Godalming, and two miles beyond the latter we leave the Portsmouth Road and pass through Elstead. Here we turn southwards through Telford, and, leaving Frensham on the left, we pass those peculiar conical hills called the Devil's Jumps to the hamlet of Churt. Our next point is Headley, where we enter Hampshire. Care must be taken to inquire the route, which is now rather intricate. The small hamlet of Holywater is next passed, and a turn to the right lands us on the Farnham-Petersfield Road, in the middle of Woolmer Forest. Following this, which is very loose, northward about a mile, we turn to the left, past Black Moor Church, and ascend a very steep hill, on which a preceptory of the Knights Templars formerly stood, to our destination, Selborne, which has been immortalised by the great naturalist, Gilbert White, whose great work, "The Natural History of Selborne," deservedly ranks among the British classics. A mere footstone, inscribed with the letters G. W., alone marks the grave in the churchyard he loved so well. Ample accommodation can be found in Selborne, in the neighbourhood of which a few hours can well be spent. About six miles northward is Alton, though any one who is journeying all or even part of the way back to town can save a few miles by travelling through some pretty lanes, *viâ* West Woldham and Binstead to Farnham, where home can be reached either *viâ* Aldershot, Bagshot, and Staines, or *viâ* Guildford and Ripley.

To Eversley: A Pilgrimage.

Our next pilgrimage is also to the resting-place of a great man, Charles Kingsley, who was one of the first apostles of the gospel of "muscular Christianity," which, in our day, found such an able exponent in the late Mr. Quintin Hogg. To reach Eversley, a tiny little Hampshire village, of which for some years Charles Kingsley was rector, some of the most delightful woodland country I know of has to be visited. Starting from Staines, after passing through Egham, we take a narrow lane on the right, which is the old Reading Road. A steep hill has to be mounted up to Englefield Green, and a mile further we enter Windsor Great Park, at Bishop's Gate. In the centre of the Park, at the top of the Long Walk, down which, by the way, cyclists are not allowed to ride, is a magnificent view of the Castle, Royal borough, and the country beyond, right away to the Chilterns, which are plainly visible on the horizon on a clear day. We leave the Park by Forest Gate, and at the next fork keep to the left, passing Ascot Heath to the Staines and Wokingham Road. At Bracknell we turn leftwards, past Easthampstead, and ride through thick woods (the whole of the district was formerly part of Windsor Forest) to the political building where those who are "confined during his Majesty's pleasure" reside—Broadmoor to wit. We now journey westwards, passing Wellington College, and ascend a long slope, through a magnificent avenue of Wellingtonias, the only one of its kind in the country, to the top of Finchampstead Ridges, where there is another splendid view. Then to Eversley. After visiting the church and churchyard we now turn eastward through Yateley (good accommodation here), and crossing the Blackwater River ride through Sandhurst and the grounds of Sandhurst Military College to Camberley, where our starting point can be easily reached, *viâ* Bagshot. But should the rider desire to travel a little farther, he can join the Portsmouth main road, for Bagshot, *viâ* Chobham, Ottershaw, Addlestone, Weybridge and Esher. This I consider the most picturesque ride within easy distance of the metropolis.

Buckinghamshire Lanes.

Few cyclists are aware what lovely lane riding lies in Buckinghamshire, below the Oxford and Bath Roads, east of a line drawn northwards from Maidenhead. Uxbridge is a good starting point, and thence we travel through Cowley to Tree. A mile north we strike the Uxbridge-Slough Road, which we follow for a mile and a half down a long slope, leading us through Black Park, where we turn to the right. A little further on lies the Black Pool, which is really only one of the many reservoirs which feed the Grand Junction Canal, though it resembles a highland lake. It is naturally a most picturesque spot, being completely surrounded by huge firs. No matter how hot may be the day it is always most delightfully cool on its banks. Journeying westward for a short distance we come to a hill, which requires careful riding, that brings us to the pretty village of Fulmer, which, sheltered as it is on all sides, may aptly be termed a veritable "sleepy hollow." The church con-

tains a few Elizabethan monuments belonging to the Darrell family. We retrace our way up the hill for about half a mile, and then take the right hand fork, over Stake Common, and, turning northwards, cross the Oxford Road at Gerrard's Cross.

The Cradle of Quakerism.

Our destination is now "The Jordans," the old Quaker Burial Ground, in which lie the remains of those two great men, William Penn, the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, and Elworthy. The old country house is also there, and in practically the same condition as when they worshipped there. It is situated in a most lonely, out-of-the-way spot, which speaks for itself as to what those whose religious belief differed from that of the Established Church had to endure if they wished to worship as their consciences directed. Two miles away is Beaconsfield, where, in the church, Edmund Burke's tomb may be seen. Turning southward, two miles on, Burnham Beeches are reached, but on Saturdays and Sundays there are too many beanfeasters in evidence to make riding there very enjoyable. The direct road leads to Farnham Royal, where we turn to the left, and a mile on is Stoke Poges, in the beautiful churchyard of which, where the poet's body rests, Gray's Elegy was composed. Slough is now some two miles south of us, or Uxbridge can be again reached, *viâ* Stoke Green and Wexham.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

Watford shall be our next starting point. After following the Aylesbury Road some six miles, we turn to the right at Two Waters, and reach the old-fashioned town of Hemel Hempstead. Another two miles further is Water End, and by keeping to the left, and over some, generally, very loose road, we enter Ashridge Park, the seat of Earl Brownlow, one of those few palatial domains which are not closed to cyclists. The road takes us in front of the magnificent mansion, which faces a long avenue, at the end of which, on the top of the Chilterns, stands a lofty column, erected to perpetuate the memory of that Duke of Bridgewater who was the originator of our great canal system. Leaving the park, a dangerously steep hill leads us to Albury, where there is an almost perfect set of stocks on the green, and so on past Tring Station to Tring for lunch. Those who do not shirk hard work can have their fill if they climb up into the Chiltern Hundreds and travel through Wigginton, Chalesbury, St. Leonards and Lee to Chesham, over good but little used roads. Thence down the valley of the Chess, up the steep hill to Chenies, and on through Rickmansworth, Pinner, and Harrow.

From North London.

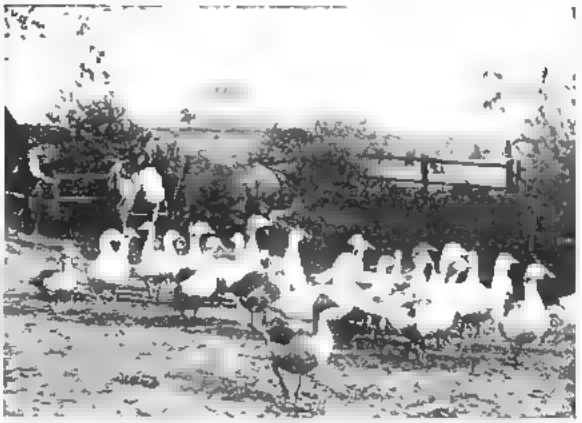
Picturesque rides in the north of London are by no means so plentiful as south of the Thames, but there is another worth starting from Barnet. Keep on the North Road as far as Potter's Bar, and at the end of the village take the right fork, and a mile further on bear to the left, just missing the village of Northaw. Another mile, and we must turn sharp to the right, and now some hard riding or walking has to be done. There is some very pronounced switch-back to be covered before turning to the left at the cross roads. Then a couple of bad hills, the first down and the other up, have to be overcome ere we get to Newgate Street. More up and down has to be toiled over before we at length reach Little Berkhamsted, where may be seen a lofty round tower, a "folly" erected by some crank in the earlier part of last century, which, excepting perhaps as an observatory, can serve no useful purpose. A very long and dangerous hill takes us into the valley of the Lea, which we follow westward for some distance, and then ascend a slope on the right to Tewin Churchyard. This contains the famous tomb of Lady Anne Grimstone, which is split into many pieces by the seven trees which are growing out of it. Tradition has it that she was a rigid atheist, and on her death-bed told those round her that, if there were a God, seven trees would grow out of her grave. It is rather singular, however, that there should be two more tree-split tombs in Hertfordshire, at Aldenham and Watford, respectively, not so very far away. From Tewin we proceed to Welwyn, a good place to stop for lunch, and then a journey over some rather hilly road to visit the ruined church of Ayott St. Lawrence, of the existence of which, though little more than twenty miles from town, very few travellers are aware. Under the tower is a mutilated black marble altar tomb of the 15th century, while on the wall is a plaster cast of a family at prayer, wearing what is evidently the costume of the time of the early Tudors. Home can be reached either by the North Road, which is found at the top of Digswell Hill, or by a less frequented, though more likely, road, *viâ* Wheathampstead, St. Albans, and Edgware.

[*A Note on "Essex Roads" will be found in the "Editorial" pages.*]

"The Captain" Photographic Gallery.

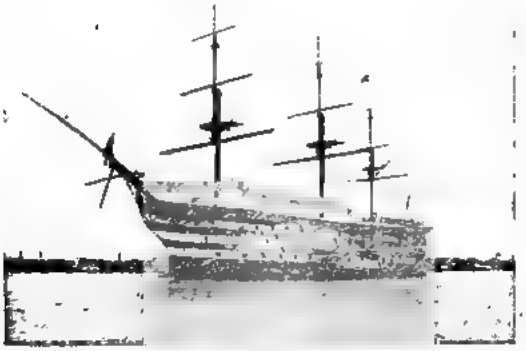
Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our Competitions.

COLLIE DOG.
By Gordon Greaves.

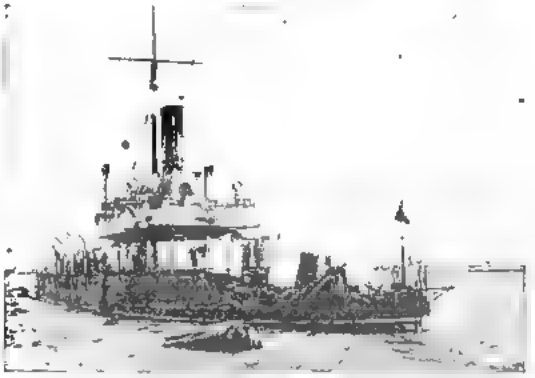


CORNER OF AN ENGLISH FARMYARD
By Wilfred Wainwright.

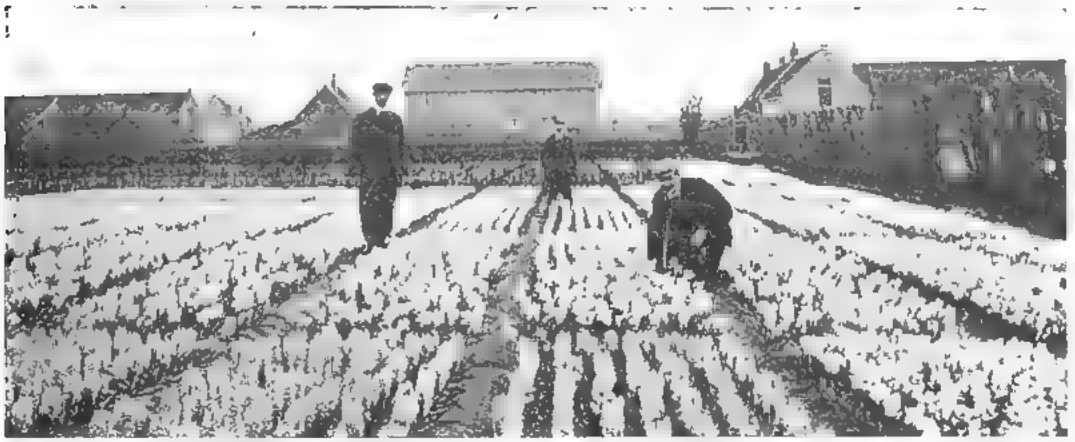
GOLF.
By R. A. Davidson.



THE ANCIENT
By J. H. Young.

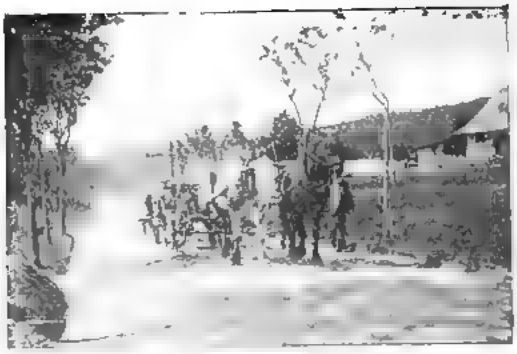


AND MODERN.
By H. Tanner.



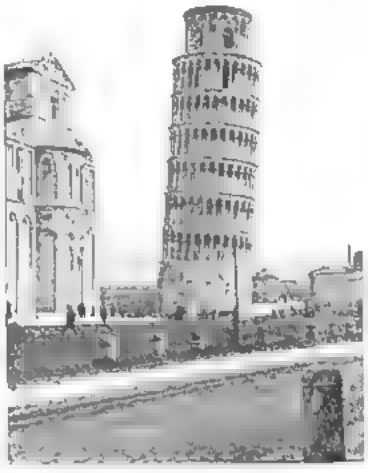
A DUTCH HYACINTH FIELD.
By William Watson, Derlits School, Haarlem, Holland.

LLANDUDNO.
By Ernest H. Taylor.



A BLACK FOREST TEAM.
By F. D. Grundy.

A FARMYARD.
By Fred. Lowe.

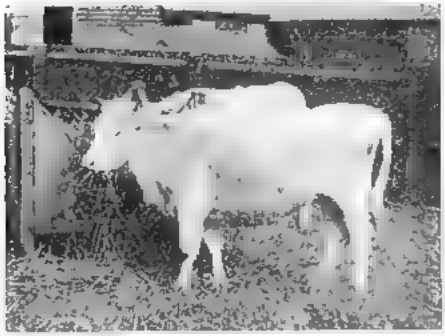


LEANING TOWER OF PISA.
By Kathleen Earthland.

BRIGHTON.
By C. D. Glover.

A MOUNTAIN MAID.
By J. Richardson.

A FUTURE "CAPTAIN" READER.
By Gordon Whitehead.



DINNER TIME.
By W. J. Jones.

A YORKSHIRE FALL.
By J. B. Meldrum.

A MANXMAN AT HOME.
By G. Stulland.

A TABBY.
By F. W. Stoke.

WE MADE A BRAVE SHOW IN THE PROCESSION I WAS DRESSED UP IN THE MOST WONDERFUL CLOTHS OF GOLD AND SILVER

THE ELEPHANT'S STORY.

By E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE blue smoke had drifted away in the moonlight. The evening meal had been eaten. The embers of the wood-fires were dying out. The mahouts had spread their clothes on the ground and were falling to sleep under the open sky. For the night was warm and their huts were close.

Under the great tamarinds stood two elephants, silent as sleeping shadows; silent to human ears, but conversing in a language that needs no sound.

"Brother, dost thou hear a calling?"

"I hear no calling."

"These three nights has the voice been with me, calling to the jungles of the far North, and will give no peace."

"What calling is this, O Bheem Sing, my brother? The night for the carnival of the free herds is past now sometime."

"Nay, it is not that, but a stranger thing. Didst thou hear the talk of the drivers over their evening meal?"

"Yes, and in truth they said many foolish things. One said it was a great wonder that dead elephants were never found in the jungles, and that, therefore, there must be an unknown land where they go and die beyond the ken of hunters."

"I too have thought that talk foolish, for I have often heard it round their camp fires. But of late I have been troubled in mind. Something calls me unceasingly, and there is a picture which comes before my vision of a place that I have never seen, and yet I know it is far, far to the North-East. The way to it is through a canebrake, which would defy the strength of any but an elephant. After an hour's such toil the way leads over a morass deep and treacherous, but in my picture the hidden path is made clear, so that I could follow it in the thick dark. Beyond this is a hidden gorge in the mountains, by which I shall come to a land of shadows surrounded by walls of rock many thousand feet high. In the midst of this valley sleeps a lake, deep, dark, and peaceful, but the shores of the lake are white with bones and are sown thick with the tusks of countless thousands of elephants, for this is the hidden land of our dead, of that I have no doubt. I am old, and my time has come. Therefore, the voice calls me to the Valley of Peaceful Sleep.

"Why should I slave longer? A hundred years have I toiled for man, choking in the thick dust behind the foot soldiers, with a ton weight of tents on my back, dragging the heavy guns from the mud, doing the work of six bullocks or a dozen pack mules, always working in all seasons, Army service, Rajah's service, Sportsman's service.

"Now nightly there comes the desire to pull up my picket-stakes and return to the free herds roaming the hills to the North, and after to seek the Valley of Peaceful Sleep."

"Of that free life I much desire to hear, for it is beyond my memory."

"What! canst thou possibly forget the wild freedom of those days?"

"I was but a calf when taken and cannot recall the way we were captured. I feel yearly the approach of that night in spring when our brothers assemble to hold high carnival, yet I cannot remember the dancing. Thou, Bheem Sing, must know all these things."

"I, alas! was taken when I had reached my full strength and was nearing two score years of life. Never can I forget the wild life of youth. We roamed at will over ranges of hills, never seeing a sign of man, never feeling the sharp prick of any driving-hook.

"Never can I forget the spring-time carnival. The gathering of the free herds, the wild trumpeting of thousands, the mad dancing under the moon, the love-making and mating that followed.

"A hundred years ago! A hundred years ago! And yet they are fresh in my mind, those loves and feuds of youth. Even now the blood dances in my old veins to think of the great fight I fought when I won the leadership of the herd.

"If we had kept in the fastnesses of the hills we should never have been captured. But we came down to the lowlands where men were, and found their crops of wheat and sugar-cane were good to eat. They tried to scare us with cries and also dug pits into

which some of us fell and were killed. Then, alas! the elephant hunters got news of us and came.

"One day, as we left our noonday retreat, we found we were surrounded by men. They did not approach us, but formed a ring a quarter of a mile across, and when we tried to break through they turned us back with firebrands and much shouting. All night long they kept fires blazing, so we dared not break through the ring at any point. Being unmolested, we fed, and waited for the men to go, but they stayed day after day. On the tenth day, the fodder being nearly used up, were in a trap, for the space was surrounded with a deep ditch across which we could not go, and on the farther side was a strong wall of tree trunks planted closely and hidden with green boughs.

"Then several of us charged against the gate and would have brought it down only that we were met with flaming torches which the men thrust through the logs into our faces, and there were also loud explosions from weapons they carried, which alarmed us very much. After a while, when we quieted down, the gate was opened for a space, and several slave elephants, which were ridden by

I DRAGGED AT THE ROPES WITH ALL THE FORCE THERE WAS IN ME, AND THE MEN STOOD BY LAUGHING AT ME.

we were taking counsel as to whether we could not rush through, when the men appeared to assemble together on three sides, leaving the fourth open. We, therefore, fled in that direction, the men chasing us with great shouts. The jungle seemed to close in on us till it became a narrow lane; when we would have broken through the wall of bamboos we found there was a deep trench between us and this wall which we could not cross. So we fled on until the lane ended in a small glade into which we had hardly passed, when, with a great noise, a ponderous gate dropped behind us. Then we knew we men, came in. Two of these would get on both sides of one of our herd and so hold it close till men tied its hind legs together, and, after that, fastened them to a tree. The elephant so captured would drag with all its might, but when it could not free itself it would become very quiet and afraid of the power of man.

"I would not be taken in this way, and made several attempts to kill men who were tying the legs of others, but they escaped under their elephants. At last there was a cry for "Rustum" from the men, and a large tusker was ridden into the enclosure.

He at once made straight for me and tried to punish me, but I was not to be quelled so easily, and met his charge fiercely. The crash of our tusks rang out above all other sounds as I drove him backwards across the Khedda. I felt I was the stronger of the two, but he had been taught to fight by his mahout in a way that was new to me, and twice he had me helpless for a space, my head held between his tusks. Backwards and forwards, from one side of the Khedda to the other, the battle raged, all making room for us or going down before our rushes. The man on Rustum's back encouraged him on with his voice, and at last I think I should have been beaten had not the man, coming within reach of my trunk, thrust a sharp iron into it. This so angered me that, mad with pain, I charged and bore Rustum backwards, till, catching his throat between my tusks, I heaved with all my might, and my enemy fell on his back into the trench. Now both man and elephant were at my mercy, and I would soon have made an end of them but that many men now jumped into the Khedda with firebrands and scared me away. All the elephants were at length bound to trees with the exception of myself. Then they sent to me a tame elephant, one Moti, the pearl, who had eyes like a fawn and the beauty of a peacock in his summer splendour, and when she caressed my forehead and laid her trunk across my eyes, I did not see a man slip clever nooses about my hind legs which, when I moved about, tightened. Moti went away gurgling with merriment, and I, trying to follow, found I had also been tied to a tree like the others. At this a great rage came upon me, and I dragged at the ropes with all the force there was in me till I thought either the tree would come down or my limbs would be torn asunder. For hours I strove fruitlessly till the pain of my strained limbs was almost too much to bear. And in the midst of my efforts men stood by and laughed mockingly at me, and a great fear of man came upon me, for not understanding these things I thought the grip of the rope on my limbs was the grip of man himself and the strength of the rope which mocked my efforts was the strength of man. I felt I was as nothing in his hands and so grew to fear, and, in time, obey him. The only thing I had feared in my life, thus far, was fire. I had seen the hungry tongues eat up the jungle for miles, giant trees and grass blades alike, and before that roaring terror I have fled for days with thousands of other beasts in the madness of fear. Now, for the first time, I saw fire handled fearlessly by men, unable to hurt him and his willing servant.

"While secure in our haunts in the depths of the jungle, we had often talked boastfully of our own strength and scoffed at that weak pigmy, man. We had thought a few hundred of us could have overturned their houses, and stamped them and their towns out of existence, and yet they had taken our herd, two hundred strong, with very little trouble. In the jungle there are no roads like those made by elephants. Yet what are they to the roads of men, which turn aside for nothing? If a mountain lies in his path man removes it; the broadest river cannot check man who crosses it dry-footed. Not only animals of every kind, but even fire and water were his slaves. Therefore, I felt it was foolish to strive against him, for man was master of all things.

"My first mahout was good to me and proud of 'the finest elephant in the service of the Sirkar,' as he said I was. My tusks were the wonder of the town, and people came from all sides to see me.

"Soon I became the favourite of the commissariat lines. Even the little children were not afraid of me, and brought me of their sweets to eat, and when I caressed them and swung them in my trunk, the joy of the mothers was a thing to witness. Thus we grew endeared to each other, the parents, the babes, and I.

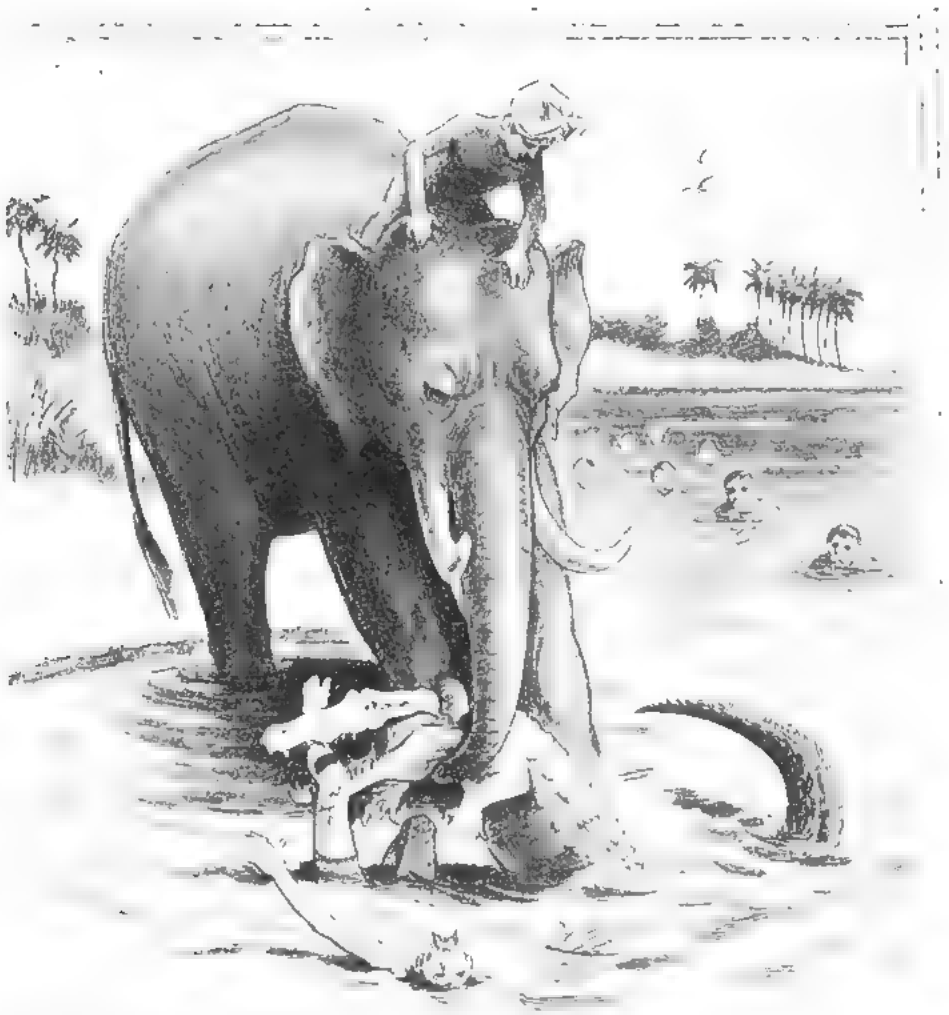
"One day I was at the river with my driver. The English soldiers were bathing, when one was seized by the legs in the jaws of a mugger.

"The man would have been pulled under instantly, but being near I caught hold of him at the driver's order and held on. The alligator pulling one way and I another, the soldier would have been torn in two, but, getting an opportunity, I seized the mugger round the neck and hauled him out of the river, where the other soldiers quickly killed him. The man was badly hurt, but recovered. To show their favour, the soldiers had gold bands put on my tusks, and when the man was well he was put on my back, after I had been dressed up in all sorts of ribbons and flags, and with a band of drums and fifes going before we were marched round the barracks several times before the whole regiment.

"At another time, when a low caste man, who had been made a driver for a few days, ran away with the silver cooking pots of the other men, I was sent alone without a driver

to find him in the jungle, where he was hiding. After much following I came upon him sleeping, his spoil being in two sacks tied together. Putting these across my neck, I took the man in my trunk and brought him back prisoner. There was great merriment as I passed through the bazaar carrying my captive, and my mahout was very proud of me.

to me. Often the other mahouts told him to be careful or else I would kill him some day, but he only returned their advice with oaths and said that if I did so I would be shot, and I was not such a fool. He also sold my food daily, so that I was always half-fed and hungry. One day we went down to the river to collect fodder, Ram Lall, the mahout, and I. When it was gathered I was kneel-



I SEIZED THE MUGGER ROUND THE NECK AND HAULED HIM OUT OF THE RIVER.

"The tale of my service with this regiment and others would take many nights to repeat.

"When Chunnee, my old driver, died, I was very sorry. My next driver was a bad-tempered man; he was unsparing of the goad and abuse, and when drunk was very cruel

ing to have it bound on my back, when a man came up with a staff in his hand and commenced to talk with Ram Lall.

"Presently they began to quarrel about some money Ram Lall owed him, and soon they came to blows, Ram Lall cowardly at-

tacking the man with his reaping hook. The man, however, defended himself well with his bamboo, and, at last, with a great blow on the head, felled Ram Lall. My mahout lay quite still, and the other man got frightened when he could not rouse him. After much trying he found he was dead, at which he sat down in deep thought for a long time. Then, taking the rope from the bundle of fodder, he tied the dead man by it to my back and, commanding me to stand up, gave the word for home, after which he fled the other way.

"It was quite late when I arrived at the 'peil khanna,' where the elephants are kept. The other drivers at once began to shower abuse at the fodder not having arrived before, but when they came up to me and saw in the place of fodder a man roped on my back, they were astonished beyond words. Some ran for torches, and in the light of these they saw plainly how matters stood. Then there was a great hue and cry: —

"'He has killed Ram Lall, as we all said he would,' cried one. 'Now he will be shot, as is the order.'

"Then came the driver's wife, shrieking and tearing her hair and wanting my life at once in return for his. With so much hallooing and torches I got scared, and turning, I fled into the dall fields with the dead man on my back.

"That was a bad night. I found little to eat and thought much of what they had said about my being shot for the killing of my driver as they supposed.

"Next morning I went towards the bazaar, for there were many shops where they sold sugar-cane, and sometimes they threw me a piece or two as I passed. I had been some time among the people before they discovered I had no mahout. Then they saw the dead man lashed to my back and fled in terror, leaving the shops unguarded. I was hungry with my long fast, so I had my fill of sugar-cane.

"Soon a great crowd collected and watched me from a long distance off as some fearsome sight. For them I cared not, but when I saw a red coat or two among the crowd, then I thought of the order there was to shoot elephants who had killed their drivers, so turning down a gulley I made for the open fields. But I was not left in peace; soon the whole station and bazaar came after me, mostly to stare at an uncommon sight, but the mahouts from the 'peil khanna' came also on their animals intent on capturing me.

"Having tasted freedom again, I had no desire to be taken, so I set off for the jungles to the north of the station, the whole of which place seemed to have come after me, but when I got into my stride I soon left my pursuers behind with the exception of two of the swiftest elephants, which were coming up to me gradually, and, I feared, would overtake me. I, therefore, made for the steeply-embanked canal, which was here crossed by a bridge of wood; there was a stone bridge about two miles to the east, which was the only other near this. An idea came to me, and having crossed the bridge I destroyed it, and flung the pieces of wood into the canal. The elephant drivers yelled out abuse when they saw me do this, as the banks of the canal were too steep and deep to be climbed by their elephants, and they were forced to stay behind or go round by the stone bridge.

"I was walking off leisurely, when, hearing hoofs in the distance, I saw there were several officers on horseback who had also come out to hunt me.

"I, therefore, put on a good pace, which was fortunate, for when the sahibs came to the canal and found their horses could not get across, they unslung their rifles and fired at me, but the distance was too great, and, although one bullet grazed my back, the others fell far short. They now turned round, and I thought they would return to the station, but they rode towards the stone bridge. Their horses being fleet I knew they would soon come up with me on flat ground, so I made for the opposite direction where the ground was heavy and would prevent the horses going very fast. About six miles to the west the canal left the river, across which was jungle in which I could hide from my pursuers once I had put the river between us. For a time they were lost to view, and I worked hard to put good distance between us.

"For well I knew the fate that awaited me when the horsemen came up. They could not take me captive, and had brought their rifles to use. I had a good start, perhaps four miles, but there was a grey Arab, ridden by one Captain Young, which could skim the ground like a hawk, and would soon catch me up. He was the first to appear, and rapidly came on, only when he got to the broken ground he had to slacken his pace very much, so that the others had nearly overtaken him when I reached the river bank and plunged in. The river was two miles wide at this part and it would be a tiring swim, but there was death behind

and freedom beyond, so I did not waste time.

"I was not five hundred yards from the bank when they arrived and commenced shooting at me, but after their mad gallop they were too shaky and the bullets flew wide. At last one hit me on the crown, but its flight was low and it only scratched the skin. Then, for a space, I swam with only the tip of my trunk above water, till I thought I was out of their range When I came up there were no more shots fired.

"But now another danger presented itself. Two or three muggers had shown their heads near me, but had been scared away by the sound of the shots. Now, as these ceased, they came back again. Of an alligator I had no fear, and so, spashing the water loudly with my trunk, I tried to frighten them off, but, strange to say, although they are usually scared by such sounds, I could not get them to go away this time. They followed me, swimming on each side, and their numbers steadily increased so much that I was now alarmed, for should they attack me together I should soon be overcome and pulled to the bottom. I was about half a mile yet from the opposite side, when I noticed there were quite ten of them, and though they had not made an attempt to attack me I knew they were only waiting for a signal. It soon came, and with a sudden rush, that churned up the water into a white froth, they were upon me, and I thought my last hour had come. I dealt great blows with my trunk, but to my astonishment I felt their teeth nowhere in my flesh. Before I could recover from my surprise the attack was over, and then I saw my mistake; for they were not hungering for my body, but for that of the dead mahout lashed to my back. And in that one rush they had carried away every bit of him, leaving only the rope, and were now fighting amongst themselves for the fragments.

"I was glad to find I had again escaped when death seemed so near. In a few minutes I should be rejoicing in perfect freedom. But I had a great disappointment, for the Rajah was out hunting, and his party appeared on the banks of the river just when I was about to land. There were many elephants with them, so all hope of liberty vanished, for I had no sooner landed than I was captured.

"The Rajah admired my great size and fine tusks

"'He will make a fine figure in our processions. It is stupid to waste such a handsome beast on commissariat work. I must try and buy him from the British Sirkar, only I fear they will not sell him.'

"A day after a messenger arrived to say I had escaped into the Rajah's territory and would the Rajah kindly order me to be shot, as I was dangerous and had killed my mahout.

"The Rajah begged that I might live to adorn his state, and as his request was accompanied with 1,000 rupees, it was granted.

"Now, instead of starving, I was fed on the best of food, with spices in my cakes; my green food was brought by other elephants, I never had to work in the sun, and twice a week I went down to the river to bathe and have my skin scrubbed till it shone.

"When there was a state procession I was dressed up in the most wonderful cloths of gold and silver. I had ornaments round my neck, in my ears, and on my head, and carried on my back a howdah of beaten gold in which sat the Rajah. We made a brave show. I liked the shouts of admiration which greeted my appearance on these occasions, and I was almost as happy with my new master as I had been in the jungles. That was many years ago. I am still the great state elephant, but I am old and the holiday-makings weary me.

"Soon I shall be set aside for a younger elephant, as they put aside Akbar, the old Royal elephant, when I came—Akbar, who had seen the passing of more than a century and a half of years, and had served the Mogul Emperors in his day! He had charged in the van of battle with a hundred others, each carrying a garrisoned fort on his back. He had waded knee deep amid the bodies of the slain and had come out of the fray splashed to the shoulder with red. Also, Akbar had been high executioner of the State, and had trampled the life out of many a criminal and rebel before the onlooking multitude.

"The Rajah soon had another reason to be pleased with his purchase.

"The sahibs often came to shoot tigers on his estate. One day there was a great hunt. The colonel sahib, who was the guest, was in the howdah on my back. The Rajah was mounted on a she-elephant, called Moonia.

"There were some twelve elephants, which, formed in line, marched towards the beaters. Presently there was a cry of 'Bagh,' and a fine male tiger charged out into the opening The colonel sahib's gun spoke first, and the yellow beast fell to the shot, but quickly

springing up it crept into some wild rose-bushes, and for a time it could not be dislodged.

"Then, suddenly, without any warning, it sprang upon the Rajah's elephant; burying its teeth and claws in her trunk it pulled her to her knees. She came down so suddenly that the Rajah was thrown out, and the tiger, thinking he had a fresh adversary, turned and attacked him. The colonel sahib could not fire for fear of hitting the Rajah, who, without doubt, would have been killed by the fangs of the tiger, had not I, with a strong sideward cut with my tusk, struck the yellow one and sent him stunned and sprawling into the long grass. Quickly following, I knelt upon him and crushed the life out of his body.

"The Rajah was unhurt, and was much pleased at my performance, and swore he would never part with me for all the wealth of the world. Yet he has often lent me to English hunters. Thus have we two often hunted together these many years. But our last hunt is done, and to-night I may leave thee for ever.

"Never before have I been so near the border of the East, beyond which lies the home-land of free-herds, and the Valley of Peaceful Sleep, a hundred leagues maybe. To-night the yearning is strong, and but for thee, O friend and brother, I would try for freedom. These rotten ropes can't hold me. See!—Thus—and they are gone."

SHE CAME DOWN SO SUDDENLY THAT THE RAJAH WAS THROWN OUT.

"Go then, O Bheem Sing, my brother. What are the leagues to thee, my mountain of strength? Go! and perhaps one day—who knows?—I, too, shall join you in the Valley of Peaceful Sleep. See! darkness is to hand: the moon sets. Go! Peace be with thee. Farewell."

The frightened mahout next day tracked his stray elephant to the bank of the river, a mighty flood miles across. On the farther side lay the jungles of Assam, a line of shadow, dark and weird. There was no sign of the fugitive. Bheem Sing was journeying to the Valley of Peaceful Sleep.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE BATSMAN TO HIS NEPHEW.

Brighton, June 24th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Enclosed please find a P.O. for "ten bob," as requested. But I am somewhat disappointed after the trouble I took with you at the nets last Easter, to hear that you have been unable to score more than 151 runs in 14 innings. I do not accept your excuse that the wickets have been wet. Have I not often explained to you that, although owing to the fact that the ball travels sadly on wet grass runs are dearer on wet wickets, it is not more difficult and in some ways easier to bat upon soft than upon dry wickets? Do you not remember my showing you on the tennis lawn, after that heavy shower, how much more slowly the ball came from the ground after pitching, and, consequently, how much easier it was to watch all the way from the pitch to the bat?

I am afraid the school "pro." has been undoing much of the good I instilled into you. Probably he has been at the old school pro. game, "Come forward at her, sir: come forward," till you have got into the bad old error of fancying there is no stroke but the forward lunge for any ball on any wicket.

When I read in your letter that the pitch plays so dead and the ball breaks too much for you, I am almost sure you have been on the "come forward at her" lay. Now, do listen to me, though I am not a "pro.": and remember that though I am now a bit slow on my pins, I used to play for my county. Age spoils one's off-driving, but it does not diminish one's knowledge. A coach who knows is better than a coach who does. Besides, even now I'll play your school pro. a single wicket match for a supper, any day.

Now bear in mind what I tell you. Nine out of ten wet wickets are not difficult. It is only when the ball breaks, and breaks quickly, that a wicket is difficult. On most wet wickets the ball either cuts through and therefore comes along straight just as it does on a hard wicket, or else breaks so slowly that you have ample time to watch it on to your bat and play back to it.

The secret of playing on a slow wicket is just this. Never play forward. If the ball is pitched well up so that you can easily reach the pitch of it, drive it hard. Clump it. Give it a thump. If it is pitched a good length, but too short to reach the pitch off, watch it from the pitch and play it back.

And this advice applies to sticky wickets, difficult wickets. Only then you must be very quick with your back play. Never, if you can help it, play forward on a wicket on which the ball breaks.

But except on clay grounds wet wickets are never difficult unless the sun comes out hot and bakes the mud. Your ground at Greyhouse is not of the clayey kind. Do you remember the 71 I made for M.C.C. three years ago, there? Very well, then.

Please do not think I want to dishearten you. Only beware of that forward lunge except on plumb, fast wickets. Yes, and even then. Look how rarely Ranji and F. S. Jackson and other tip-toppers play forward even on fast wickets. Poor Arthur Shrewsbury really never played forward, not right forward: and he made 106 against the best Australian bowling on one of the worst wickets I ever saw at Lord's. And Lord's can be nasty.

I am glad to hear you are third in your form. You will not find Tacitus so difficult when you get used to him. He's like a sticky

wicket: funny for an over or two. Your aunt sends you her love.

Your affectionate uncle,
CHARLES BURGESS.

P S.—I have written to Alfred Shaw for a bat for you. Certainly not full-size! But the proper size for you—weight 2lb. 3oz.

Seaford, July 3rd.

DEAR JOHN,—Your letter was forwarded here, where I am playing golf. Sussex has no match this week.

I do not know whether your cousin will be able to come with us to Greyhouse on Speech Day. No, she has not gone into long skirts yet.

I am very pleased to hear you have been making so many runs and that slow wickets have no longer any terrors for you. But kindly do not again trouble to work out your average for me. I want to hear that you are playing innings that win or help to win matches. Thirty-five runs at a pinch are worth 100 not out another day: but the 100 not out helps the average most, eh? Now, take my tip. Don't own an average.

It is good news, too, that you have come out as a bowler. No, I am not surprised. The best bowler in a school team is often undiscovered. But it is bad news that your action is very like Trumble's. I know that sort. Next week Jack Hearne will be doing a big performance, and your action will be very like Jack Hearne's. Then it will be like Tate's, then like Noble's, and so on. Let me assure you you have an action of your own or none. Just be content with John Burgess's action and make the most of it.

That reminds me of Jim Redwood, who was at Oxford with me. He was a promising medium pace bowler and would have got his Blue but for an open window. The 'Varsity Eleven were playing the Gentlemen of England in the Parks, and Jim was being tried for his bowling. He got a wicket or two. But on the evening of the second day, as he was dressing, he heard A. J. Webbe telling Sammy Woods that "that chap Redwood's faster ball reminded him rather of old Spoff's." Well, Jim had naturally a shortish run up and a high-over action, medium pace. But from that day he started taking a run a mile long and began to bowl much faster with a tremendous dive over at the finish. He lost his own action, and his length, and was left out after a match or two. When he tried his old style again he could not find it. It took him weeks to settle down, and then it was too late. Poor Jim! He took a first in history. But he wanted his Blue. He had too much imagination.

Now, mind what I say. If you are any good, you've an action of your own: stick to it. And a natural pace; don't exceed it, except to bowl a faster ball once in two or three overs. Yes, and learn to bowl an accurate length before you try tricks. I don't want to hear next week that you can make 'em turn both ways. Tell me you can pitch the ball a good length every time and within three feet of where you want to, and I'll give you THE CAPTAIN fully paid up sub. for two years.

Yours affectionately,
C. B.

P.S.—Your tale about your new French master is amusing. But I hope neither you nor your friends will think that the fact of his being a foreigner absolves you from the obligation of being gentlemen. Your aunt's brother, Robert, who, as you know, is a fine fellow and a fine Englishman, was, years ago, a master in France. He confessed to me he was "badly rotted" at first there. You understand. Mons. Grandit may not be able to play cricket, but I expect he can lick any of your other masters with the foils.

Brighton, July 12th.

MY DEAR JOHN,—Sussex won the match yesterday against Gloucestershire purely by extra-good fielding. You are wrong in supposing that the wicket wore badly: it was good catching that did it. You are wrong, too, in accepting the opinion of the newspapers that runs are easier to get at Brighton than elsewhere. There is no difference to speak of now between the county grounds in this respect. I hope some day you will be considered worth a place in the Sussex team: but you have a lot to learn yet, and you'll have still more to learn after you play your first county match.

When I first played for Sussex I thought I knew all about batting and that I had finished my education in cricket. My dear boy, two matches convinced me I was only on the fringe of the subject. Cricket is a long game, and success goes to the man who keeps trying to learn.

No doubt you have often read in the papers about Ranji being a genius and so on. So he is in a way: for he is abnormally quick and supple. But he told me only the other day in the committee room that he thought

he had had to work much harder and longer than most cricketers at the drudgery of net-practice and being coached before he made decent progress. I dare say he was a quicker pupil than most. For he is a modest fellow. But he did not just "come into his own." He had to work at his game pretty hard: and he succeeded because he stuck to it. We old fogies on the committee are always hoping and hoping to see our young players working at the nets to improve their game. But it's a rare sight. So many cricketers think, after they once get a place in a county team, that success and failure depend on luck. What a lucky man W. G. must have been in his prime, eh? I guess he practised a bit, too, and cured himself of a fault or two first. Did you get that prize for Latin prose by luck? Not you: but because you took my tip and worked through the De Senectute in the vac. It's the same in cricket.

I hope you will do well in the M.C.C. match. Do not be frightened by the bowlers' names. A half-volley is a half-volley bowled even by Albert Trott. Yes, and a good length ball is a good length ball bowled even by John Burgess at P. F. Warner. Keep a proper confidence, John.

Yours,
C. B.

Brighton, July 19th.

My Dear John,—As it is always annoying to have one's faults pointed out when one is smarting under the consequences of them, I said nothing to you about why you got caught at slip the first ball after lunch in the Old Boys' match. You made your 23 runs before lunch very well. The wicket was fast and true, but you timed the ball well and did not play at all blindly in that horrid push out and chance it style, in spite of which young Smithers scratched up 80 runs. Don't copy that boy's methods: he would get no runs against a clever first-class bowler. I have hopes of you: you watch the ball. But, John, you ought to have known that that shower which fell during lunch time made the surface of the wicket greasy without penetrating at all. Consequently, after lunch the ball came faster from the wicket. In making that cut you timed the ball from what you knew of the wicket before lunch, and you were a fraction late. You must learn to know what happens to the pace of a wicket under various circumstances. And never time a ball by heart: play each ball as bowled, even when you fancy yourself well set. I liked your fielding at cover: you were on your toes and anticipated the batsmen's strokes. As to your bowling in the M.C.C. match, it does not follow it was bad merely because P. F. Warner and Thompson played you so easily. Good batsmen often play good bowling better than they play bad stuff. I shall have a good look at your bowling in the summer vac. Meanwhile, stick to it: and don't bowl too much at nets, and never carelessly.

Please remember me to your form master. I found him a pleasant fellow and a good judge of cricket. He tells me you work well except on match mornings. You must learn to concentrate your attention on the thing in hand, John.

Your affectionate uncle,
C. Burgess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Championship.—The rule for reckoning points in the County Championship is:—"One point is reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which, in finished matches, obtains the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned Champion." The proportion is between the number of plus or minus points, and the number of finished matches. Suppose, for instance, Surrey has played 10 matches, won 4, lost 2, and drawn 4. Then its number of finished matches is 6 and its number of points 2 (*i.e.*, 4 points for its wins and 2 off for its losses). This gives a proportion of 2 points to 6 finished matches. The result is reduced to a percentage in order that the relative position of each county may be apparent at sight. Thus the little proportion sum to work out is "What number is in the same proportion to 100 as 2 is to 6?" The answer is 33.33. Consequently this is Surrey's percentage. Suppose Surrey had lost 4 and won 2, its points would be −2 and its percentage −33.33. The system of reckoning is not by any means perfect. For instance, suppose Kent wins only 2 matches out of ten and draws 8, its percentage is 100; while if Yorkshire wins 10 out of 10 its percentage is also 100. Yet to win 10 out of 10 is better than to win 2 out of 10. Again, among the counties with plus points the disadvantage of losing is numerically greater than the advantage of winning. For example, suppose Kent and Surrey both stand at 4 wins and 2 losses. Then, if Kent wins, its percentage rises from 33.33 to 42.85, *i.e.*, by 9.52, while Surrey's percentage falls from 33.33 to 14.28, *i.e.*, by 19.05. So it is twice as bad for Surrey to lose as it is good for Kent to win! Hence the importance of drawing if you cannot win. If you want a quick rule o'-thumb for reckoning, here it is. From wins subtract losses algebraically (*i.e.*, 4 from 2 = −2), multiply result by 100 and divide product by sum of wins and losses.

Snap-shot.—Your question should have gone to the photographic editor. You seem to regard me as omniscient! You can do successful work with a camera of very moderate price if you recognise the limitations of your instrument. Most snap-shotters make the mistake of attempting to use their instru-

ment for subjects which are outside the possibilities of their combination of lens, shutter, and plate. However good and suitable your lens with a shutter which will not work at a speed greater than 1-100sec., you cannot take successful pictures of objects which are moving so quickly as to require an exposure of 1-400sec. If you have a focal plane shutter capable of working at extreme speed, say to 1-1000sec., your problem in taking quickly moving objects, as a rule, is not how fast you can make the exposure but what is the slowest exposure at which you can take the object without its movement appearing on the plate. For very quick work brilliant sunshine is absolutely necessary. You will find the "Dictionary of Photography," by E. J. Wall, a useful book of reference. In the "British Journal Photographic Almanac" there are specifications of any number of hand-cameras of all prices. See also advertisements in this magazine.

Xero.—The "Book of Cricket" is published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand; but any bookseller would get it for you. The illustrations in it were very carefully taken under my supervision with a view to representing the peculiarities and special characteristics of each player; but naturally some of the pictures are more successful than others. Remember, if you study the book with a view to learning strokes, etc., that what is peculiar in a player's methods is more often than not by no means the characteristic of his play on which his excellence depends. If you wish to imitate a particular stroke of some noted batsman observe carefully what he does with his feet and exactly how he places them; also, how he holds his bat immediately before the action of the stroke begins.

Gloucestershire.—You are mistaken in supposing that G. L. Jessop is abnormally strong. The power of his hitting comes from several characteristics, in chief the quickness with which he swings his bat and the accuracy with which he times the ball. Another point is that he is very quick on his feet, and when he runs out at the ball he manages to put the impetus of his run into his hit. Again, he is very supple-jointed and swings with a beautifully free arm. Again, he uses his wrists to augment the swing of his arms. Quickness of swing is much more valuable than mere "beef" for hard hitting A bat of 2lbs., swung at the rate of 50 feet per second, hits twice as hard, *ceteris paribus*, as the same bat swung at 25 feet per second.

J. Stephens is a very steady batsman, so steady that the fielders crowd in and catch him right off his bat. He wants to know whether he should hit out at balls badly pitched but straight. It is a great error to suppose that straight balls should not be hit. The straighter a ball is the easier it is to hit, provided it is over-pitched. It is the length of the ball and not its direction, provided it is within easy reach, that determines whether it is easy to punish or not. Hard-hitting batsmen pray for the straight half volley. The half-volley to leg is not as easy to time, and the half-volley to the off, if at all wide, is not as easy to keep down. If you feel your ankles weak at cricket be sure to wear fitting lace boots in preference to shoes

Photographer.—For photos of cricketers you should apply to Hawkins and Co., Preston Street, Brighton. No doubt this firm has pictures of the players you mention, which are sure to be as up-to-date as any obtainable. In answer to your query about how such pictures are taken, all I know is that an artist from Messrs Hawkins' is in almost constant attendance at the Sussex County Ground and catches the various "foreign" teams and players when they come down to try to beat Sussex. Messrs. Hawkins have, I believe, a printed list of their groups and individuals, which they would probably be pleased to send to you.

Jack L. has a new cricket problem. The bowler bowled a ball just as the scorer offered the advice that it was the seventh ball of the over. The batsman hit and was caught. The umpire said it was only the sixth ball. Was the batsman legally out? Of course he was. Even if the ball was the seventh of the over the umpire's decision that it was the sixth was final. If the umpire says so, it is so. But he is, by the way, allowed to alter his decision if on consideration he discovers he has made a mistake.

"Captain" Reader.—There is nothing to prevent a bowler bowling a high under-hand full pitch to drop on the bails. Certainly it is not a no-ball. Such a ball is difficult to play. But on the other hand, it is very difficult to bowl accurately. A. G. Steel, who was a slow over-arm bowler, used, I believe, to try it occasionally. A full pitch of any sort aimed at the top of the bails is a good ball to bowl at a sticky batsman.

T. C. Oman.—Probably Irishmen would be as good cricketers as Englishmen if the game were played as much in Ireland. I know of no reason why Ireland should not produce champion swimmers. The Irish are the best jumpers, hammer-throwers, and weight putters in the world, to judge by the records. And they succeed all round in track athletics. Some of the best athletes in America are of Irish birth or extraction. Thank you for your good wishes.

Stewart Thomas.—Spliced bats are much better than non-spliced because the cane handle is much more springy and resilient than the wooden. But as far as concerns the blade, a non-spliced bat may be just as good as a spliced. You can have a cane handle fitted to a non-spliced bat by any maker. Similarly, you can always have a new blade fitted on to an old cane handle

Powder Monkey. It is difficult to see how the habit of taking cold baths can affect your deafness one way or the other. If the doctor agrees with you that the cold baths do you no harm I do not understand why you should give them up on the score of your affliction. But it might not be a bad plan to yield to the opinion, however ill-founded, of your parents.

A. W. E.—Glad to hear of your satisfaction with my answer to your letter. As you are not yet sixteen you clearly have a chance of reaching six feet in stature. People keep growing, as a rule, till they are twenty or so. Light dumb-bells or ordinary extension exercises would improve the size of your arms.

Anxious.—The reason Robert Abel was not playing for Surrey at the beginning of the season was that he was suffering from bad health. We are all very glad he has recovered and returned to the cricket field. He is very popular

C. B. Fry

THE MANŒUVRES OF CHARTERIS.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

(Author of "The Pot Hunters" and "A Prefect's Uncle.")

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

"MIGHT I observe, sir——"

"You may observe," said the referee, kindly, "whatever you like. Twenty-five."

"The rules say——"

"I have given my decision. Twenty-*five*!" A spot of red appeared on the official cheek. The referee, who had been heckled steadily since the kick-off, was beginning to be annoyed.

"The ball went be'ind without bouncing, and the rules say——"

"Twenty-*five*!!" shouted the referee. "I know what the rules say quite well." And he blew his whistle with an air of finality. The secretary of the Bargees' F.C. subsided reluctantly, and the game was re-started.

The Bargees' match was a curious institution. Their real name was the Old Crockfordians. When, a few years before, the St. Austin's secretary had received a challenge from them—dated from Stapleton, where their secretary happened to reside—he had argued within himself as follows: "This sounds all right. Old Crockfordians? Never heard of Crockford. Probably some large private school somewhere. Anyhow, they're certain to be decent fellows." And he arranged the fixture. It then transpired that Old Crockford was a village, and, to judge from their appearance on the day of battle, their football team seemed to have been recruited exclusively from the riff-raff of the same. They wore green shirts with a bright yellow leopard over the heart, and O.C.F.C. woven in large letters about the chest. One or two of the outsides played in caps, and the team to a man criticised the referee's decisions with point and pungency.

Unluckily, the first year of the fixture saw a weak team of Austinians rather badly beaten, with the result that it became a point of honour to wipe this off the slate before the match could be cut out of the card. The next year was also unlucky. The Bargees managed to score a penalty goal in the first half, and won on that. In the following season the match resulted in a draw, and by that time the thing had become an annual event. Now, however, the school was getting some of its own back. The Bargees had brought down a centre-threequarter of some reputation from the North—who happened to be staying in the village at the time of the match—and were as strong in the scrum as ever. But St. Austin's had a great team, and were carrying all before them. Charteris and Graham at half had the ball out of their centres in a way that made Merevale, who looked after the football of the school, feel that life was worth living. And when once it was out, things happened rapidly. MacArthur, the captain of the school fifteen, with Thomson as his fellow centre, and Welch and Bannister on the wings, did what they liked with the Bargees' threequarters. All the school outsides had scored, even the back, who dropped a goal from near the half-way line. The player from the North had scarcely touched the ball during the whole game, and altogether the Bargees were becoming restless and excited. The kick-off from the twenty-five line, which followed upon the small discussion alluded to above, reached Graham. Under ordinary circumstances he would have kicked, but in a winning game original methods often pay. He dodged a furious sportsman in green and yellow, and went away down the touchline. He was almost

through, when he stumbled. He recovered himself, but too late. Before he could pass, someone was on him. Graham was not particularly heavy, and his opponent was muscular. He was swung off his feet, and the next moment the two came down together, Graham underneath. A sharp pain shot through his shoulder. A doctor emerged from the crowd—there is always a doctor in every crowd and made an examination.

"Anything bad?" enquired the referee.

"Collar-bone," said the doctor. "Rather badly smashed. Be all right in a month or two. Stop his playing. Rather a pity. Much longer before half-time?"

"I was just going to blow the whistle, when this happened."

Graham was carried off, and the referee blew his whistle for half-time.

"I say, Charteris," said MacArthur, "who on earth am I to put half instead of Tony?"

"Swift used to play half in his childhood, I believe. I should try him. But, I say, did you ever see such a scrag? Can't you protest or something?"

"My dear chap, how can I? It's on our own ground. These people are visitors, if you come to think of it. I'd like to wring the chap's neck, though, who did it. I didn't spot who it was. Did you see?"

"Yes. It was their secretary. That man with the beard. I'll get Prescott to mark him this half."

Prescott was the hardest tackler in the school, with the single exception of MacArthur. He accepted the commission cheerfully, and promised to do his best by the bearded one. Charteris certainly gave him every opportunity. When he threw the ball out of touch, he threw it to the criminal with the beard, and Prescott, who stuck to him like glue, had generally tackled him before he knew what had happened. After a time he began to grow thoughtful, and whenever there was a line-out, went and stood among the threequarters. In this way much of Charteris' righteous retribution miscarried, but once or twice he had the pleasure and privilege of putting in a piece of tackling on his own account. The match ended with the enemy still intact, but considerably shaken. He was also much annoyed. He spoke to Charteris on the subject as they were leaving the field.

"I was watching you," he said.

"That must have been nice for you," said Charteris.

"You wait."

"Certainly. Any time you're passing, I'm sure——"

"You ain't 'eard the last of me yet."

"That's something of a blow," said Charteris, cheerfully, and they parted.

Charteris, having got into his blazer, ran after Welch and MacArthur, and walked back with them to the house. They were all three at Merevale's.

"Poor old Tony," said MacArthur, "where have they taken him to? The house?"

"Yes," said Welch. "I say, Babe, you ought to scratch this match next year. Tell them the card's full up or something."

"Oh, I don't know. Do you think so? One expects pretty rough play in this sort of game. After all, we tackle pretty hard ourselves. I know I always go my hardest. If the man happens to be brittle, that's his look-out," concluded the bloodthirsty Babe.

"My dear man," said Charteris, impatiently, "there's all the difference between an ordinary hard tackle and a beastly scrag like the one that doubled Tony up. You can't break a chap's collar-bone without jolly well trying to."

"Well, when you come to think of it, the man had some excuse for being rather sick. You can't expect a fellow to be in an angelic temper when his side's being beaten by about forty points."

The Babe was one of those thoroughly excellent individuals who always try, when possible, to make allowances for everybody.

"Well, dash it," said Charteris, indignantly, "if he had lost his hair, he might have drawn the line at falling on Tony like that. It wasn't the actual tackling that crocked him. The brute simply jumped on him like a Hooligan. Anyhow, I made him sit up a bit before I finished. I gave Prescott the tip to mark him out of touch. Have you ever been collared by Prescott? It's a liberal education. Now, there you are, you see. Prescott weighs thirteen-ten, and he's all muscle, and he goes like a battering-ram. You'll own that. He goes as hard as he jolly well knows how, and yet the worst that he ever does to a man is to lay him out for a couple of minutes while he gets his wind back. He's never crocked a man seriously in his life. Well, compare him with this Bargee man. The Bargee isn't nearly so strong, and he weighs about a stone less, I should say, and yet he smashes Tony's collar-bone. It's all very well, Babe, but you can't get away from it. Prescott tackles fairly, and the Bargee scrags."

"Yes," said MacArthur, "I suppose you're right."

"Rather," said Charteris, "I wish I'd slain him."

"By the way," said Welch, "you were talking to him after the match. What was he saying?"

Charteris laughed.

"By Jove, I'd forgotten. He said I hadn't heard the last of him, and that I was to wait."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I behaved beautifully. I asked him to be sure and look in any time that he was passing, and after a few chatty remarks we parted."

"I wonder if he meant anything."

"I believe he means to waylay me with a buckled belt. I sha'n't stir out except with the Old Man or some other competent body-guard. 'Orrible outrage. Shocking death of a Sint Orsting's schoolboy. It would look rather well on the posters."

Welch stuck strenuously to his point.

"No, but look here, Charteris," he said, seriously, "I'm not joking. You see, the man lives in Stapleton, and if he knows anything of school rules——"

"Which he probably doesn't. Why should he?"

"It he knows anything of school rules, he'll know that Stapleton is out of bounds, and he may book you there, and report you."

"Yes," said MacArthur; "I tell you what, Alderman, you'd better knock off a few of your Stapleton expeditions. You know you wouldn't go there once a month if it wasn't out of bounds. You'll be a prefect next term. I should wait till then, if I were you."

"My dear chap, what does it matter? The worst that can happen to you for breaking bounds is a couple of hundred lines, and I've got a capital of four hundred already in stock. Besides, things would be so slow if you always kept in bounds. I always feel like a cross between Dick Turpin and Machiavelli when I go to Stapleton. It's an awfully jolly feeling. Like warm treacle running down your back. It's cheap at two hundred lines."

"You're an awful fool," said Welch, rudely but correctly. Welch was a youth who treated the affairs of other people rather too seriously. He worried over them. This is not a particularly common trait in either boy or man, but Welch had it highly developed. He could not probably have explained exactly why he was worried, but he undoubtedly was. Welch had a very grave and serious mind. He shared a study with Charteris—for Charteris, though not yet a school prefect, was part-owner of a study—and close observation had convinced him that the latter was not responsible for his actions, and that he wanted somebody to look after him. He had, therefore, elected himself to the post of a species of modified and unofficial guardian angel to him. The duties were heavy, and the remuneration particularly light.

"Really, you know," said MacArthur, "I don't see what the point of all your lunacy is. I don't know if you're aware of it, but the Old Man's getting jolly sick with you."

"I didn't know," said Charteris, "but I'm very glad to hear it. For hist! I have a gerrudge against the person. Beneath my ban that mystic man shall suffer *cóute qui cóute*, Matilda. He sat upon me—publicly, and the resulting blot on my escutcheon can only be wiped out with gore—or broken rules."

To listen to Charteris on the subject, one might have thought that he considered the matter rather amusing than otherwise. This, however, was simply due to the fact that he treated everything flippantly in conversation. But, like the parrot, he thought the more. The actual *casus belli* had been trivial. At least, the mere spectator would have considered it trivial. But Charteris, though he would have considered it an insult if anybody had told him so, was sensitive. The affair had happened after this fashion. Charteris was a member of the school corps. The orderly-room of the school corps was in the junior part of the school buildings. Charteris had been to replace his rifle in that shrine of Mars after a mid-day drill, and on coming out into the passage had found himself in the middle of a junior school rag of the conventional type. Somebody's cap had fallen off, and two hastily picked teams were playing football with it (Association Rules). Now, Charteris was not a prefect. (That, by the way, was another source of bitterness in him towards the Powers, for he was well up in the Sixth, and the others of his set, Welch, Thomson, the Babe, and Tony Graham, who were also in the Sixth—the two last below him in form order, had already received their prefect's caps). Not being a prefect, it would have been officious in him to have stopped the game. So he was passing on with what Mr. Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A. would have termed a beaming simper of indescribable suavity, when a member of one of the opposing teams, in effecting a G. O. Smithian dribble, cannoned into him. To preserve his balance, he grabbed at the disciple of Smith amidst applause, and at the precise moment that he did so, a new actor appeared upon the scene the Headmaster. Now, of all things that lay in his province, the Headmaster most disliked to see a senior "ragging" with a junior. He had a great idea of the dignity of the senior school, and did all that in him lay to see that it was kept up. The greater the number of the juniors with whom the senior was discovered ragging, the more heinous the offence. Circumstantial evidence was dead against Charteris. To all outward appearances, he was one of the players in the impromptu football match. The soft and fascinating beams of the simper,

to quote Mr. Jabberjee once more, had not yet faded from his face. In fact, there he was—caught in the act.

A well-chosen word or two in the Headmagisterial bass put a premature end to the football match, and Charteris was proceeding on his way, when the Headmaster called him. He stopped. The Headmaster was angry. So angry, indeed, that he did what, in a more lucid interval, he would not have done. He hauled a senior over the coals in the hearing of a number of juniors, one of whom (unidentified) giggled feebly. As Charteris had on previous occasions observed, the Old Man, when he did start to talk to anyone, didn't leave out much. The address was not long, but it covered a good deal of ground. The section of it which chiefly rankled in Charteris' mind, and which had continued to rankle ever since, was that in which the use of the word "buffoon" had occurred. Everybody who has a gift of humour and who (very naturally) enjoys exercising it, hates to be called a "buffoon." It was Charteris' one weak spot. Every other abusive epithet in the language slid off without penetrating or causing him the least discomfort. The word "buffoon" went home, right up to the hilt. And, to borrow from Mr. Jabberjee for positively the last time, he had said to himself: "Henceforward I will perpetrate heaps of the lowest dregs of vice." He had, in fact, started upon a perfect bout of breaking rules simply because they were rules. The injustice of the thing rankled. No one so dislikes being punished unjustly as the person who might have been punished justly on scores of previous occasions, if he had only been found out. To a certain extent Charteris ran amok. He broke bounds and did little work, and—he was beginning to find this out gradually got thoroughly tired of it all. Offended dignity, however, still kept him at it, and, much as he would have preferred to have resumed a less feverish type of existence, he did not do so.

"I have a ger-rudge against the man," he said.

"You *are* an idiot, really," said Welch.

"Welch," said Charteris, by way of explanation to the Babe, "is a lad of coarse fibre. He doesn't understand the finer feelings a bit. He can't see that I'm doing this simply for the Old Man's good. Spare the rod, spile the child. Let's go and have a look at Tony, when we've changed. He'll be in the sick-room if he's anywhere."

"All right," said the Babe, as he went into his study. "Buck up. I'll toss you for first bath. Heads. Heads it is. Good."

Charteris walked on with Welch to their sanctum.

"You know," said Welch, seriously, stooping to unlace his boots, "rotting apart, you really are a most awful ass. I wish I could get you to see it."

"Never you mind, ducky," replied Charteris. "I'm all right. I'll look after myself."

II.

IT was about a week after the Bargees' match that the rules respecting bounds were made stricter, much to the popular indignation. The penalty for visiting Stapleton without leave was increased from two hundred lines to two extra lessons. The venomous characteristic of extra lesson was that it cut into one's football, for the criminal was turned into a formroom from two till four on half-holidays, and so had to scratch all athletic engagements for those days, unless he chose to go for a run afterwards, which he generally did not. In the cricket term the effect was not so deadly. It was just possible that you might get an innings somewhere after four o'clock, even if only at the nets. But during the football season—it was now February—to be in extra lesson meant a total loss of everything that makes life endurable, and the school protested (to one another in undertones) with no uncertain voice against this barbarous innovation.

The reason for the change had been simple. At the corner of Stapleton High Street was a tobacconist's shop, and Mr. Prater, strolling in one evening to renew his stock of Pioneer, was interested to observe P. St. H. Harrison, of Merevale's, busy purchasing a consignment of "Girl of My Heart" cigarettes (at twopence-halfpenny the packet of twenty, including a coloured portrait of Lord Kitchener). Now, Mr. Prater was one of the most sportsmanlike of masters. If he had merely met Harrison out of bounds, and it had been possible to have overlooked him, he would have done so. But such a proceeding in the interior of a small shop was impossible. There was nothing to palliate the crime. The tobacconist also kept the wolf from the door and lured the juvenile population of the neighbourhood to it by selling various brands of sweets, but it was perfectly obvious that Harrison was not after these. Guilt was in his eye, and the packet of cigarettes in his hand. Also, Harrison's house cap was fixed firmly at the back of his head. Mr. Prater finished buying his Pioneer, and went out without a word. That night it was announced to Harrison that the Headmaster wished to see him. The Headmaster

saw him; the interview was short and not sweet, and on the following day Stapleton was placed doubly out of bounds.

Tony, who was still in bed, had not heard the news when Charteris came to see him on the evening of the day on which the edict had gone forth.

"How are you getting on?" asked Charteris.

"Oh, fairly well. It's rather slow."

"The grub seems all right," said Charteris, absently reaching out for a slice of cake.

"Not bad."

"And you don't have to do any work."

"No."

"Well, then, it seems to me that you're having a jolly good time. What don't you like about it?"

"It's so slow, being alone all day."

"Makes you appreciate intellectual conversation all the more when you get it. Mine, for instance."

"I want something to read."

"Bring you a Sidgwick's Greek Prose Composition, if you like. Full of racy stories."

"I've read 'em, thanks."

"How about Jebb's Homer? You'd like that. Awfully interesting. Proves that there never was such a man as Homer, you know, and that the Iliad and the Odyssey were produced by evolution. General style, quietly funny. Make you roar."

"Don't be an idiot. I'm simply starving for something to read. Haven't you got anything?"

"You've read all mine."

"Hasn't Welch got any books?"

"Not one. He bags mine when he wants to read. I'll tell you what I will do, if you like."

"What's that?"

"I'll go into Stapleton, and borrow something from Adamson."

Adamson was the College doctor. Residence: Number Three, High Street, Stapleton. Disposition, mild and obliging.

"By Jove, that's not a bad idea."

"It's a dashed good idea, which wouldn't have occurred to anyone except a genius. I've been quite a pal of Adamson's ever since I had the flu. I go to tea with him occasionally, and we talk medical shop. Have you ever tried talking medical shop during tea? Gives you an appetite. Ever read anything of James Payn's?"

"I've read 'Terminations,' or something," said Tony doubtfully, "but he's so obscure."

"Don't," said Charteris sadly, "please don't. 'Terminations' is by one Henry James, and there is a substantial difference between him and James Payn. Anyhow, if you want a biography of James Payn, he wrote a hundred books, and they're all simply ripping, and Adamson has got a good many of them, and I'm going to borrow a couple, and you're going to read them. I know one always bars a book that's recommended to one, but you've got no choice. You're not going to get anything else till you've finished those two."

"All right," said Tony; "but," he added, "Stapleton's out of bounds. I suppose Merevale will give you leave to go in?"

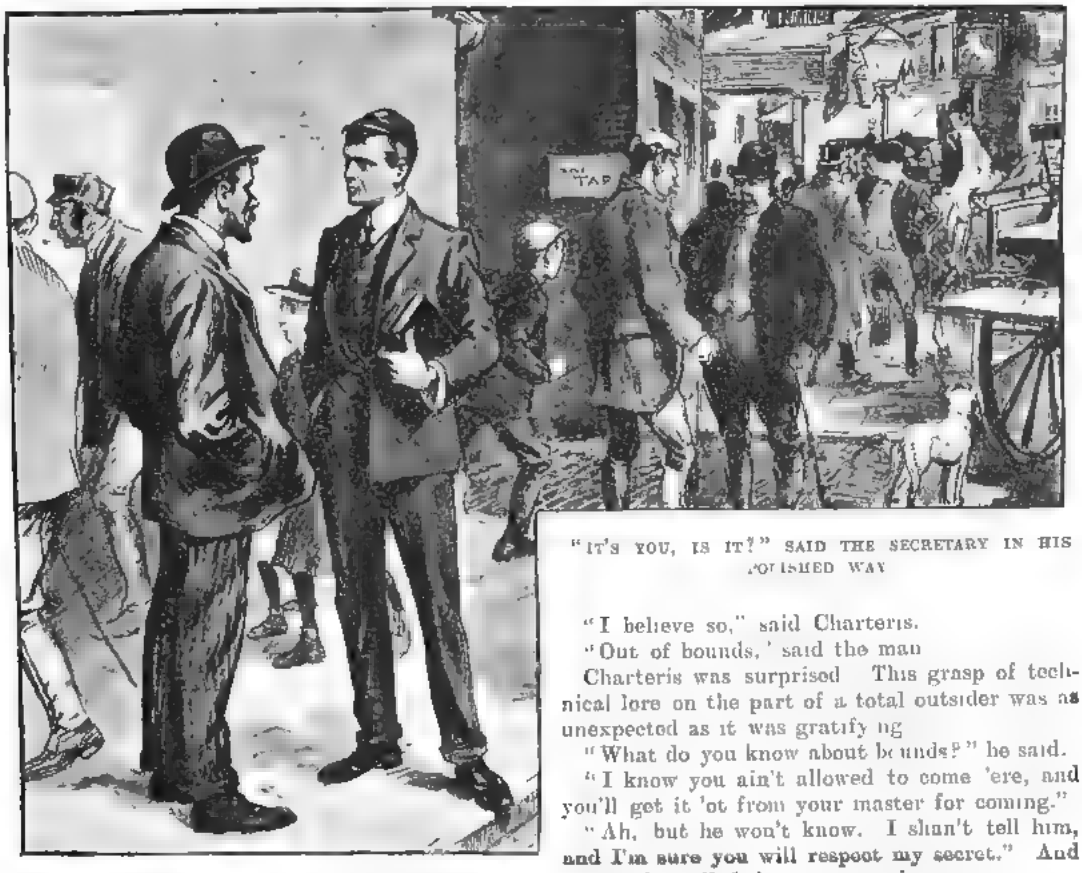
"I shan't ask him. On principle. So long."

On the following afternoon Charteris went into Stapleton. The distance by road was exactly a mile. If you went by the fields it was longer, because you probably lost your way.

Charteris arrived at the High Street, and knocked at Dr. Adamson's door. The servant was sorry, but the doctor was out. Her tone seemed to suggest that, if she had had any say in the matter, he would have remained in. Would Charteris come in and wait? Charteris rather thought he would. He waited half an hour, and then, as the absent medico did not appear to be coming, took two books from the shelf, wrote a succinct note explaining what he had done and why he had done it, and hoping the doctor did not object, and went out with his literary spoil into the High Street again.

The time was now close on five o'clock. Lock-up was not till a quarter past six—six o'clock, nominally, but the doors were always left open till a quarter past. It would take him about fifteen minutes to get back—less if he trotted.

Obviously the thing to do here was to spend a thoughtful quarter of an hour or so inspecting the sights of the town. These were ordinarily not numerous, but this particular day happened to be market day, and there was a good deal going on. The High Street was full of farmers and animals, the majority of the former being well on the road to intoxication. It is, of course, extremely painful to see a man in such a condition, but when such a person is endeavouring to count a perpetually shifting drove of pigs, the onlooker's pain is sensibly diminished. Charteris strolled along the High Street observing these and other phenomena with an attentive eye. Opposite the Town Hall he was buttonholed by a perfect stranger, whom by his conversation he soon recognised as the Stapleton "character." There is a "character" in every small country town. He is not a bad character; still less is he a good character. He is just a "character," pure and simple. This particular man—though, strictly speaking, he was anything but particular—apparently took a great fancy to Charteris at first sight. He backed him gently against a wall, and insisted on telling him an interminable anecdote of his shady past, when, it appeared, he had been a "super" in a



"IT'S YOU, IS IT?" SAID THE SECRETARY IN HIS POLISHED WAY

travelling company. The plot of the story, as far as Charteris could follow it, dealt with the company's visit to Dublin, where some person or persons unknown had with malice prepense scattered several pounds of snuff on the stage previous to a performance of *Hamlet*. And, according to the "character," when the ghost sneezed steadily throughout his great scene, there was not a dry eye in the house. The "character" had concluded that anecdote, and was half-way through another, when, looking at his watch, Charteris found that it was almost six o'clock. So he interrupted one of his friend's periods by diving past him and moving rapidly down the street. The historian did not seem to object. Charteris looked round and saw that he had buttonholed a fresh victim. Charteris was still looking in one direction and walking in another when he collided with somebody.

"Sorry," he said hastily. "Hullo!"

It was the secretary of the Old Crockfordians, and, as that gentleman's face wore a scowl, the recognition appeared to be mutual.

"It's you, is it?" said the secretary in his polished way.

"I believe so," said Charteris.

"Out of bounds," said the man.

Charteris was surprised. This grasp of technical lore on the part of a total outsider was as unexpected as it was gratifying.

"What do you know about bounds?" he said.

"I know you ain't allowed to come 'ere, and you'll get it 'ot from your master for coming."

"Ah, but he won't know. I shan't tell him, and I'm sure you will respect my secret." And Charteris smiled in an ensnaring manner.

"Ho," said the man, "Ho, indeed."

There is something very clinching about the word "Ho!" It seems definitely to apply the closure to any argument. At least, I have never yet met anybody who could tell me the suitable repartee.

"Well," said Charteris, affably, "don't let me keep you. I must be going on."

"Ho," observed the man once more, "ho, indeed."

"That's a wonderfuly shrewd remark," said Charteris, "but I'd like to know exactly what it means."

"You're out of bounds."

"Your mind seems to run in a groove. You can't get off that bounds idea. How do you know Stapleton's out of bounds?"

"I have made enquiries," said the man darkly.

"By Jove," said Charteris, delightedly, "this is splendid. You're a regular sleuth-hound. I daresay you've found out my name and house."

"I may 'ave," said the man, "or I may not 'ave."

"Well, now you mention it, I suppose one of

the two is probable. Well, I'm awfully glad to have met you. Good-bye. I must be going."

"You are going with me."

"Arm in arm?"

"I don't want to 'ave to take you."

"No," said Charteris "I should jolly well advise you not to try. This is my way."

He walked on till he came to the road that led to St. Austin's. The secretary of the Old Crockfordians stalked beside him with determined stride.

"Now," said Charteris, when they were on the road, "you mustn't mind if I walk rather fast. I'm in a hurry."

Charteris' idea of walking rather fast was to dash off down the road at quarter-mile pace. The move took the man by surprise, but after a moment he followed with much panting. It was evident that he was not in training. Charteris began to feel that the walk home might be amusing in its way. After he had raced some three hundred yards he slowed down to a walk again. It was at this point that his companion evinced a desire to do the rest of the journey with a hand on the collar of his coat.

"If you touch me," said Charteris, with a surprising knowledge of legal *minutiæ*, "it'll be a technical assault, and you'll get run in. And you'll get beans anyway if you try it on."

The man reconsidered the matter and elected not to try it on. Half a mile from the college Charteris began to walk rather fast again. He was a good half-miler, and his companion was bad at any distance. After a game struggle he dropped to the rear, and finished a hundred yards behind in considerable straits. Charteris shot in at Merevale's door with five minutes to spare, and went up to his study to worry Welch by telling him about it.

"Welch, you remember the Bargee who scragged Tony? Well, there have been all sorts of fresh developments. He's just been pacing me all the way from Stapleton."

"Stapleton! You haven't been to Stapleton?"

"Yes. I went to get some books for Tony."

"Did Merevale give you leave?"

"No. I didn't ask him."

"You *are* an idiot. And now this Bargee man will go straight to the Old Man and run you in. I wonder you didn't think of that."

"It is curious, now you mention it."

"I suppose he saw you come in here?"

"Rather. He couldn't have had a better view if he'd paid for a seat. Half a second. I must just run up to Tony with these."

When he came back he found Welch more serious than ever.

"I told you so," said Welch; "you're to go to the Old Man at once. He's just sent over for you. I say, look here, if it's only lines, I don't mind doing some if you like."

Charteris was quite touched by this sporting offer.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, "but it doesn't matter, really. I shall be all right."

Ten minutes later he returned, beaming.

"Well," said Welch, "what has he given you?"

"Only his love, to give to you. It was this way. He first asked me if I didn't know perfectly well that Stapleton was out of bounds. 'Sir,' says I, 'I have known it from childhood's earliest hour.' 'Ah,' says he to me, 'did Mr. Merevale give you leave to go in this afternoon?' 'No,' says I, 'I never consulted the gent. you mention.'"

"Well?"

"Then he ragged me for ten minutes, and finally told me I must go into extra the next two Saturdays."

"I thought so."

"Ah, but mark the sequel. When he had finished, I said I was sorry I had mistaken the rules, but I had thought that a chap was allowed to go into Stapleton if he got leave from a master. 'But you said that Mr. Merevale did not give you leave,' said he. 'Friend of my youth,' I replied courteously, 'you are perfectly correct as always. Mr. Merevale did not give me leave. But,' I added suavely, 'Mr. Dacre did.' And came away, chanting hymns of triumph in a mellow baritone, and leaving him in a dead faint on the sofa. And the Bargee, who was present during the conflict, swiftly and silently vanished away, his morale considerably shattered. And that, my gentle Welch," concluded Charteris cheerfully, "puts me one up. So pass the biscuits and let us rejoice to-day if we never rejoice again."

III.

THE Easter term was nearing its end. Football, with the exception of the final house-match, which had still to be played, was over, and life was in consequence a trifle less exhilarating than it might have been. In some ways the last few weeks of the Easter term are not unpleasant. You can put on running shorts and a blazer and potter about the grounds, feeling strong and athletic, and delude yourself into a notion that you are training for the sports. Ten minutes at the broad jump, five with the weight, a few sprints on the track—it is amusing in its way, but it is apt to become monotonous. And if the weather it at all inclined to be chilly, such an occupation becomes impossible.

"HULLO!" SAID CHARTERIS, "I SEE THERE'S A STRANGERS' MILE. I THINK I SHALL GO IN FOR THAT."

Charteris found things particularly dull. He was a fair average runner, but there were others far better at every distance, so that he saw no use in mortifying the flesh with strict training. On the other hand, in view of the fact that the final house-match was still an event of the future and that Merevale's was one of the two teams that were going to play it, it behoved him to keep himself at least moderately fit. The muffin and the crumpet were still things to be reluctantly avoided. He thus found himself in a position where, apparently, the few things which it was possible for him to do were barred, and the nett result was that he felt slightly dull.

To make matters worse, all the rest of his set were working full time at their various employments, and had no leisure for amusing him. Welch practised hundred yards sprints daily, and imagined that it would be quite a treat for Charteris to be allowed to time him. So he gave him the stop-watch, saw him safely to the end of the track, and at a given signal dashed off in the approved American style. By the time he reached the tape, dutifully held by two sporting Merevalian juniors, Charteris' attention had generally been attracted elsewhere. "What time?" Welch would pant. "By Jove," Charteris would reply blandly, "I forgot to look. About a minute and a quarter, I fancy." At which Welch, who always had a notion that he had done it in ten and a fifth *that* time, at any rate, would dissemble his joy, and mildly suggest that somebody else should hold the watch. Then there was Jim Thomson, generally a perfect mine of elevating conversation. He was in for the mile and also the half-mile, and refused to talk about anything except those distances, and the best methods for running them in the minimum of time. Charteris began to feel a blue melancholy stealing over him. The Babe, again. He might have helped to while away the long hours, but unfortunately he had been taken very bad with a notion that he was going to win the cross-country race, and when in addition to this he was seized with a panic with regard to the prospects of Merevale's house team in the final, and began to throw out hints concerning strict training, Charteris regarded him as a person to be avoided. If he fled for sympathy to the Babe just now, the Babe would be as likely as not to suggest that he should come for a ten mile spin with him, to get him into condition for the final

houser. The very thought of a ten mile spin gave Charteris that tired feeling.

Lastly, there was Tony. But Tony's company was worse than none at all. He went about with his arm in a sling, and declined to be comforted. But for his injury he would by now have been training hard for the Aldershot Boxing Competition, and the fact that he was now definitely out of it had a very depressing effect upon him. He lounged moodily about the gymnasium, watching Menzies, who was to take his place in the ring, sparring with the instructor, and refused consolation. Altogether, Charteris was finding life a bore.

He was in such straits for amusement, that one Wednesday afternoon, finding himself with nothing else to do, he set to work on a burlesque and remarkably scurrilous article on "The Staff, by One who has suffered," which he was going to insert in the *Glow-Worm*, an unofficial periodical which he had just started for the amusement of the school and his own and his contributors' profit. He was just warming to his work, and beginning to enjoy himself, when the door opened without a preliminary knock. Charteris deftly slid a piece of blotting-paper over his MS., for Merevale occasionally entered a study in this manner. And though there was nothing about Merevale himself in the article, it would be better perhaps, thought Charteris, if he did not see it.

But it was not Merevale. It was somebody far worse. The Babe. The Babe was clothed as to his body in football clothes, and as to his face in a look of holy enthusiasm. Charteris knew what that look meant. It meant that the Babe was going to try and drag him out for a run.

"Go away, Babe," he said, "I'm busy."

"Why on earth are you slacking in here on this ripping afternoon?"

"Slacking!" said Charteris, "I like that. I'm doing ber-rain work, Babe. I'm writing an article on masters and their customs, which will cause a profound sensation in the Common Room. At least, it would, if they ever read it, but they won't. Or I hope they won't, for their sakes and mine. So run away, my precious Babe, and don't disturb your uncle when he's busy."

"Rot," said the Babe, firmly; "you haven't taken any exercise for a week. Look here, Alderman," he added, sitting down on the table, and gazing sternly at his victim, "it's all very well, you know, but the final comes on in a few days, and you know you aren't in any too good training."

"I am," said Charteris. "I'm as fit as anything. Simply full of beans. Feel my ribs."

The Babe declined the offer.

"No, but I say," he said, plaintively, "I wish you'd treat the thing seriously. It's getting jolly serious, really. If Dacre's win that cup again this year, that'll make four years running."

"Not so," replied Charteris, like the mariner of infinite-resource-and-sagacity, "not so, but far otherwise. It'll only make three."

"Well, three's bad enough."

"True, O king! Three is quite bad enough."

"Well, then, there you are. Now you see."

Charteris looked puzzled.

"Would you mind explaining that remark?" he said slowly. "Your brain works too rapidly for me"

But the Babe had jumped down from the table, and was prowling round the room, opening Charteris' boxes.

"What are you playing at?" enquired Charteris.

"Where do you keep your footer things?"

"What do you want with my footer things? Excuse my asking."

"I'm going to watch you put them on, and then you're coming for a run."

"Oh," said Charteris.

"Yes, just a gentle spin to keep you in condition. Hullo, this looks like them."

He plunged both hands into a box, and flung out a mass of football clothes. It reminded Charteris of a terrier digging at a rabbit hole. He protested.

"Don't, Babe. Treat 'em tenderly. You'll be spoiling the crease in those bags if you heave them about like that. I'm very particular about how I look on the footer field. *I* was always taught to look like a little gentleman. Well, now you've seen them, put 'em away."

"Put 'em on," said the Babe firmly.

"You are a beast, Babe. I don't want to go for a run. I'm getting too old for violent exercise."

"Buck up. We mustn't chuck any chances away. Now that Tony's crocked, we shall have to do all we know to win that match."

"I don't see what need there is to get excited about it. Considering we've got three of the first threequarters and the second fifteen back, we ought to do pretty well."

"But, man, look at Dacre's scrum. There's Prescott to start with. He's worth any two of our men put together. Then they've got Carter, Smith, and Hennesey out of the first, and Reeve-Jones out of the second. And their outsides aren't so very bad, if you come to think of it. Bannister's in the first, and the other threequarters are all good. And they've got both the second halves. You'll have practically to look after both of them now that Tony can't play.

And Baddeley has come on a lot since last term."

"Babe," said Charteris, "you have reason. I will turn over a new leaf. I *will* be good. Give me my things and I'll come for a run. Only please don't let it be more than twenty miles."

"Good man," said the gratified Babe; "we won't go far and we'll take it quite easy."

"I tell you what," said Charteris, "do you know a place called Worbury? I thought you wouldn't. It's only a sort of hamlet. Two cottages, four public-houses, and a duckpond, and that sort of thing. Welch and I ran out there one time last year. It's in the Badgwick direction, about three miles by road, mostly along the level. I vote we muffle up fairly well, blazers and sweaters, and so on, run to Worbury, tea at one of the cottages, and be back in time for lock-up. How does that strike you?"

"It sounds all right. How about tea, though? Are you certain you can get it?"

"Rather. The oldest inhabitant is quite a pal of mine."

Charteris' circle of acquaintances was a standing wonder to the Babe and other Merevalians. He seemed to know everybody in the county.

When once he was fairly started on any business, Charteris generally shaped well. It was the starting that he found the difficulty. Now that he was actually in motion, he was enjoying himself thoroughly. He wondered why on earth he had been so reluctant to come for this run. The knowledge that there were three miles to go, and that he was equal to them, made him feel a new man. He felt fit. And there is nothing like feeling fit for dispelling boredom. He swung along with the Babe at a steady pace.

"There's the cottage," he said, as they turned a bend of the road, and Worbury appeared a couple of hundred yards away. "Let's sprint."

They arrived at the door with scarcely a yard between them, much to the admiration of the Oldest Inhabitant, who was smoking a thoughtful pipe in his front garden. Mrs. Oldest Inhabitant came out of the cottage at the sound of voices, and Charteris broached the subject of tea. The menu was varied and indigestible, but even the Babe, in spite of his devotion to strict training, could scarcely forbear smiling happily at the mention of hot cakes.

During the *mauvais quart d'heure* before the meal, Charteris kept up an animated flow of conversation with the Oldest Inhabitant, the Babe joining in from time to time when he could think of something to say. Charteris appeared to be quite a friend of the family. He enquired after the Oldest Inhabitant's rheumatics, and was gratified to find that they were distinctly better. How was Mrs. O. I.? Prarper hearty? Excellent. How was the O. I.'s nevvy?

At the mention of his nevvy, the Oldest Inhabitant became discursive. He told his audience everything that had happened in connection with the said nevvy for years back. After which he started to describe what he would probably do in the future. Amongst other things, there were going to be some sports at Rutton that day week, and his nevvy intended to try and win the cup for what the Oldest Inhabitant vaguely described as "a race!" He had won it last year. Yes, prarper good runner, his nevvy. Where was Rutton, the Babe wanted to know. About eight miles out of Stapleton, said Charteris, who was well up in the local geography. You got there by train. It was the next station.

Mrs. O. I. came out to say that tea was ready, and being drawn into the conversation on the subject of the Rutton Sports, produced a programme of the same, which the nevvy had sent her. From this it appeared that the nevvy's "spot" event was the egg and spoon race. An asterisk against his name pointed him out as last year's winner.

"Hullo," said Charteris, "I see there's a Strangers' Mile. I think I shall go in for that. I'm a demon at the mile, when roused."

As they were going back that evening, he reverted to the subject.

"You know, Babe," he said, "I really think I shall go in for that race. It would be a most awful rag. And it's the day before the house-match, so it would just keep me fit."

"Don't be a fool," said the Babe; "there would be a fearful row about it, if you were found out. You'd get extras for the rest of the term."

"Well the house comes off on a Thursday, so it won't affect that."

"Yes, but still——"

"I shall ponder on the subject. You needn't go telling anyone."

"If you'll take my advice, you will drop it."

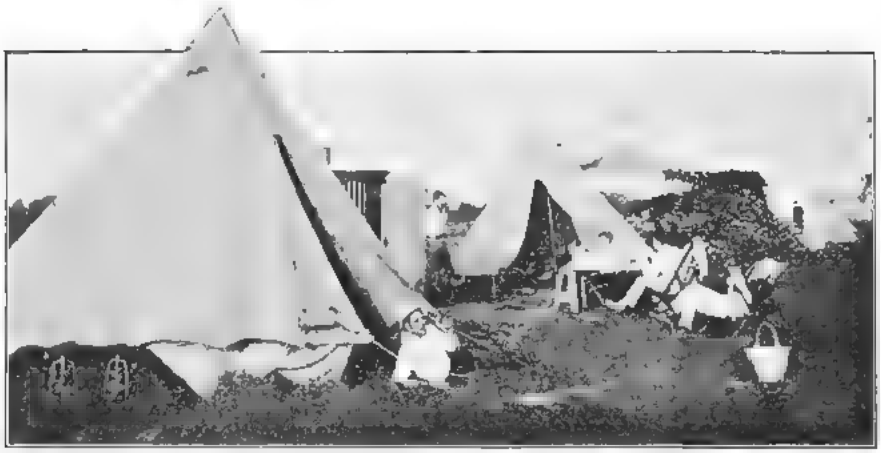
"Your suggestion has been noted and will receive due attention," said Charteris. "Put the pace on a bit."

They lengthened their stride, and conversation ceased.

(To be Concluded Next Month.)

School Magazines.—We regret that our Reviews are unavoidably held over this Month.

UP-RIVER CAMPING.



BY A HOLIDAY CAMPER.

CAMPING-OUT is a form of holiday-making that, in the pages of THE CAPTAIN, should need no words of recommendation. As the writer once heard it remarked, the fellow who doesn't enjoy camp life *must* be a rotter! Delicate physique or some similar misfortune is, of course, a bar to the rough fare of camp; and only to those happily sound in wind and limb are the present brief remarks on river-side camping up the Thames addressed.

First, as to site. For the few weeks that a holiday encampment may be expected to last, it should be possible to obtain from some riparian owner of meadow-land permission to use the small corner of ground necessary. Tact is the main requisite in these preliminary dealings, backed up by subsequent care in keeping your host's property scrupulously clean and clear of rubbish. Permanent campers will probably have to pay rent for their pitch. Certain islands and parts of the river banks are recognised camping grounds, and terms can be obtained from the landlords. But if a pitch is found in a less frequented spot (as is more desirable) upon the edge of some farm or pasture land, a rental of some £2 or £3 yearly should meet the case. The site should be chosen carefully, the best kind of pitch being that situated on the top of a high bank, well above night vapours and floods. An excellent pitch may often be found in an artificial cutting, where the bank has probably been built up of gravel, through which the camper's worst foe, damp, sinks quickly. Also in favour of a high site is the fact that a camp so situated is not easily seen from the river.

OUR CAMPING TEA-PARTY.

A pitch having been selected, the next business is the construction of a landing-stage. A stout plank, not less than ¾-inch thick, and about 6-feet long, is placed lengthways against the bank at the spot most convenient for landing from a boat. The width of the plank must vary with the depth or shallowness of the water at the particular spot chosen. First of all, however, three stout stakes must be driven into the river bed to a distance sufficient to ensure firmness and solidity, and to these the plank should then be bolted outside, the interstices between bank and plank being

BUILDING A KITCHEN: THE FRAMEWORK.

filled up with stones, tins of rubbish, etc., and earth, closely packed and well stamped down. The bank behind the plank should next be levelled and covered (if gravel soil be in the vicinity) with a layer of stones, over which a thick coating of fine gravel (sifted from the stones through a sieve) is sprinkled. If the pitch is on low-lying ground it may be necessary to cut only one or two steps leading from the landing stage up the bank to the camp. In the case of a temporary encampment, these can be dispensed with, as the making of them entails considerable labour. With a permanent encampment, however, particularly when situated on a high bank, they become a necessity. Each step should be built up as it is cut, a ½-inch board, about 2-feet by 8-inches, kept in place by a couple of stout stakes, and well banked up with earth, forming the front. The tread of each step should measure about a foot from front to rear. Always commence the cutting of a flight from the bottom, as otherwise you may, by descending from the top, find that after cutting a few steps you have reached the edge of the bank with a drop of three or four feet from the last step to the landing stage. One of the photographs which accompany this article illustrates a landing stage and flight of steps, and will explain, perhaps better than words, the mode of construction. A yearly

BUILDING A KITCHEN: THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

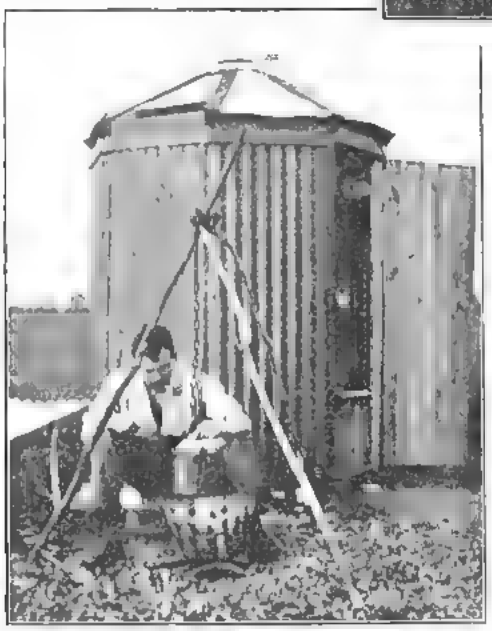
STEPS AND LANDING-STAGE.

rental of 2s. 6d. is payable to the Thames Conservancy for such a landing stage.

With regard to the camp itself. The number of tents must vary, of course, with the number of campers. For a temporary camp, however, in which it may be supposed that not more than half-a-dozen are concerned, a single tent should suffice. Taken all round, it is hard to beat the Army bell tent for general usefulness, convenience, and economy in space. Second-hand tents of this description can also be obtained at a moderate cost. Various dealers act as agents for them, and the usual price is 27s. 6d. For this figure either an excellent tent or a very poor one can be bought. The selection of a second-

band tent is no easy matter, and it is well to have the advice of "one in the know." Since no two are of equal condition, it is useless to merely order a tent; the stock must be inspected if a good bargain is desired. The tent should be pitched on as level a patch of ground as possible, and if he possesses a proper regard for his health, the camper will be careful to sleep either on a waterproof ground sheet, or on a wooden floor. A temporary makeshift for the

SHED FOR FUEL



POT FIRE AND GIPSY TRIPOD.

latter can easily be constructed, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, from old packing-cases and egg-boxes. It should be raised a few inches from the ground. In pitching a tent, care should be taken that the guy-ropes are not too taut, as rain causes a shrinkage which may result in a snapping of the cords, or a dragging of the pegs. In a permanent camp, a tent of the "emigrant" variety, with a fly sheet as roof to fend off bad weather, will be found to well repay the somewhat heavy initial outlay it demands, bell tents forming excellent subsidiary apartments for storage and other purposes.

A kitchen is a most useful adjunct to a permanent camp. There is no space in the present article to enter into a detailed description of the best methods of construction, but the ingenious amateur carpenter can glean a few useful hints from the photographs reproduced herewith. The building shown is octagonal, and constructed of corrugated iron on a framework of timber. The holiday camper, however, must be content to do his cooking *al fresco;* and for the purpose he cannot do better than use a pot fire and gipsy tripod. The pot fire is made by knocking large and frequent holes in the sides and bottom of an old tin pail, which must be raised on a few bricks to allow of a free draught. A sack of coke will afford the best fuel. Wood must be obtained by scavenging (*not* by cutting down branches of green wood), and by keeping a keen eye for drift-wood in the river. It is important that the wood, after being allowed to dry in the sun, should be *kept* dry; and a low shelter consisting (as shown in the photograph) of a sheet of corrugated iron nailed slantwise on four posts, will be found a useful contrivance. A gipsy tripod is formed of three long branches,

CAMPERS ON THE RIVER.

held together by a chain or stout rope, one end of which hangs down and supports the stew pot or kettle when it is not desired to stand the latter actually on the fire. In wet weather, it will be necessary to cook under cover. Methylated spirit stoves are useful for kettles and small utensils, but a paraffin stove of the "Primus" variety, which can be bought for about 10s., will be found cheaper in the end and infinitely more satisfactory.

In the matter of utensils, etc., common sense must guide the choice. A couple of fair-sized kettles, a frying pan (*not* enamelled), a stew-pot, mugs and plates of enamelled hardware, metal forks and spoons, and knives with *riveted* bone handles, will be found the principal necessities for a brief spell of camp life. Recipes for camp cookery are best discovered by experience; at all events in the present article there is no space for them. It should be remembered, however, that river water must *always* be boiled before being used. As regards clothes, the oldest are the best. Flannel trousers and a sweater are the best sleeping garments, with *plenty* of rugs. A blanket sewn up into the form of a bag makes a capital substitute for bed-clothes.

CAMP HILL OLD EDWARDIANS.

KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM. CAPTAINS, 1903.

WE are enabled to reproduce a group of the captains of this school. They form a most worthy picture. E. D. Clark, as captain of the first cricket XI. and general secretary of the club, has vindicated his claims to the confidence reposed in him over and over again. The same may be said of Hitchcock, Sharman, E. H. Parker, Gower, W. B. Ainsworth, T. M. Cox, Wilde, and H. E. Shay. The latter, as school cricket captain, has an arduous post, but he never spares himself in the least in his efforts to maintain the prestige of Camp Hill in playing-field and class-room. Cox is an old running man with several notable achievements to his credit. Cox was educated at King Edward's High School, Birmingham, but

H. R. Wilde, *(School Football)*. J. H. Sharman, *(Third Cricket)*. F. W. Gower, *(Second Football)*. W. B. Ainsworth, *(First Hockey)*. E. H. Parker, *(First Football)*. H. E. Shay, *(School Cricket)*.

R. H. Wilson, *(Fourth Cricket)*. H. C. Hitchcock, *(Second Cricket)*. E. D. Clark, *(First Cricket)*. T. M. Cox, *(Second Hockey)*

did not take much part in athletics there beyond an occasional game at football, and the usual playground games. Later on he joined the B.A.C. The first important handicap he won was the Moseley F.C. mile from the 120 yards mark, the prize for which was a handsome 10 guinea cup. He kept to the mile for some time and was fairly successful, but in his own opinion the distance was a little too far. He then tried his fortune at the 440 yards, and won the first one in which he competed from the 17 yards mark in 58 secs. Afterwards he joined the famous Birchfield Harriers, winning a 300 yards members' handicap, and henceforth he ran as B.H., competing in the inter-Club events against the Liverpool Harriers, and running second to Huddleston, L.H., in the ¼-mile scratch. In ½-miles, he won one at Aston from virtual scratch (seven yards), running through forty-one competitors in 2min. 2sec. dead. He also ran second to W. G. George in the ½-mile scratch at Stoke V.F.C., and the same day won the mile handicap from a fairly short mark in good time. Amongst other double performances, he won the ¼ mile handicap, and was second in the 1-mile handicap at Loughborough, and won the 1-mile handicap, and was second in the ½-mile handicap at Bournemouth, both from virtual scratch. The N.W.B.C. made a special 1,000 yards handicap, and offered a special prize if George was successful in beating record. Cox was on 50 yards start, and although George caught him, the effort was too much, and Cox eventually won easily, beating the existing record from his mark. After this, he won a 1,000 yards handicap at Netherton from virtual scratch. He also competed in the famous 1,000 yards handicap at Aston, when Myers, scratch, second, Snook, 33 yards, won, and Cox, 40 yards, was third.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE.

James Mortimer ("the Long 'Un"), a young doctor, is grandson and heir to Dr. John Mortimer, a man of wealth and position. Owing to Jim's frequent escapades, Dr. Mortimer warns him that, if he indulges in any more riotous conduct, he will disown him. On returning to town after this conversation, Jim makes the acquaintance, by the agency of his friend George Somers ("Koko"), of a young lady named Dora Maybury, with whom he falls violently in love. So excited does he become in consequence of his introduction to Miss Maybury, that, on the same evening, he falls foul of the police, and after a desperate battle with six of them is arrested and eventually fined forty shillings. His grandfather, hearing of this, carries out his threat, and Jim has thenceforth to depend on his own exertions for a living. By the instrumentality of Sir Savile Smart, a famous specialist, Jim is put in temporary charge of a surgery in Mount-street, Blackfriars, a district infested by gangs of Hooligans. Sir Savile recommends him to some lodgings near the surgery in what turns out to be Dora Maybury's home. Here also are two other boarders named Miss Bird and Mr. Cleave. On Jim's first evening in his new quarters, he meets Mr. Jefferson, a young stockbroker, who is also an admirer of Dora's, and appears to be regarded with favour by her. At the end of Jim's first day at the surgery, Dr Taplow—the proprietor of the place—dispenses with his services, he having appointed another doctor to the post. By disposing of some of the old and valuable books he has collected, Koko raises fifty pounds, and with this sum Jim opens a surgery in Mount-street in opposition to the "bearded man" Dr Taplow has installed in the Long 'Un's place. Owing to his rough usage of their chief, Jim incurs the hatred of the local Hooligans, who determine to pay him back with interest when a favourable opportunity presents itself. Jim, therefore, has to keep a sharp look-out whilst attending patients in the neighbouring courts. Christmas comes, and on Boxing Night, after the theatre, Dora informs Mr. Maybury that she has promised to marry Harold Jefferson within a month of that date.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MATTER OF WAGES.

AFTER this declaration, Dora's father, knowing something of the nature of women, expected a fresh outburst of tears. But none came. Dora turned towards her glass, and a moment later wheeled round with a smile upon her face.

"And so, you see, dear," she said, "you must make the most of me while you have me. It does seem a short time, doesn't it—a month—such a very little time for us to be together!"

Mr. Maybury took the girl's soft hand in his and looked thoughtfully into her face. For this news came as a sudden shock to him. He had not anticipated parting with her for at least a twelvemonth—or perhaps more—from the day of her betrothal to Harold Jefferson.

Dora and he had been very firm friends from the earliest days, and since his commercial downfall this bond between the two had increased tenfold. For, when Mr. Maybury was rich, Dora had been a queen-in-little, very imperious, exacting, impetuous, and possibly somewhat selfish. But ever she had been her father's most treasured

possession, and he had loved to see her in dainty dresses, and surrounded by those pretty things which his wealth had enabled him to buy for her in abundance. So devoted was he to the child, indeed, that when he married for the second time his new wife had exhibited no little jealousy on Dora's account.

Then came the crash—when Dora was a schoolgirl and then, when the elder Miss Maybury and Mrs. Maybury uttered lamentations for their altered estate, and even went so far as to upbraid Mr. Maybury for his short-sighted business policy, Dora's arms closed about his neck, her lips sought his haggard face, and Dora's voice, with words of love and affection, acted like healing balm upon his sore heart.

"Yes," he said at length, "it does seem a little time—only a month!"

He sighed—and Dora's eyes filled with tears she would not let fall, so that she saw him, as through a mist, dimly.

"Oh, father," she said, laying her head upon his shoulder, "it does seem dreadful to have to leave you, but I shall come to see you very often—very, *very* often!"

"Yes, yes, dear," he said, "you will come and see me. I must not be selfish. I cannot expect to keep you by my side all my life. It is the same with most fathers. Their sons seek wives, their daughters are taken from them, and they are left alone."

"Poor father," said Dora, gently, as she kissed him.

Mr. Maybury sat down, and Dora placed herself on his knees, as had been her custom from babyhood, with one round arm encircling his neck.

In those early days, Dora may have sadly plagued her nurse or governess, but with her father she had always been docile, serving him with a demure obedience that had been very sweet to see. As a child, her storms of tears would be replaced of a sudden by sunny smiles when she heard his voice or noticed his approaching form. Their mutual love was a talisman which chased away her frowns and pouts and changed her, upon his entrance, into a totally different creature, her nurse or governess wondering greatly the while. And so, though of a naturally wilful disposition, Dora would often strive to conquer the rebellious mood when she felt it coming upon her, simply that she might please her father.

Tender recollections had both now of the strolls they used to take through the fields which surrounded their old home, which stood far enough outside Manchester to be free from the smoke of the factories. Mr. Maybury revelled in the peace of the meadowland after the din of the city in whose midst he earned his money, and Dora, though she loved to romp with other girls, and to go to theatres and concerts and parties, preferred these quiet walks to anything else—the walks which came to an end when she was just merging into womanhood. And now they lived in a poor Crescent, and one had to go by train to reach woods and green fields. On Sunday evenings now the clang of many bells came to their ears above the ceaseless hum of toiling omnibuses and trams, and the badinage of Londoners promenading so sadly different was it all to the excursions of olden times, her little hand in his big one, the grave father's voice mingling with her childish tones.

Picture after picture presented itself to their minds in phantasmal fashion. There was the cool old church where they sat side by side in a roomy, ancient pew, Dora nestling close to her father and watching the preacher with wondering big eyes. Then there was the pleasant after-service talk with their neighbours, and finally the walk home along the leafy lanes, with Nature's winged choristers chanting songs of the holy day, and all sorts of tiny hedge-people buzzing and laughing in the sunshine.

"Father, you look so sad!" said Dora. "But there is still a month, and we must make the most of that—you and I! We will go to the theatre together—so as to be quite by ourselves—and sit in the pit and enjoy ourselves tremendously. It will be such a change, after stalls and boxes! I don't suppose I shall *ever* sit in the pit after I am married."

It seemed to Mr. Maybury that her voice lost its gay ring as she uttered these concluding words, but it never occurred to him to ask her whether she was quite sure that she loved the man she was going to marry. He took it for granted that she did.

They chatted on together until a clock near at hand tolled out "One." Then Mr. Maybury said it was time they both went to bed.

He kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and then she held the light so that he might see his way down to the next landing. "Good-night, dear!" she said: and he, glancing upwards, thought he had never beheld so fair a picture as she made, standing there in the dark doorway.

And thus they parted—he to rest, she to think. For, long after the house was hushed in slumber, Dora paced up and down her little bedroom. Often she paused in front of her glass and communed with the white-faced reflection that gazed back at her.

On their way home from the theatre, Harold Jefferson had told her that he intended to use all his influence to procure her father a more remunerative position at the office.

"And then," said Dora, at length, to the face in the glass, "father will be comfortably off all his life. That is everything!"

With a little shiver she blew out her candle and crept into bed. For long she lay sleepless, but presently a compassionate angel, in the course of her flight over the Dark City, entered the little room, and, touching the girl's eyelids with her cool finger-tips, led her away to Dreamland.

Harold Jefferson was as good as his word, for shortly before lunch-time on the following day Mr. Maybury was informed that the head of the firm wished to see him in his private room. Mr. Maybury at once obeyed the summons, concluding that it must have something to do with his daughter's engagement to Harold. Possibly the elder Jefferson objected to the match, and a curious feeling of elation took possession of Mr. Maybury as it occurred to him that this might be the case.

Mr. Jefferson was a stout, rather apoplectic-looking man of some sixty years—quite unlike his son in appearance. There was nothing of the keen, lean stockbroker about him; indeed, his ponderous manner and measured speech reminded one of an old-fashioned type of merchant that is now almost extinct.

"Ha! sit down, Mr. Maybury. A pleasant change after the muggy weather we have been experiencing lately! Ahem! yes, I wanted to see you on a little matter—quite a little matter—ahem! You have been with us now——"

"Three years, sir," said the other quietly.

"Three years? So long! Well, well—time flies, time flies. But to business. I—er—I have—er—asked my manager, Mr. Jacobs, to recommend such persons in—er—in my employ as he considers deserving of an increase in salary. The New Year is close at hand, and it appears to me an—er—an appropriate season for such—er—recommendations. Your name, Mr. Maybury, comes first on the list. I am assured that you are most punctilious in—er—in the discharge of your duties, and that you are a man to be implicitly trusted in all respects. I gather, in short, that you are in all respects a most satisfactory servant of the—er—firm. I have decided, therefore, to make a substantial addition to your present salary. You are now paid—er—you receive——"

"One hundred and fifty pounds a year, sir."

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

"One hundred and fifty? Well, well—that is hardly adequate remuneration for a man of your integrity and ability. A good man is—er—is worth good pay. I shall have much pleasure, therefore, Mr. Maybury, in raising your salary to—er—to three hundred pounds a year."

Three hundred a year! The amount had a refreshing, satisfying sound! It would mean a very different state of things at Number Nine, would *three hundred a year!*

"I am deeply grateful to you, sir——" began Mr. Maybury.

"Don't mention it. You deserve it. Your increase of salary will commence on New Year's Day. And now, Mr. Maybury, we will turn to another topic. There has for some time been a little affair—a little love-making—between two young people we both know very well. I have known, of course, that my son Harold was paying attentions to your daughter; he has spoken of her—in fact, he has shown me her photograph. She is, if I may say so, a very charming young lady, and I hope to have the– er—pleasure of making her acquaintance quite shortly. In fact, I trust that Mrs. Maybury and yourself will bring Miss—er—Flora——'

"Dora," corrected Mr. Maybury, with a slight smile.

"*Dora!* Pardon my mistake! Yes, I trust you will all three come and dine with Harold and myself at an early date. I—er—I had no idea that Harold contemplated matrimony—ahem!—quite so soon, but I shall be glad to see him settle down, as he has hitherto been a little restless—a little—ahem!—a little irregular in his habits. So I am not displeased at this—er—this approaching union."

"I am glad to hear that it meets with your approval, sir."

Mr. Jefferson drummed thoughtfully on the table with his fingers. For a long time he had been dissatisfied with his son's conduct, and the news of the latter's matrimonial intentions had come as an immense relief to the worried parent.

"I do not think I need keep you any longer, Mr. Maybury," said the stockbroker, at length; "er—we shall no doubt see a little more of each other in—er—in future."

Mr. Maybury rose from his chair with a curiously determined look on his face. He had fully made up his mind on a certain matter that had dawned upon him during the latter part of this short interview.

"I wish to ask you one question, sir," he said, "before I definitely accept your proffered increase of salary."

"Certainly, certainly," said the other. "What is it?"

"I wish to ask you, as man to man, and not as servant to employer, whether your son's forthcoming marriage with my daughter has anything to do with your proposed doubling of my salary?"

The stockbroker frowned. "That, Mr. Maybury," he replied, "is entirely my business. It is sufficient for you to know that I have decided to enlarge your stipend by the amount I have named."

"I wish you to answer my question, sir," said Mr. Maybury, firmly.

"And I decline to answer it," returned the other, his previously urbane manner vanishing as he spoke.

"Then, sir, I shall take it that I am correct in my assumption—that you are making this increase solely because you wish me to occupy a better position in the world than my present salary enables me to hold."

"And supposing it *were* that?" demanded the stockbroker, roughly. "Do you mean to say you will refuse such an offer?"

"I do, sir. I absolutely decline this increase of salary. I will take what I earn, and not a penny more."

So saying, with a slight bow, Mr. Maybury turned on his heel and left the room.

The stockbroker sat for some time in a state of amazement. At length he spoke.

"I could not have imagined—I would not have believed—that the City of London contained such a fool. Here is a man, as poor as a rat, actually throwing away a hundred and fifty a year! He must be mad!"

Mr. Maybury breathed not a word at home of his interview with Mr. Jefferson the elder. As for Harold, when he was informed by his father of the result of the conversation, he, too, marvelled greatly.

But he did not think it necessary to mention the upshot of the interview to Dora.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WARNING.

ON the same morning, at breakfast, Miss H. R. Maybury informed Jim that her sister was to be married to Harold Jefferson at the end of January.

Miss Maybury kept a careful watch on Jim's face while she imparted this piece of news, for she, like her stepmother, had for some time suspected the young doctor of not being entirely indifferent to Dora. Of the latter's attitude towards Dr. Mortimer, Miss H. R. Maybury was in a state of aggravating doubt. She had a shrewd idea that Dora, on her part, was not insensible to such charms as Jim might possess, but she was not sure about it. She had quite unsuccessfully endeavoured to "draw" Dora on the subject, but Dora had listened to H.R.'s references to Jim with a blank countenance that told no tales and gave nothing away.

On this occasion Jim was taken quite by surprise, and his face yielded up his secret. H.R., warily observing his expression, saw that she had been correct in her surmise. Dr. Mortimer *was* in love with her sister!

"Indeed!" said Jim, confusedly, "rather soon isn't it?"

"Yes, it has been a very short engagement," returned H. R., "in fact, I don't think myself that Dora ought to be married until she's at least twenty—she is so *very* young for her age! What do *you* think?"

"It has never struck me that she is," replied Jim, beginning to regain his self-possession.

"She is still a child in her thoughts, too," added Miss Maybury, taking a vicious bite out of a piece of toast.

Jim, framing his opinion on the events of a certain walk Dora and he had taken in the Crescent one night, thought otherwise, but thought it quite to himself.

"However," continued Miss Maybury, "it appears that Mr. Jefferson has been advised by Dr. Taplow to go abroad for a few months—until the worst of the winter is over."

"He looks delicate," said Jim, grimly.

"Yes, I'm afraid his chest is not too strong. Well, as I was saying, he has got to go abroad, and as he can't bear to leave Dora all that time, he thinks that the best plan will be for them to get married at once."

Jim wondered whether Mr Jefferson's delicate chest was his sole reason for hurrying on the marriage.

"And so now," concluded Miss Maybury, "it will be all bustle and milliners until the important day, and I am afraid you poor men will be made rather uncomfortable."

"Oh, you mustn't mind us," said Jim, good-humouredly; "we can have our meals on the stairs, if you like."

And so, with a laugh, Jim got on to his long legs and departed to his surgery, leaving Miss Maybury wondering more than ever whether Dora had given him any secret encouragement.

Jim whistled in a melancholy, stolid way as he walked along Blackfriars Road to his work. So Dora Maybury was to be married in a month. One month! And that would be the end of the little romance which had started in a tea-shop at midsummer, when he, Jim, first saw a face which had haunted him ever since

Dora was to be married in a month's time, and the face would vanish, and he didn't suppose he would ever care about another girl all his life long.

"For if I live to a hundred," thought Jim, still staunch to his lady-love, "I shall never meet such an angel again. Henceforth, J. Mortimer, you've got to settle down to a bachelor existence. It's Dora or nobody, and, as it can't be Dora, it must be nobody."

It was lucky for Jim that he found heaps of work awaiting him in the shape of a long queue of humble patients, for he had no time to brood over his sorrows. He had to anoint unsavoury sores and bind up ugly wounds; he had to listen to long tales of neuralgias, sleepless nights, cramps, and the *olla-podrida* of small woes to which our human flesh is heir—and heiress. It was chiefly heiress, as we have before remarked, at the Mount Street surgery. And Jim, of course, had to listen very carefully, for sometimes he found himself face to face with a malignant disease—something that called for prompt and accurate diagnosis. Love and lovers' thoughts must be driven into the background when a doctor finds himself gazing on a waxen-faced morsel of humanity which, unbeknown to its mother, has the seeds of diphtheria apparent in its wee throat—and such cases were presented to Jim in plenty. The dire complaints which came into Jim's surgery seemed to be shed upon him by a beneficent Providence, for they brought out the man and the surgeon, and bade the love-sick swain forget his own woes in the bodily ills of his fellow-creatures.

After the visiting patients had been dealt with, Jim went out upon his rounds. He returned to the surgery about tea-time, and had not been long back when the Chinaman adorning the mantelpiece was precipitated on to his face, and a sound of shuffling steps proceeded from the waiting-room.

"Come in!" bawled Jim, who was reading an evening paper by the fire, "old Harris, I'll bet a dollar," he added to himself.

He had guessed aright. Mr. Harris it was, but this time his disorder was something more substantial than a feeling as if his hair were being brushed. In point of fact, the face of the junior partner in the firm of Harris and Father was scored with red lines from brow to chin.

The old man sank into a chair.

"I've come over for a box of ointment, doctor. You see these marks on my face?"

"They're pretty visible," said Jim.

"*Rebecca*!" explained the old man, in a hollow voice.

"Miss Nathan?"

"Yes, that was the party wot done it."

"Showing her affection for her future father-in-law rather early in the day?" ventured Jim.

"*Father-in-law*?—not me! She'll never marry that yelp Isaac. She's about finished with *'im*!"

"That's good news," said Jim; "who's the new young man?"

"Vy," said the provision-dealer, "I'm thinkin' she'll be after *you* next, doctor!"

"*Me*!" said Jim, looking so amazed that the old Jew was seized with a most unpleasant spasm of mirth.

"Yes, ever since you chucked Isaac out that night," he explained, "she's referred to you in an

admirin' way vich turns Isaac simply yeller. Yes, I told you she'd marry a gentleman, and you're 'er choice, my dear sir!"

And again the old man's throat gave out a croaking wheeze which, by a lurid effort of the imagination, might be described as laughter.

"So you will understand," added Mr. Harris, "that Isaac don't love yer. In fact, I believe 'e set those 'Ooligans on yer in Pine Court."

"You think that?" enquired Jim sharply.

"It's a bad thing to say of one's own flesh-an'-blood," returned Mr. Harris, "but I think 'e did. I want to *warn* yer, doctor; keep yer eye open, for them ruffians ain't done vith yer yet—nor 'as Isaac."

"You imagine they'll have another go at me?" said Jim.

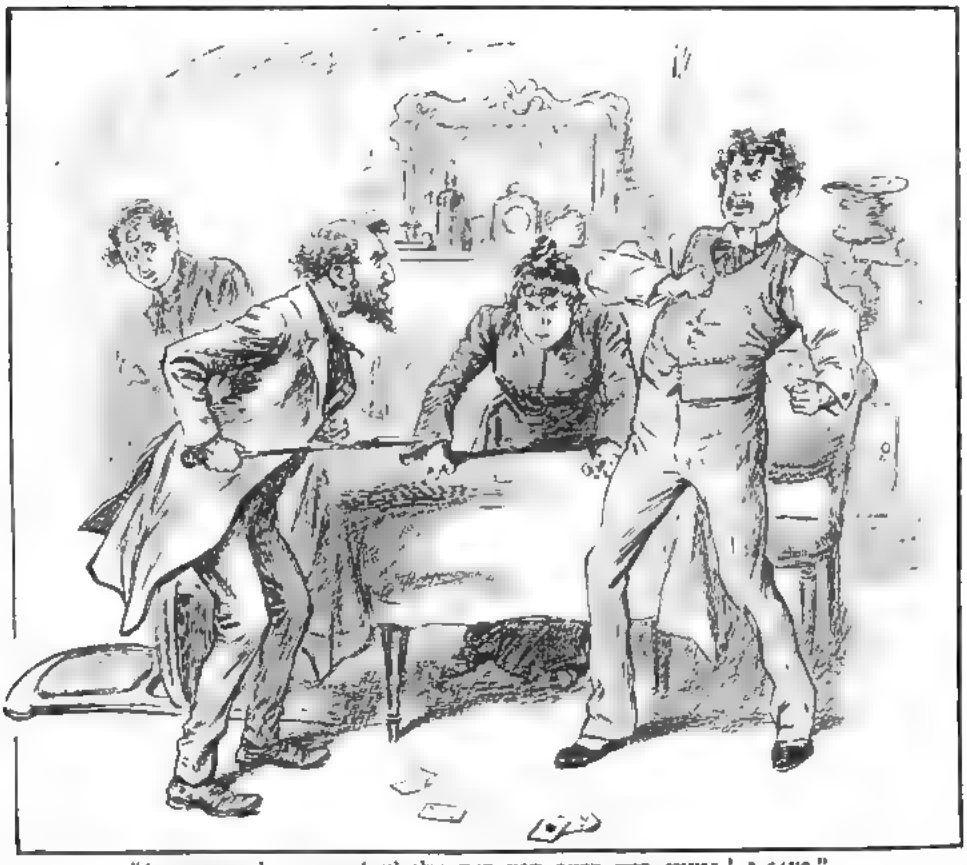
"I do," said the old man, "and next time they'll make dead sure of yer. They're not men—they're wolves. They never forgive. That's their natur'—and Isaac's."

Jim pulled at his pipe thoughtfully. He felt that the old Jew, despite Isaac's unfilial conduct, would not have denounced his own son in this way if there had not been serious reasons for his so doing.

"I'll remember your warning, Mr. Harris," he said at length; "and now," he added, "let me see what I can do for you. Stand here by the gas, will you?"

The old man obeyed.

"She went for you pretty hard," remarked Jim, proceeding to mix up some healing ointment for his patient; "how did it happen?"



"'TOUCH ME,' I SAYS, 'AN' I'LL RAP YOU OVER THE SKULL,' I SAYS."

"Like this," said Mr. Harris. "Last night Isaac and I vos invited to spend the evenin' at the Nathans. On'y she and 'er brother vos there—the old 'uns was out. 'Er brother is a big, loud feller, and despises Isaac. Vell, ve set down to cards—'Uncle Sam' vos the game—"

"A tricky one, too," put in Jim.

"So ve found," added the provision dealer, "for Rebecca, she von nearly ev'ry pool. After a bit I votched 'er close, and found some of the cards vos marked. So I says: 'Rebecca,' I says, 'you ain't playin' fair,' I says. '*Vot!*' she cries,

colourin' up. 'Vy,' I says, 'you're cheatin', my dear!' Yes, I said that—to 'er face—and she up and let me 'ave 'er nails—all ten of 'em—down *my* face, an' 'er brother 'e says if I vosn't an old man, 'e'd throw me out of the 'ouse. Yes, 'e said that. And I says, 'Isaac,' I says, 'vill you see your old fader used in this vay, vithout raisin' a 'and to 'elp 'im?' But Isaac was turnin' green an' pink, and didn't dare say nothink, so ven I'd got out of Rebecca's clutches I ups vith my glass of gin-an-vater an' lets Rebecca's brother 'ave it full in the face, an' then I gets 'old of the poker an' I says: 'Touch me,' I says, 'an' I'll rap you over the skull,' I says. Yes, like that! And 'e daren't put a finger on me, so I gets my 'at and off I goes, and if they've got my money I've got their poker—yes, and I'll keep it, too—yes, and that's vot 'appened, doctor dear."

"Bravo!" said Jim, who had listened to this improving story with all possible interest, "you're quite a scrapper, Mr. Harris."

But the old man, whose eyes had burnt fiercely during his recital of the incident, sat down with a sigh.

"But it's vorse than ever at 'ome, now," he said. "Isaac, 'e's like a vild beast. 'E sees vot Rebecca is, and yet 'e's mad after 'er still. Yes, that's 'is state."

It was hardly to be supposed that Jim would evince any sympathy for the young Jew, knowing, as he did, that Isaac had put the Hooligans on his track in Pine Court that night. But Jim felt for the old dealer.

"Now, look here, Mr. Harris," he said, "if you pull up and play the man you can get that business back, and be your own master again."

But the dealer shook his head. A reaction had followed his animated account of the card-party, and he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and older man that he really was.

He took the ointment Jim handed to him and put on his hat. His grey locks were unkempt, his clothes shabby and unbrushed, his eyes dim. He presented, indeed, a pathetic spectacle. Bidding Jim good-evening, the old Jew, with bowed shoulders, crept out of the surgery, and trudged away through the December drizzle to resume his joyless tasks at the provision shop.

For some time Jim sat by his fire thinking over the words of warning Mr. Harris had uttered. Next time, the provision dealer had said, the Hooligans would make sure of him.

Of a sudden, a pebble crashed through the waiting-room window. Jim started to his feet, hurried into the passage, and threw open the front door. Mount Street was a picture of desolation; a light, clammy rain was descending steadily, and the pavements were deserted. One figure, however, was plainly visible by the lamp-post on the opposite pavement—that of a man with his head bound up.

In a flash Jim recognised him as one of the gang that had assaulted him in Pine Court—this was the man, indeed, whom he had felled to the ground early in the proceedings.

Instantly on making this discovery, Jim strode across the road. As quickly the man vanished down an alley. Jim, reaching the entrance to the alley, hesitated. Might not this fellow be acting as a decoy?

Jim had learnt prudence. Slowly he turned on his heel and went back to the surgery. Closing the street door, he resumed his chair by the fire, and in a narrow street just off the alley a group of Hooligans, baffled again, uttered curses of disappointment as they slowly dispersed about their bad business.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IVORY FAN.

"IN my opinion," quoth Miss Bird, looking up from her embroidery (she was making Dora a table-cover for a wedding-present), "girls have too many dresses. When I was your age, my dear, I had two dresses—one for everyday and the other for Sundays. They were both black."

"No pretty blouses?" enquired Dora.

"Certainly not!" snapped Miss Bird. "In those days, girls were taught to be contented with a few clothes and to make them last a *very* long time!"

"How long did you have to make your best dress last?"

"Five years," said Miss Bird.

"Just fancy!" cried Dora, "why, it must have been *green* by that time."

"It *was* green," acknowledged Miss Bird, with a hard smile.

"And you still wore it?"

"Of course I wore it! I had no other."

"But you must have *hated* wearing it!"

"I *did* hate wearing it," said Miss Bird; "I loathed the sight of it. I could have torn it to pieces. But it was my only best dress, and so I kept it in constant repair, and cleaned it, and brushed it, and put it away very carefully every Sunday night or after a party. Ah! young girls had a very different time of it forty years ago, *I* can tell you, my dear!"

Dora gazed at Miss Bird in some surprise. The severe-looking maiden lady seldom spoke so feelingly. Yet, of late, she had talked to Dora a good deal. Dora had given up her situation at the post-office—by Harold Jefferson's express desire—and so was at home all day now. Con-

sequently, she and Miss Bird saw much of each other, and a kind of little friendliness had grown up between them which had never existed previously. In fact, before this cold, wet January set in, Miss Bird had seemed to entertain a feeling of dislike for Dora.

"No," recommenced Miss Bird, who probably felt that she had shown a little too much of her human side, "in those days, girls didn't gad about on bicycles and scamper after footballs and cricket balls like so many boys. Nor did they go to the theatre *alone* with young men. No, in my young days I wasn't even allowed to look out of the window at people passing along the pavement. You may not believe that, but it's true! I was brought up very strictly by an aunt in a country village, and I don't suppose anybody on this earth—except a convict in prison, who deserves all he gets, the rascal!—ever passed such a monotonous existence as I did."

"How long did you live with your aunt?" asked Dora, rather timidly.

"Until I was thirty," replied Miss Bird, "and then she died and left me just enough to live on. And I've been living on that just enough ever since."

Miss Bird's customary conversation consisted of harsh comments on current events or severe criticisms of internal affairs at Number Nine. She had never been so communicative regarding her past life before.

Dora employed herself with her sewing for a time, and then observed: "I am afraid you cannot have been very happy as a girl, Miss Bird. Did—did you ever see any young men?"

Miss Bird uttered a grating, unmusical laugh. "I saw the backs of a few in church."

"Was that all?"

"And occasionally talked to a curate at a croquet-party."

"How *dreadful*!" cried Dora.

"My aunt," explained Miss Bird, "hated men! She was jilted as a girl, and detested men ever afterwards. So I never spoke to any men—except curates. No man ever said a tender word to me—no man ever lent me a book or wrote a poem to me, or presented me with a bunch of flowers. That was my girlhood -and now, perhaps, you won't be so surprised at my being a cross old woman!"

Dora, with a sweet impulse, dropped her sewing, and, putting her arms round the elderly lady's neck, kissed her on the cheek.

"I am so sorry you were unhappy," she said, gently.

For a moment the grimness faded out of Miss Bird's face. She laid down her embroidery and took Dora's hand.

"My dear," she said, "that is all over and gone. Still, I shall not forget what you said. Some day you may want a friend—a woman—and then you mustn't be afraid to come to me. My bark, child, is worse than my bite. . . . there! now we mustn't be sentimental any longer, but get on with our work."

Dora therefore relapsed once more into her seat by Miss Bird's side and resumed her sewing, and for some time the silence was unbroken save by the sounds of stitching.

"When is the wedding, child?" asked Miss Bird, suddenly.

"On the 26th," said Dora, bending rather more closely over her work.

Miss Bird submitted the girl's profile to a severe scrutiny.

"Personally," she said, at length, "I don't like the man."

"Who?" said Dora.

"Jefferson."

"But," Dora hastened to retort, "you were in favour of my being engaged to him."

"I know more of him now," said the old maid, "and in my opinion that young doctor's worth ten of him."

Dora started, and her needle went into her finger.

"You pricked yourself then," jeered Miss Bird.

Dora said nothing.

"Because I mentioned *him*!"

"What *do* you mean, Miss Bird!" demanded Dora, with cheeks afire.

Before Miss Bird could reply, however, the door opened, and Mr. Cleave appeared.

"I hope—er—I hope I am not interrupting you," said the newcomer, with a slight cough; "that is to say, you may be discussing some matter of dress—ahem!—trust I am not *de trop*?"

"That's exactly what you *are*!" roared Miss Bird.

"Oh er—ahem!—in that case I will retire——"

"If you please!" replied Miss Bird, sternly.

"Oh, Mr. Cleave - of *course* you may come in!" cried Dora, rising to her feet. "In fact, I was just going out "

"That's a fib!" said Miss Bird.

But Dora had flown. "Well—come in, come in," said Miss Bird; "come in and read your wretched little paper —"

"Pardon?" enquired Cleave.

"Your *paper*!" howled Miss Bird; "your wretched little rag of a paper that squeals like a pig when anybody has a glass of beer."

"I—er—think—I—er I think I will *not* come in just now," bleated Cleave, retiring precipitately.

"Bah!" muttered Miss Bird, "everything's upside down. That man ought to be in skirts, and Mortimer ought to be *shot* for not eloping with Dora!"

And so the preparations for the wedding continued apace. Of course, economy had to be studied, wherefore Mrs. Maybury hired an industrious seamstress to come and sew every day; and sew the seamstress did, till her fingers ached. Miss Bird sat by and threw out hints; H.R. snapped at Miss Bird, and Mrs. Maybury snapped at H.R. Finally, the two latter would snap at Dora, who, after firing up at them, would retire to her bedroom, presently descending softly to sit in the drawing-room, the others being in possession of the dining-room.

So passed this damp January time, and the wedding day drew nearer and nearer. Occasionally Mr. Jefferson appeared, very dapper and smiling, in evening dress, and carried Dora off to a theatre. But after these excursions Dora would be very silent, and slip off to her bedroom at the first possible moment.

Mr. Maybury and Dora had a quiet evening together at the theatre. They went to see a comedy—a piece in which laughter and tears trod upon one another's heels—a good little piece whose like is not often seen on London boards. They sat hand-in-hand, as in the old days, this father and daughter, and when it was all over, and they came out into the street, their faces were sad. For they were to part soon—so soon.

One day Koko met Jim, by appointment, at Charing Cross, and they both set off for Regent Street to buy Dora a wedding-present.

"I know a shop," said Jim; "bought some things there at Christmas."

"Oh, yes," said Koko, "you told me. Very nice dark girl there, eh?"

"I forget," said Jim, indifferently; "I daresay there is. Most of the girls in these shops are dark."

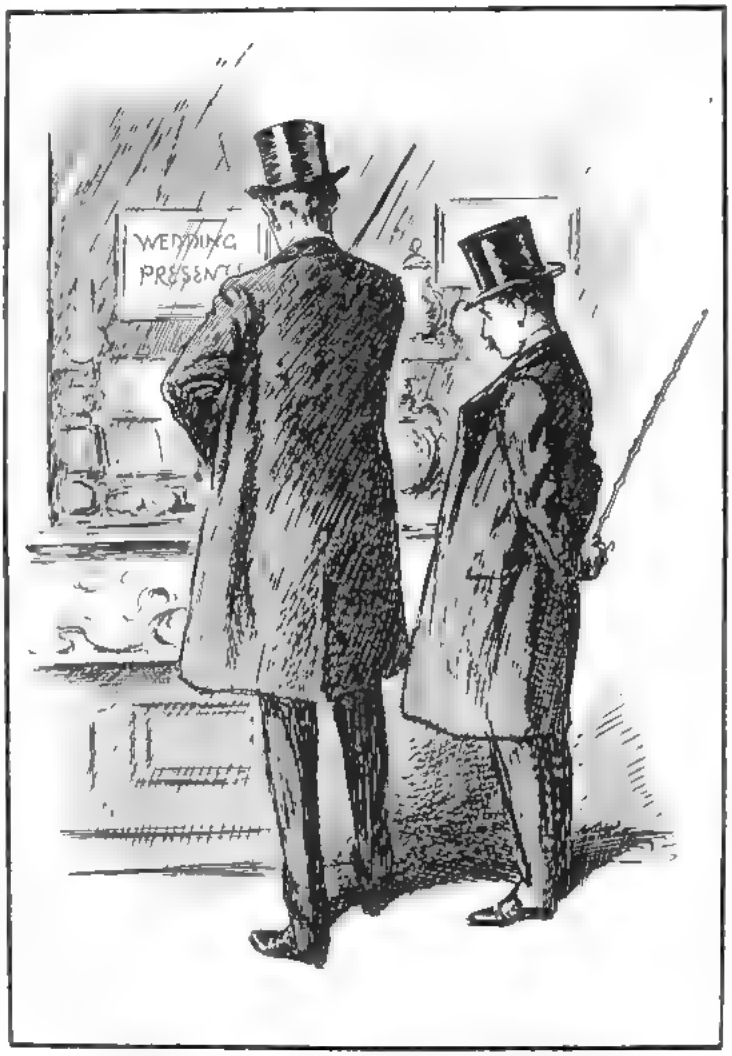
"I recollect you mentioned this one to me particularly," said Koko.

"Did I?" replied Jim. "Well, I daresay I did. Anyhow, I haven't the faintest idea what I'm going to get. Been thinking about it for three weeks, too."

"Personally," said Koko, "I am going to buy her a work-box."

"A *what*?"

"A work-box—full of pins and needles and tapes, and all that sort of thing."



JIM, AFTER GAZING INTO THE WINDOW FOR TEN MINUTES, WAS STILL QUITE UNDECIDED

"I thought ladies used work-*baskets*," hazarded Jim, vaguely.

"Boxes," said Koko.

"*Baskets*," insisted Jim; "work-*boxes* are a trifle obsolete, I believe."

"Obsolete or not obsolete," said Koko, "I shall get her a work-*box*."

"All right!" returned Jim, "*I* don't care!"

Koko stole a glance at Jim as they walked up Waterloo Place. He had noticed, of late, that Jim was looking unusually gaunt and thin. Koko felt very sorry for his friend, for, in spite of the Long 'Un's lively manner, Koko saw that his old chum was quite a different man now to the jaunty youth who had been the life and soul of Matt's.

"I must get him away for a holiday," thought Koko, in his quiet way; "this business has knocked him over a bit"

They stood for some time outside the shop staring at the array of presents in the window. Koko was staunch to his work-box, but Jim, after gazing into the window for ten minutes, was still quite undecided. At length he declared he would leave it to the dark girl.

Koko walked in first, and, espying the dark girl, approached her part of the counter. Very soon a dozen work-boxes lay before him, and he was not long in making up his mind about one. Then, true to his programme, he had it well-stocked with everything that Dora could possibly require—even down to a box of matches.

"You never know when you won't want matches," he explained to Jim.

"Well," said Jim, brusquely, "you've got your work-box. Now what about me?"

"Go ahead," said Koko; "there are about twenty thousand things to choose from in this shop."

"A present for a lady?" queried the dark girl.

"Yes," said Jim; "a wedding-present."

"I know the very thing," she said, and took down from a shelf near by an ivory fan with forget-me-nots painted by hand upon it.

"Yes, very pretty," agreed Jim; "but—er—I should prefer some other kind of flower."

The dark girl fancied she understood.

"I have another ivory fan that is just as pretty as this one. I will get it."

The fan was brought. Upon the pure ivory was painted a little sprig of rosemary.

"'That's for remembrance,'" quoted Koko, softly.

And so Jim chose the ivory fan as a wedding-present for Dora.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JIM CATCHES A TRAIN.

WHEN old Dr. Mortimer received Jim's Christmas Card, his face hardened into stone, and his first impulse was to throw the little photograph into the fire. After Jim's final and crowning sin, the Doctor had decided that he would have nothing more to do with his grandson, whose hospital career had been one long escapade, punctuated, at rare intervals, with fits of steady reading.

Jim owed his qualification to his natural genius rather than to these bursts of study. A certain amount of book-work he had been obliged to do, and he did it. Practical work he had revelled in, for action suited his mercurial, restless disposition, and his practical work had saved him. He was by a head and shoulders the finest operator Matt's had turned out for many a year, and the examining board knew it.

Throughout his student's career he had been by turns the pride and despair of his grandfather. Dr. Mortimer had sent him angry letters and delivered stern reproofs when he came down to Threeways. Jim had promised reformation, only to fall away from the narrow path of rectitude at the first opportunity that presented itself. At last came the paragraph in the local paper anent Jim's doings at the Exhibition, and this had acted as a *coup-de-grâce* on his grandfather's patience. Everybody read the paragraph and everybody laughed at it. Boiling with rage, the Doctor had sat down at his desk and penned the letter which changed the whole course of Jim's existence.

So the old Doctor put Jim out of his life—thrust him forth to get his bread—or starve. But he could not put his grandson out of his heart, and, as he sat by his lonely fireside during the following weeks and months, his thoughts had often wandered to the wayward lad, and he had often wondered how Jim was faring—had wondered even, indeed, whether he were alive or dead, for he had heard nothing of him from Sir Savile or any of his other old friends in town.

The photograph of his surgery which Jim sent to his grandfather served to allay the old man's misgivings. He had fancied at one time that Jim had gone clean to the bad, and that Sir Savile and other old friends who knew both grandfather and grandson were loth to inform him of the lad's downfall. But it appeared from the photograph and the particulars on the back of it—that Jim was earning his living. His practice did not appear to embrace an aris-

tocratic quarter, but that did not matter very much. Jim was working and probably amassing much useful experience.

The old doctor felt relieved. His first impulse —to tear up the little picture—soon departed. He turned Jim's card over several times, and finally, wondering somewhat at his unusual weakness, propped it up against one of the massive bronze candlesticks which stood upon his dining-room mantelpiece. It was the only card Dr. Mortimer received, and it looked curiously small and forlorn stuck up on that spacious, dignified mantelpiece all by itself.

There, however, the Doctor put it, and there it stayed. The servants examined it and read the message it bore on its little back, and so they, too, came to learn where "Mr. James" was, as did Hughes and the other attendants over at the asylum, not to mention the gardeners, the coachman, and the stable hands. So the kitchen drank a bumper on Christmas night; the butler gave the toast: "Mr. James—his health!" and with right honest warmth was it drunk. "Bless his handsome face and kind heart!" added the cook, wiping her motherly eyes and thus Jim, knowing nothing of it, was remembered.

And it is just possible that the proud old man in the dining-room drank a silent toast to the lad he had expelled—without acknowledging to himself that he did so.

Christmas passed away, and January was drawing to a close when not only the county of Southfolk but the whole country was distressed by news to the effect that Lord Lingfield, the eminent statesman—one of the few prominent politicians of the day reputed to speak and vote according to the dictates of conscience—had been laid low by a dangerous and distressing internal malady. The illness had been threatening for some months; indeed, it had first manifested itself on the day when Lady Lingfield, having driven over to consult Doctor Mortimer, encountered Jim in the act of crossing the high-road in his dressing-gown.

Since that day old Dr. Mortimer had paid frequent visits to his distinguished patient, who had at first made light of his complaint, and who did not really realise that his life was in jeopardy until a sudden change in the weather gave him a chill and brought matters to a head. A provincial specialist had been summoned to consult with Dr. Mortimer, and Jim, glancing through his morning paper on January 25th—the eve of Dora's wedding day—lighted on a paragraph announcing that Sir Savile Smart had also been summoned to the invalid's bedside. The three doctors had issued the following bulletin on the previous evening:

The Earl of Lingfield is in a critical condition. Should no improvement take place during the next twelve hours, an operation will be rendered imperative.

(Signed.)
SAVILE SMART.
E. A. McIVER.
JOHN MORTIMER.

Jim smiled affectionately at the sight of his grandfather's familiar name thus figuring in the public press. He was turning to another item of news when there came a thundering rat-tat at Number Nine's front door, and next moment Mary entered with a telegram, which she handed to Jim. He tore open the envelope. The message it contained was addressed from "Carhall," Lord Lingfield's country seat near Threeways, and ran:

"*Come by first train. Most urgent.*
"SAVILE SMART."

Jim stared amazed at the summons. This was, indeed, a strange turn of Fortune's Wheel. He —Jim Mortimer—was evidently wanted to assist in an operation in which his grandfather would also be participating! He had helped Sir Savile in this very operation a score of times, and had performed it by himself at Matt's with the great specialist looking on.

For Jim had guessed the nature of the operation when Sir Savile was sent for.

"And so he wants me to lend a hand. Good man!"

In a few moments Jim had looked up a train. There was an express leaving for Threeways in half-an-hour. Just time! Mary flew for a cab, Jim got into his hat and coat, and was away before the Maybury family had fully grasped the reason of his haste or the exalted nature of his destination.

"Half-a-sovereign if you catch the 9-30 at Liverpool Street," said Jim to the cabman.

"Right, sir," said the cabby, joyously.

But the roads were slippery, and travelling was bad. Horses steamed and plunged, drivers lashed and swore—and Jim's cab made slow progress.

At last the cabby found an opening and dashed forward. But, alas! he had just got up speed when his horse stumbled and fell, and could not regain its feet, despite its frantic struggles.

Jim leapt out nimbly.

"Hard luck, cabby!" he said, "here's your half-sov."

"You're a gentleman, sir," returned the driver, touching his hat as he went to undo the prostrate nag's harness.

Jim took a fresh cab and caught his train with a minute to spare. He welcomed this journey, for

the rapid motion suited him to a nicety. This was better than brooding in his surgery—this was action, life, excitement. The country was anxiously awaiting news of the great statesman—and Jim was to help in the drama. The operation would not be performed, Jim knew, until he arrived at Lord Lingfield's residence . . . . and the train whirled on, and Jim, though sore at heart—for was not Dora to be married on the morrow?—derived great comfort from Sir Savile's call.

The train sped on, and Jim's thoughts raced along with it. His brain and the mighty engine kept stride for stride.

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" sang the whirring wheels.

As the meadows, streams and woods came into view, and as quickly passed out again, so the events of the last few months presented themselves panorama-wise to Jim's mind. The tea-shop—the dainty girl with the fairest face in the world—he in raptures, with Koko soberly listening—the vacation—the return—the introduction—the fight at the Exhibition—his grandfather's letter—Number Nine—the surgery in Mount Street—and . . . . that night in the Crescent! Ah, that one kiss! . . .

Meadows, streams, woods flashed into view and out again as the express flew eastwards. London was left further and further behind, and Dora with it. Jim's heart telegraphed her a farewell. To-morrow she was to be married *to-morrow!* So good-bye, little Dora—good-bye! . . .

"THREEWAYS! THREEWAYS!"

Here he was at last! A tall footman was on the platform. Evidently he had received a description of Jim, for he advanced directly the latter stepped out of the train, and in another half-minute Jim was rolling along a road very dear and familiar to his eyes.

It was four miles to Lord Lingfield's residence—and the Earl's fine bays made a mouthful of the journey.

"Sir Savile wishes to see you at once, sir," said the butler, as Jim entered the lofty hall of the great house.

Jim followed the servant into the library. Sir Savile was leaning back in a big easy-chair, and Jim noted with some concern that the specialist's right arm was in a sling. By his side stood Jim's grandfather. The third doctor was in the sick-room.

Sir Savile, without rising, put out his left hand.

"My dear Mortimer, this is splendid of you! You have not lost a moment!"

They shook hands. Jim turned to his grandfather.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, flushing a little.

The old Doctor bent his head slightly, but did not speak.

"I suppose you were surprised to receive my message?" said Sir Savile. "The fact is, I've had an accident. I was coming downstairs this morning when I fell and dislocated my shoulder. That being the case, I wired to you ——"

"I shall be pleased to assist in any way I can," said Jim.

The specialist smiled.

"You haven't got to assist, Mortimer—you've got to operate yourself."

"*I*, sir!" cried Jim.

"Yes, *you*! You're the best man in England after me, as I have reason to know. So, when I found myself *hors-de-combat*, I sent for you. I shall direct you, and you will receive assistance from my colleagues, but the success or failure of the operation will rest entirely in your hands. If you succeed, you're a made man; if you fail ——"

"I shall not fail," said Jim, quietly.

"I know you won't, my boy," said Sir Savile; "for, if I had had any doubt of you, I shouldn't have sent for you . . . . and now we will go upstairs."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE SILENT HOUSE.

AT six o'clock that night, Jim Mortimer caught a train back to London. He had operated with complete success, and every evening paper in the country had published the reassuring bulletin which Sir Savile drew up after the satisfactory completion of Jim's task.

Had the operation failed, no mention would have been made of Jim's participation in the affair. But the young surgeon had come through the trying ordeal with an unshaken nerve and unerring skill, and Sir Savile was more than satisfied.

It was the concluding sentence of the bulletin, therefore, which caused universal surprise, and set the whole medical world by the ears—as well as a multitude of laymen—until the fact of the specialist's accident became public knowledge.

"*The operation was performed by Mr. James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., late of St. Matthew's Hospital.*"

Thus did Sir Savile, with a few strokes of his pen, make Jim famous. He need not have said anything of the kind, for the operation was

carried out under his close personal supervision, but he was a big man, with a big mind, and he did not hesitate for a moment about crediting Jim with the entire success of the perilous undertaking. A tremor in Jim's hand, a slip of his knife, and Lord Lingfield's name would have been added to the roll of illustrious dead. But Jim's hand did not tremble, nor did his knife slip, and so the happy bulletin went forth, and the world was glad because a good man had been saved to it.

The proud lady who had spoken to Jim from her carriage on that fine September day was a different woman altogether when she thanked him for what he had done. The aristocratic bearing and the air of fine breeding were there, but her words were those of a wife sore-stricken by watching and waiting.

And following the mother came the girl Jim had also seen in the carriage on that September day—"the pretty girl." Jim blushed to the roots of his fair hair when the pretty girl added her gentle thanks to her mother's.

"Your fee, my boy," said Sir Savile, encountering Jim a little later in the library. The slip of paper he pushed into Mortimer's hand was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"But, sir——" began Jim, who did not want a penny, so highly had he been paid in other ways.

"Not a word! It's my case, and I'm not down here for love, I can tell you. Take your cheque, boy, and buy your girl a necklace out of it. By the way, how are you getting on with Maybury's nice daughter?"

"She is to be married to-morrow," said Jim, turning to look at a picture.

The great surgeon, however, did not miss the change in his voice. Jim went on looking at the picture and kept his back to Sir Savile, who put his left hand —his right not being available —on his old pupil's shoulder.

"Have I touched a tender spot, lad? Well, cheer up! It's a wide world, with a heap of other pretty girls in it!"

And then he discreetly left Jim alone, and Jim studied the picture for some time longer, though he could not have told you afterwards whether it was a landscape or a portrait of a deceased noble earl of Lingfield.

There was no fast train back to town till six, so Jim had perforce to remain on at Carhall. He did not see anything more of his grandfather, who left the house after affixing his signature to the bulletin. He made no inquiry for Jim, and Sir Savile looked perplexed when he saw that his old friend did not intend to budge an inch from the relentless attitude he had adopted towards his grandson.

"And yet," mused the specialist, "he must feel as proud as Punch of the boy!"

Jim had a smoking-carriage all to himself on his return journey. He was glad of that, for he wanted to think of Dora, and solitude suited his mood. After this night he would have to put her out of his thoughts altogether, but to-night she was still Dora Maybury—still the queen of his heart. To-morrow Jim must in honour cease to be her subject; but to-morrow had not come yet. Soon enough the new day, dawning, would bring desolation to his love.

Strange that the turning-point of Jim's career should have come on Dora's wedding-eve! Seemingly it was one of those compensatory acts whereby Dame Fortune makes amends for the hard blows she deals. Jim knew that this day's success was good enough to make a specialist of him right away. And what joy would have filled his heart, this journey, had he been speeding back to Dora's side—he could imagine, had she been his, the pride that would have lit up her face when she heard of his achievement!

As the train cleft the darkness, eating up a mile of iron road with each minute that passed, Jim, just for the sake of the melancholy pleasure he extracted from it, let his fancy wander in the world of make-believe. Dora was *his*, and was awaiting him. He had only dreamed that she was another's. London to him now was no grimy, smoke-begirt city, but a palace of delight set in a garden fragrant with "the blended odours of a thousand flowers."

But, alas, for such vain imaginings! A rough voice roused Jim from his half-doze, and a rain-spotted hand awaited his ticket. . . . It was London, and London in its dampest and most dismal garb

Jim had wired from Threeways asking Koko to meet him at his surgery at eight. He thought they might spend the evening together amid cheery surroundings.

Koko had not arrived at the surgery when he got there. The fire was out—Mrs. Brown, taking advantage of her master's absence, was probably carousing with other ladies of her own station. Mount Street appeared exceptionally sordid and forlorn. Everything seemed to have conspired to add to Jim's weight of sadness.

He lit the gas, and as it flared up he was slightly startled to observe the figure of a man huddled up on the sofa. On the floor, by the head of the sofa, stood an empty glass jar.

Jim walked across the room and inspected the sleeper. It was the old provision dealer.

"Wake up, Mr. Harris!" he cried: "wake up! what are you doing here?"

The provision dealer slowly opened his eyes.

BEHIND HIM WITH CUNNING STEALTH, CREPT A MAN WITH A BANDAGED HEAD

"Ain't I—ain't I dead, then?" he demanded.

"*Dead?* No! You're as alive as I am!"

"I thought I'd swallowed enough of the stuff to do the job."

"What stuff?"

"Vy, the prussic acid. That's deadly p'ison, ain't it?"

"Rather!"

"Well, I swallowed all there vos in the bottle . . . . and I ain't dead, it seems."

Jim surveyed the empty jar, and found it to be the mislabelled vessel in which he kept his whisky safe from Mrs. Brown's thirsty raids.

"You're a foolish old man!" said Jim. "Never you try on any trick of that sort again—d'you hear?"

"Vy didn't it kill me?" enquired the dealer, in an aggrieved voice.

"Because what you drank wasn't poison—luckily for you."

"Vould it have been enough if it *had* been p'ison?"

"Yes, enough to kill an elephant."

Old Harris shuddered.

"Vould it have hurt?" he asked.

"It would have burnt your inside up and curled you into a knot. Yes, it would have hurt a bit."

Mr. Harris shook his head.

"It vos Isaac drove me to it. I felt I couldn't stand that velp no longer—'e drove me to it."

Mr. Harris looked very bleared. He had swallowed half-a-pint of neat spirit, and the room seemed to be going round him.

"Well," said Jim, "you may thank your stars that wasn't prussic acid. When you feel better, get along home and turn into bed."

"I vill, doctor, I vill," whined the old Jew; "and I'll pull up—so 'elp me, I vill."

"That's right," said Jim; "now take another nap—it'll do you good."

As Jim turned towards the counter, his eye lighted on a folded piece of paper. Picking it up, he found it to be a note that had been left for him.

It ran:

"*mrs. murphy's respects and Will the doctor come round to number 8 pine Court to See her baby.*

"*p.s.—top floor.*"

Jim often received such rough missives. This, in fact, was rather a literary performance than otherwise for Pine Court.

He tossed the note back on to the counter, and, buttoning up his overcoat, sallied forth promptly. He left the light burning, and scribbled "Back Soon" on a sheet of paper for Koko's information.

His destination was only seven minutes' walk distant. Not a soul was to be seen as Jim made his way down the narrow alley by which one reached the court from the street. If it were possible, this place appeared even more forlorn than the outer world.

It seemed to Jim, as he passed into No. 8, that the building was curiously silent. As he ascended to the first floor not a sound fell on his ears. The house smelt damp, and had an unoccupied air about it. Could it be that this was the tenement which had been recently condemned as unfit for habitation, owing to its rottenness? If so, why was Mrs. Murphy installed on the top floor?

Jim knew, however, that it was hard to make some of these wretched beings go, even out of a house such as this. Mrs. Murphy would probably be evicted in due course. Meanwhile, her baby was ill, and Jim had got to doctor the little thing.

So dark was it that he had to light matches in order to see his way up the creaking staircase. And as he ascended to the second floor he was entirely unconscious of the fact that he was being followed. For behind him, with cunning stealth, crept a man with a bandaged head.

As Jim went higher the silence struck him yet more forcibly, and he began to wonder whether he could have made a mistake about the number. Still, there was no harm in seeing whether Mrs. Murphy *was* located on the top floor. So he continued his ascent, the figure behind pursuing him with noiseless steps.

At last! Here was the top floor, and here was a crazy-looking door. And still there was absolutely no sign or sound of a living presence in the place.

He knocked at the door.

"Does Mrs Murphy live here?" he called.

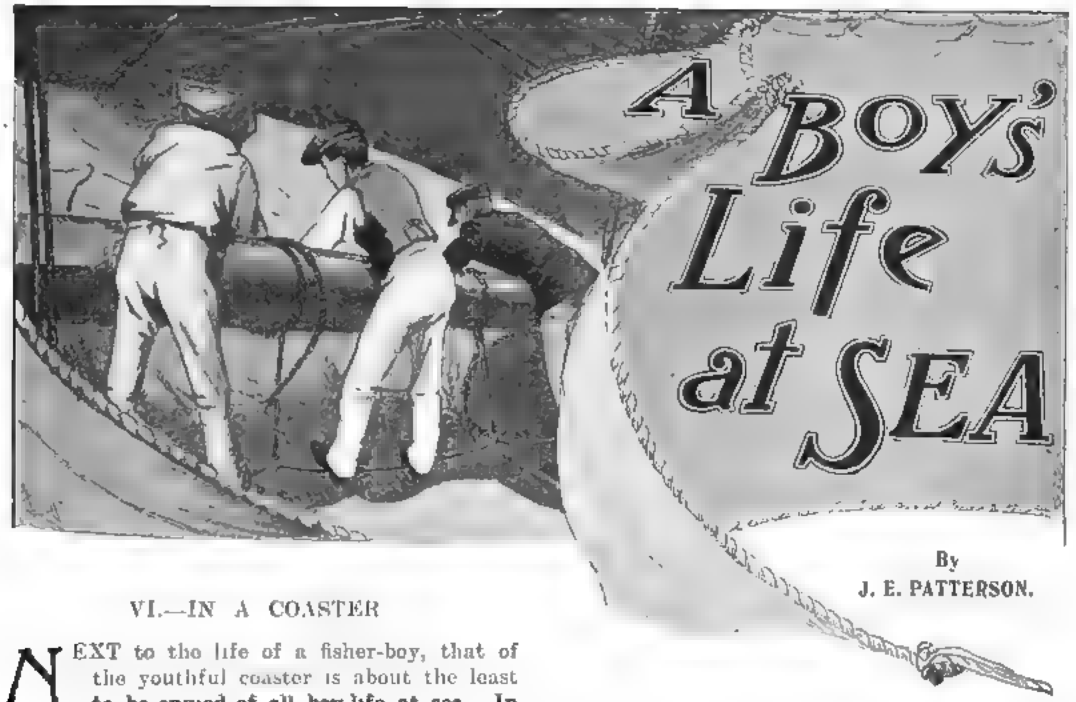
"Yes; come in," replied a woman's voice.

So he turned the handle and pushed the door open.

Instantly he stopped; the room was innocent of any furniture, but confronting him stood half-a-dozen roughs, and dimly, in the background, he could distinguish a woman's form.

It was a trap—and safety lay only in immediate flight. He turned towards the stairs, but, as he did so, the man with the bandaged head tripped him up, so that Jim fell backwards into the room. One wild glance he cast upon his assailant, and then the bandaged man, with a savage snarl, swung his belt. The buckle hit Jim full on the forehead; there came a great roaring in his ears, and while he was feebly grasping the air, the buckle descended again and finished its work.

(*To be Concluded.*)



By
J. E. PATTERSON.

VI.—IN A COASTER

NEXT to the life of a fisher-boy, that of the youthful coaster is about the least to be envied of all boy-life at sea. In some respects, he is even in a worse condition than the fisher-lad. At all times the latter is well fed with plain, wholesome food, and is mostly in a vessel that, in comparison with the usual coasting brig or schooner, is a duck on the water. Not that the present-day fate of the coaster's lad is on a level with what it was twenty to thirty years ago. The Board of Trade is far too keen a vigilance committee for such to be the case, and this equally applies to all sea life under the red ensign, with the difference that nearness enables the Board to watch the interests of the coasting lad.

Besides, although sailors are still the most bluff and hard-living of the Empire's men, during the last three or four decades we have, on the whole, made long strides towards more humane conditions of life generally. Of this, even the coaster has taken a share—whether he wished to or not. Probably, the seasoned ones would rather have not, had they been asked; but as the spirit of progress said they must, they had to, and coasting to the boy of to-day is hardly either slavery or starvation with much beating.

By seeing how the coasting lad lives to-day, the reader will be able to form a fairly accurate idea—considering the widespread reading there is of sailor life in the past—of the changes that have taken place in his life since Plimsoll, the "sailor's friend," put a most needed end to "coffin ships," and indirectly quelled a considerable amount of nautical brutality. Of course, every boy reads tales of sailors' supposed doings, and not being old enough to know the likely from the very highly improbable—and, indeed, many of his elders are as much lacking in the same kind of wisdom—he absorbs so great a quantity of the utterly false that he cannot be blamed for thinking it true; and the same holds good even when the (to seamen) incredible fictions are backed by such names as Marryat, Reid, Jacobs, and Clark Russell.

What is the life of the young coaster? Just a sea-parallel to that of any average boy working in a fitter's shop or other similar place of employment. Naturally, the sea makes a difference, but nothing else does so to-day in his case. If he gets an extra blow on the side of his head, finds himself with a mate who is too fond of using ratlin-line to force an argument, or with a master who stints his food and works him to the point of exhaustion, he has no "back-door to run out of"; he cannot go home to his parents when the day's work is done, and say that so-and-so has ill-treated him, and thus obtain some redress.

In all probability the poor little fellow is a hundred miles or more from home when the first port is reached; vessels may be scarce, the time winter, and no better than the dock-side before him if he leaves the "old rattle-trap." So circumstances are against him—better the begrudged half-loaf in his hand than the baker's

whole one which he cannot buy. Certainly there are occasions when, under such conditions, he leaves the vessel, and suffers less beating but worse starvation on shore till he gets another berth.

Nor is romance any more prevalent than ill-treatment—if as much. Life at sea to-day is as prosaic, the ocean's own and everlasting weird mystery apart, as it is on land. Given the proper temperament, desire, energy, and invention, romance can be had anywhere under any conditions. The lack of it lies merely in ninety-five per cent. of us all being practical plodding beings, age allowed for. I have met with much romance on sea and land—that is, much for our times—on one no more than the other; but in every case it was more the direct making of some individual, than the working together of fate's elements. Thus the boy who runs from home or school, as so many coasting boys do, will find the life principally what he makes it rather than an interesting tale of breathless adventure.

From the duties enumerated of the young apprentice on the clipper ship, and those of the novice on a smaller and less first-class vessel, the deck-work of the coaster's boy will be seen. But he often has other duties than those of a sailor-lad merely. In these cases he is, in fact, that youthful synonym of sea-romance termed a "cabin-boy"—inseparable personage, in the young reader's mind, from that interesting element which so seldom finds entrance into common life!

In the matter of menial duties, the coasting lad is a sailor-boy equivalent to the maid-of-all-work. He must keep the cabin clean, nor let the cleansing of it interfere with his other duties. He may be scrubbing its floor till the perspiration makes his eyes smart, the schooner at the time beating against a smart breeze, when the order goes to put her about. From this task, even his little hands cannot be spared. So out he comes at a moment's notice, without jacket or guernsey, into the bitter cold of the early night—and probably gets half-frightened out of his wits by threats of violence for being an instant late. The work done—during which he may have had a knock from a wind-shook sail or rope, or been drenched with icy spray—he returns shivering to his cabin occupation.

Whilst the boy is shaking up the skipper's bed, that worthy individual, then in charge of the second dog-watch, yells down the companion-way for the boy to "jump on deck and take the wheel," under his direction—all the remainder of the crew being needed for the proposed shortening of sail. It is a common practice to put the lad at the wheel when all hands are required at some special task, despite the fact that the little fellow can scarcely hold it, and that no one below the rating of an A.B. is, by Board of Trade regulations, allowed to steer the ship whenever there is more than the average danger of an accident.

If the work be finished before eight bells, the boy goes back to his primitive bed-making, and to whatever other domestic occupation he may have to perform ere he sleeps. If he is not able to get back and have the skipper's couch ready in time, he may receive a threat or a hustling for not having put as much work into five minutes as a smart young man would have done in double the time.

Again, when the skipper is asleep, the mate, then in charge of the deck, may call the boy to fill and light his pipe—the proximity of some vessel preventing his doing the thing for himself. Whilst away in the cabin with the black clay, some pressing bit of work seizes the boy's attention, and is done; meantime the pipe lies awaiting its turn. A hoarse whisper of no gentle kind, and a whisper only because the mate fears to awake his superior, reaches the youngster through the skylight, and asks him if he is growing the tobacco, has fallen into the fire, or does not intend to fill the pipe and light it—the last question being in reality a sneer subtly saturated with a threat of worse happenings.

The boy quickly repairs with the pipe to the mate's tobacco canister, fills it, and returns to light it at the cabin fire. This he suddenly discovers to be so low that he must needs put some coal on at once; for such purpose down goes the half-lit pipe. The mate, having got the schooner clear of the other vessel, slips below in search of his smoke, arrives in the cabin as the boy is replenishing his fire, sees the smoking pipe lying on the locker, concludes that the youngster has been having "a few puffs" on his own account, and gives him a smart slap on the cheek for his "impidence."

This causes a cry that brings the skipper's frowsy head out of his bunk, and makes him ask what is the matter. The mate, not visible to the skipper from where he stands, and not wishing to be "called over the coals" for being off the deck whilst in charge of the schooner, shakes his fist at the boy—in dumb-show saying: "If you say a word of me bein' here, I'll skin you alive"—then springs quietly on deck again. To spare himself further trouble later on, the boy courts present danger by passing the matter off with the first excuse that suggests itself, and is lucky if the affair ends with no more than a growled promise of added chastisement.

Of course, all these matters largely depend

IN SOME SMALL CRAFT THE CABIN BOY DOES ALL THE COOKING.

Drawn by Geo. Hawley

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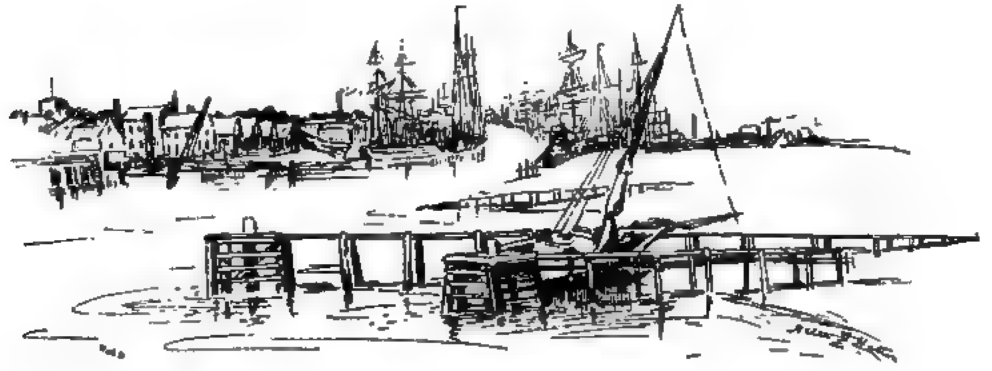
on what kind of men the boy happens to sail with. In most cases he is really needed in the working of the vessel, apart from the more or less domestic duties which are the floating entail of his post. Thus he has to be there when tacking or wearing ship, shortening or making sail; but otherwise he may be in a vessel where all hands are as fatherly towards him as though each one has a secret justification for that affectionate attitude, in which case he is thoroughly "spoilt." Between the two there are several degrees of ease, or discomfort that cannot well be termed ill-treatment. At times, too, the lad may even find himself in a coaster where humour and good fellowship are so plentiful that it would almost form the ground of one of Mr. Jacobs' fictional representations of coasting life.

Naturally, there is far more homeliness in coasters generally than is to be found in ninety-nine per cent. of deep-water ships. The foreign-going sailor likes an open sea in a breeze. With the coaster, harbours are so handy that he grows to pay little heed to a lee-shore in a strong wind—the pet aversion of the further-going seaman. A winter around our coasts is not a play-time season afloat; but then, continual fresh provisions and a fair supply of them keep the canker out of men, and make them face other hardships with comparative cheerfulness. Thus the coaster's boy has a more humane life around and before him than has the lad who crosses the Western Ocean or goes out East. As to him and the R.N.R., the remarks on this matter in connection with the ordinary seaman are equally as applicable here—with this slight difference: the deck or cabin-boy can join only the Third Class, which naturally has a lower rate of remuneration; but, as an O.S. can promote into the First Class on his becoming an A.B., so the boy can pass into the Second Class when he possesses an ordinary seaman's discharge.

In some small craft the cabin-boy does all the cooking, and is called from the caboose as occasion needs his assistance in other work. In those cases his lot is more like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman than it is when he takes watch with his shipmates, for he is then at the daily and nightly beck and call of almost any one who may want him. In other vessels he is put into a watch—usually the mate's, there being no second mate—and he then attends to the cooking and cabin work during his watches out in the daytime, the ordinary seaman or a deck-boy fulfilling such tasks whilst he sleeps.

In summer-time the life is something of a holiday if the rest of the crew are of a fairly pleasant kind. Breezes—the seaman's word for a half-gale of wind—are then rare; there is no cold to pinch him up; the work of shortening and making sail in the long bitter nights is forgotten in the warmth of the short darkness of summer; fresh vegetables are more plentiful; he experiences no days without a hot and fairly proper meal because of a continuance of foul weather, or the caboose having been washed away; half the ports he visits are, to some extent, watering-places, or are adjacent to such; and he finds considerable pleasure in their amusements.

On the last count: in winter and summer alike his evenings on shore are usually spent in music-halls and such theatres as seaports can boast. During summer he also knows a little variety by way of a voyage or two up the Baltic for deals, or across to Dutch or French ports with coals. Some coasting youngsters remain at it into their manhood, and even old age, or until they leave the sea for shore work. Others quit it early in life, and cease to be coasters by becoming deep-water sailors.



A MEMBER of the Captain Club, writing from Valparaiso, tells us of his want of success in securing a photograph of a horse-race. We should like very much to help him, but the information is much too meagre. He used a Premo rapid lens, and gave a shutter exposure of one-hundredth part of a second, but he says nothing about plate, aperture of lens, or distance of the subject from the camera. He adds: "The horses were galloping at almost right angles to the camera, and the figures were all blurred." Our correspondent has probably overlooked the fact that a galloping horse moves at the rate of something like 590 inches per second. A well-known authority has stated that, "In order to secure a sharp image on the sensitive plate, the distance travelled by the image of the moving object to be photographed on the plate during exposure must not exceed $\frac{1}{100}$th part of an inch." To secure photographs of rapidly moving objects, the results will depend upon (1) the speed at which the object is moving, (2) the distance of the object from the lens, and (3) the focal length of the lens. From our own knowledge of the lens mentioned we should say that it was extremely improbable that it would be rapid enough to secure a satisfactory image upon a plate of the sensitiveness known as "Special Rapid." Possibly the "blurring" was due to the handling of the camera.

Non-Curling Films.

The amateur photographer has to thank Kodak, Limited, for a very great deal, but about the best thing they have ever done is to put upon the market a non-curling film, made in all sizes, and selling at the same price as the older, and now, we believe, obsolete, roll film. Users of that film have lively recollections of its corkscrew vagaries—how it never would lie flat! Now all is changed; the N.C. film will not curl, and for a very simple reason; the celluloid film, or base, is coated on *both* sides, the one with a sensitive gelatine emulsion, the other with a gelatine emulsion that is not sensitive. The one coating equalises the other, and so the film remains flat. For many years the clever chemists in the service of Kodak, Limited, have been at work to discover a means of producing a film that would not curl, and, after ten years of thought and work, the difficulty has been solved. It is a pleasure to develop the N.C. film, and it may be noted that the same formulæ are advised by the makers. The sensitive emulsion has undergone improvement in several directions, (*a*) it is of higher speed, and ensures the production of negatives rich in detail. (*b*) It is of an exceptionally fine grain, a quality specially valuable when negatives have to be enlarged. (*c*) It is orthochromatic. This latter quality gives it an advantage over previous roll-films; in portraits the details and colours of costume will be rendered more truthfully, and in landscape work it will be possible to record, in their correct colour-value, such delicate differences as the varying shades of green, and the light and fleecy tints of the ever-changing clouds.

Selection of Subject.

The question of the lighting and selection of the subject will always be a matter of opinion. Mr. H. P. Robinson was in favour of the sun being behind the camera; not that he advised taking photographs with the sun full on the subject. He rather favoured diffused light, but the source of light to be behind the camera. On the other hand, we have before us a copy of "Watkins' Manual"—a most useful book for beginners—in which the author says:—"Never expose with the sun directly behind the camera; the result is flat and unprofitable. Side-lighting gives light, shade, and relief." Quite true, but side-lighting often gives very strong shadows; these sometimes are overlooked in composing the picture upon the focussing screen, and it is only in the dark room, when development is being proceeded with, that the heavy shadow is noticed. We have a print before us taken at "Merry Margate"; quite half the sitters have the heavy shadows of their straw hats across their faces, giving them the appearance of being near relatives of the "corner" men of the

famous nigger troupe. A subject should be in fact, must be—well lighted, but not by strong direct sunlight.

Photography as a Means of Earning a Living.

A reader of the "Camera Corner" who is seventeen years of age desires to become a professional photographer. He is straightforward enough to say that he knows nothing practically about the subject at present. Well, money can be made out of photography, but many a professional photographer would say it's a very poor game, as the business is cut into by amateurs. If a young fellow wishes to take up photography as a business he must serve an apprenticeship, attend classes, acquire a knowledge of optics, chemistry, drawing, composition, and light and shade, in addition to the recognised photographic manipulation and procedure. Having done his best to gain this knowledge and perfect himself in the art of taking a photograph, developing the negative, and turning out the finished print, his chances of lucrative employment are not, we fear, very great—operators are badly paid, chiefly because they all work in one groove. Any one, to succeed in photography, must get away from the beaten track and turn out very different work from that of the average professional photographer. It is not a business that we should recommend to any one who had that alone to depend upon. In these days a knowledge of photography will help a young fellow in many positions. If he is going to be an engineer, surveyor, architect, builder, shipwright, doctor, chemist, gardener, journalist, schoolmaster, etc. etc., photography will serve him in many ways, and possibly be a means of helping him to make a decent income; but those who make money out of it, as a business, are few in number.

Holidays.

At all holiday resorts, and particularly at the seaside, cameras will be met with by the score. We hope many readers of the "Camera Corner" will send us prints for criticism; we shall be very much interested in seeing their work, and will do our best to help them. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelope for reply, and we will amuse ourselves, during our own holiday, in writing to them. In sending up prints, try and give the following particulars:—Title, plate used, lens aperture, exposure, date and time of day. This will be of great assistance to us, and will ensure our being able to take some intelligible interest in each photograph.

Pyro-Soda Developer.

This developer is a general favourite, and the following is a formula that may be safely followed. It will be found convenient to keep this in 10 per cent. stock solutions and dilute as wanted:—

No. 1.

Pyro	1 oz.
Metabisulphite of potash ...	1 oz.
Water to	9 ozs.

No. 2.

Sodium carbonate	1 oz.
Water to	9 ozs.

For use mix 30 minims of No. 1, 200 minims of No. 2, and add water to 1oz. Should a restrainer be required, add Potassium Bromide.

Slow v. Rapid Plates.

The Ilford Company issue a monthly pamphlet, "Photographic Scraps," and in a recent number some remarks were made upon the production of perfect negatives, in the course of which the writer said that slow plates generally possess greater latitude than very rapid ones. It is a much simpler matter to expose a slow plate correctly than a rapid one. Slow plates are better for ordinary landscape work, where fair density is required, and good contrast. Owing to the greater latitude the risk of over-exposure is minimised. The slow plate is distinctly the better for the beginner, for, in the various stages of charging the dark slides and developing, the risk of fogging a slow plate is much less than with rapid plates. We counsel the use of slow plates; under and not over exposure is the most general cause of spoilt plates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. G. (Tonbridge).—Your stains on prints may be due to an exhausted fixing bath, or one containing free acid. Unequal immersion will also cause stains. Unless prints are thoroughly washed, stains will often appear. **Fred Moore.**—Cannot write about your brother's photographs or prizes. **Robin Ramsey** (Swinton).—The subject you write about is referred to in the "Camera Corner," and we have written you at some length. **A. A. C. C.**—"Development," by Lyonel Clark, and "Watkins' Manual" are both useful books upon developing plates and films. They are sold for 1s. by most dealers. **R. H. B.** (Sutton).—You will find "Platinum Toning" well worth your careful study. **George Liurkar.** Unable to help you; a positive will, under certain conditions, be obtained through excessive over-exposure. Hope you will compete in THE CAPTAIN photographic competitions when you get your new Kodak camera. **G. S. Webb** (Stamford Hill).—"Light Fog" shall be the subject of a note in the "Camera Corner." We are afraid your lamp is at fault.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Breed of Dog.—I regret that the description of a dog sent to me by K. S. Williams (Liverpool) is not sufficient to enable me to say to what breed it belongs. If you could send me a photo. I might be able to help you. Rabbits, guinea pigs, or pigeons might be kept in your yard, provided it gets good light.

Entomological Matters.—In answer to "Spurs" (Beenham). (1) The Death's Head Hawk-moth is usually on the wing from September to November, and again in May and June, but my local knowledge will not allow me to say "if it is very often seen about Reading." Likely places in which to look for it are potato-fields and allotments. (2) No; I have not "got most of the British butterflies and moths," because I gave up seriously collecting them many years ago, in favour of less popular orders, but I still take an interest in them. (3) The Elephant Hawk-moth *is* a beauty, as you observe. (4) No; I regret that I have not had the pleasure of seeing the Reading Museum collection.—"Naturalist" (Dulwich) has noticed on the Black Currant some black-dotted greenish larvæ which appear to have more legs than they should have, and asks if they are "freaks." No; and they are not the larvæ of moths, as you take them to be, but of a destructive Saw-fly, probably *Nematus ribesii* or *N. ventricosus*. The number of legs is all right, for they are hymenopterous, not lepidopterous, grubs. Unless you destroy them they will clear your currant bushes of every leaf.—"Brutus" (Bagshot) should get Lucas' *Book of British Hawk-moths* (L. Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.); it contains life-like drawings of all the species with their caterpillars and chrysalids and complete information respecting their natural history, etc.

Apple Snail.—Arthur Pomeroy (Highbury) has been spending a holiday at Dorking, and one day, whilst climbing the steep slopes of the chalk-hills towards Betchworth, he came across some snails larger than any he had yet seen. He was told that these were the descendants of some brought from Italy by a former Earl of Arundel, and placed on Box Hill, from which they have spread. A. P. wishes to know if I can tell him anything about them. I am glad to say I can, for I have often studied them in the very spot where A. P. found them, as well as all along the chalk range between Caterham and Guildford. The snail, of which we give a drawing half the natural size, is known as the Apple-snail or Roman-snail (*Helix pomatia*), the second name being due to a legend that, long before Thomas, Earl of Arundel, was thought of, our Roman conquerors brought it with other dainties to eke out the scanty bill of fare provided by this little island in those remote days. There is good reason for believing, however, that we are no more indebted to the Romans than to the noble earl aforesaid for this dainty, and that it is of true British origin, like myself. Plausibility has been given to the Roman importation legend by the fact that this snail is only found in a few of our southern counties, instead of being generally distributed over the country; but, rightly considered, this fact is against the theory, for, if imported, we ought to find the snail in the neighbourhood of many important Roman stations where it does not exist. It is an interesting snail on account of its eggs having a distinct chalky shell which can be blown like the eggs of a bird. I believe I was the first to establish the fact that these eggs are placed in chambers as large as the snail's shell excavated in the chalky soil for that purpose and neatly roofed in.

APPLE SNAIL.

Gold-fish.—E. Atkin (Wood Green) wishes to know why his gold-fish die though "there is plenty of room for air to get in the mouth of the bowl and they have fresh water daily and a couple of ant-eggs each." It is impossible to say on such scanty information. You say nothing as to the provision of green food, nor as to the situation of their globe. Many persons appear to think that if gold-fish are given fresh water it is all they need. They might as well send a man to a mountain-top and expect him to exist on the abundant fresh air he will get there. Keep the bowl out of the way of the sunbeams, do not change the water so long as it remains perfectly clear, but put in a growing plant of American Pond-weed (also known as Water Thyme), a handful of Duckweed from a pond, and three or four pond-snails. Add to their diet occasionally a few small red worms, or a little raw lean meat shredded very fine. It is most probable that your fish have been starved to death.

Books Wanted.—"Ornithologist" (Stoke Poges) will find Canon Atkinson's *Birds' Nests and Eggs* (Routledge) what he wants. It is issued with coloured plates at 2s. 6d., or with plain plates at 6d.

Another cheap work is Macpherson's *British Birds* in the Young Collector Series (Sonnenschein, 1s.)—"Chafer" (Bristol): *The Catalogue of British Coleoptera*, by D. Sharp and W. W. Fowler (L. Reeve and Co., 1s. 6d.).

Canaries.—It is very difficult to suggest reasons why pets die without knowing all the circumstances, but probably "Tandrago's" young canaries suffered from their food being exclusively dry. As soon as your next batch of eggs is hatched give the parents a little hard-boiled egg, chopped very fine and mixed with a little bread that has been soaked in warm water, but from which the water has all been pressed out. At this time, too, the rape-seed should be first boiled, then washed in cold water and drained. Take care that none of this food is left in the cage until it gets sour.

Owls and Ducks.—F. W. Warde (Retford) and a friend have two Long-eared Owls which they have fed so far on small rats, mice, and birds. They wish to know if this is correct. Yes; but you might vary their diet by giving them beetles, grasshoppers, and other large insects, and when the mice and birds are scarce, give them lean mutton. The cage should be large and of sufficient depth to enable the birds to get into deep shade in the daytime. F. W. Warde also wishes to know how to treat Wild Ducks to prevent their flying off. His were hatched out by a hen, and he wishes to keep them. The usual practice is to "pinion" them—that is, to take off the first joint of the wing; but I am much opposed to the mutilation of animals, whether it be docking the tails of dogs and horses, cropping ears of dogs, or pinioning birds. I would rather take the risk of the ducks joining their wild companions.

Dwarfed Trees.—The dwarfed trees of the Japanese and Chinese are really old specimens, some of them several centuries old, and except in size have all the characters of ancient forest trees. "Pigmy" (Clapham) can see a number of these of various species in the windows of Messrs. Barr, King-street, Covent-garden, who would probably give him instructions for the care of any specimen purchased. Those on view at the time of writing range in price from 15s. to 12 guineas each, according to age and the difficulty of growth on so small a scale.

Bird Calls.—Harry Cross (Sidcup), when visiting Derbyshire lately, heard a bird which he thought was a Plover from its cry of "pee-wit," but he was told there were no Plovers in the county, and that the bird was a jackdaw. Your informant, Harry, was certainly mistaken. The Jackdaw always advertises himself by calling out "Jack, Jack!" The bird was the Lapwing. The cry of the Ringed Plover is "pen-y-et," or "pooree." You should study Witchell's *Cries and Call-notes of Wold Birds*, published by L. Upcott Gill, 1s. It gives the calls and songs of nearly all our native birds.

Budgerigars.—The description of R. Ashby's parroquet shows it is the Budgerigar, or

BUDGERIGARS, OR AUSTRALIAN LOVE BIRDS.

Australian Love-bird, distinguished by its general green hue, blue patches on the cheeks, and long, slender tail feathers, which are blue and longer than the body. It is a seed-eater; but it should be kept by itself, as it has the reputation of killing smaller birds. Yes; it breeds in this country pretty freely.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 12th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 12th.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"Popular Expressions."**—Send on a CAPTAIN post-card a list of what you consider to be the twelve expressions most frequently used by people in every day conversation. The expressions you send must consist of *more* than one word; so don't put down "Yes," "No," "Hurrah," or any other *single* word exclamation. The sender of the best list will receive a Ten-Guinea "Triumph" Bicycle.

One Age limit ... ... Twenty-one.

No. 2.—**"Omitted Words."**—Supply, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d. post free, the omitted words in the following paragraph, which occurs in Part II. of "The Manœuvres of Charteris." The dots represent the number of letters in the ten words left out. Write out the sentence neatly, and underline the words you supply in place of those omitted.

They relied on their . . . . . to translate either of the . . . . . at sight, and without . . . . . acquaintance. The . . . . . notion that . . . . . is hard . . . . . appeals to a . . . . . of a public school. There are two ways of translating . . . . . the . . . . . and the other. He . . . . . the other.

Nine of Messrs. Lindner's Complete Printing Outfits will be awarded as prizes, three to each class. (See illustration.)

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ..	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Professional Team for Australia."**—Make out, on a CAPTAIN post-card, what you consider would be the best professional cricket team we could send to Australia, judging by the results of this year's play. The team should consist of fourteen men, and you should head your list with the professional, who, in your opinion, would make the best Captain. Put the other players in order of merit after him. The man you would select for Captain need not necessarily be the best player. The team sent in which comes nearest to that chosen by the votes of the majority will win the prize in each class. Prizes: Class I., a Guinea Lillywhite, Frowd and Co.'s Cricket Bat: Classes II. and III., a Guinea Gamage Bat, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes' page.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Howlers Competition."**—Send us, on a CAPTAIN post-card, the most humorous "howler" that has come before your notice. The following is an example: "The equator is a menagerie line running round the earth and through Asia and Africa." Six Pictorial Post-Card Albums, supplied by Messrs. W. J. Jones, will be awarded as prizes. (See illustration on CAPTAIN Prizes' page.)

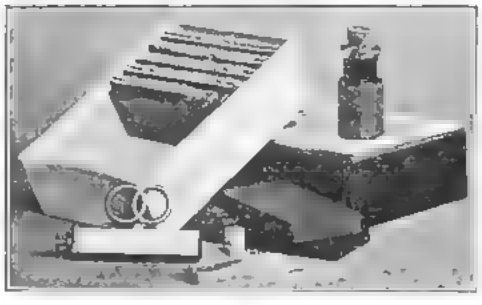
Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Hidden Animals."**—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is supposed to represent the name of a well-known animal. Write the name under each, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear out the page, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending in correct solutions, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. Prizes: Class I., a W. Butcher and Son's No 2 "Pom-Pom" Roll-Film Camera, value £1 1s.; Class II., two 10s. "Scout" Cameras; Class III., two 10s. Brownie Cameras—as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes' page.

Class I.	... .	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	.. ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Hand or stand camera work. Any subject. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Own Combined Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fourteen.



To encourage our Photographic and Artistic Readers to stamp their names and addresses on the back of their contributions, we are awarding Nine of these Complete Printing Outfits as prizes in the "Omitted Words" Competition.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

A Reward for Mr. Chamberlain.—In our May number we offered to present a "Premier" bicycle to the competitor forwarding the best suggestion for a reward to Mr. Chamberlain in recognition of his services in South Africa, the King being the supposed prize-giver. The suggestions that reached us, as may be imagined, were of a very varied character, some serious, some humorous. After very careful consideration, we decided to present the bicycle to Mr. J. H. Weeks, of Birmingham, for the following:—

"I would give Mr. Chamberlain the sum of £50,000, to be spent in the erection of a Home for Widows and Children of those gallant warriors who fell in the recent Boer War, thereby perpetuating Mr. Chamberlain's memory, not by a useless statue, but by an Institution which would earn him the blessing of *thousands*."

A great number of the post-cards submitted, as our Competition Editor remarked last month, suggested an award of the nature of a peerage, the Premiership, or a gift of orchids. I would point out to my young readers, with regard to the second-named gift, that the Premiership is not handed from this statesman to that at the fancy of his Majesty. The present holder of that exalted office is the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour, and while he is in possession of it I do not quite see how Mr. Chamberlain could suddenly succeed to the post because certain readers of THE CAPTAIN would like to see him do so.

Here is a small selection from the post-cards we received:—

"I would raise him to the peerage, giving Joseph a coat-of-arms of many colours, emblematical of the fact that the sun and moon (Transvaal and Orange Free State), together with the lesser stars, all do obeisance to him."—(A. WESTWELL, Ramsbottom, Lancs.)

"I would increase his "*screw*."—(G. BONSTEAD, Marlborough College).

"If I were King I would offer Mr. Chamberlain a pair of spectacles to replace the usual eye-glass, so that he might not take a one-sided view of questions in which he is interested."—(H. W. LEMON, Ranelagh, Dublin.)

"Just give him what he most would like,
A Peerage and a 'Premier' bike!"
(JACK LOUTET, Dundee.)

If I were King—ah! Joe!—if I were King!
A Viscount's jewelled coronet I'd bring
To rest upon your forehead; and I'd say
Twice thirty thousands pounds my realm shall pay
In recognition of your peace-making—
If I were King.
(MARIAN HEWITT, Ipswich.)

"As Mr. Chamberlain does not wish for a peerage, I suggest that King Edward should offer him a mansion, the rooms of which I would furnish in different fashions, each typical of some country or colony which has felt the benefit of his glorious statesmanship. I would also make him Premier on the first occasion proper. To further show my gratitude for his services to the Empire, I would allow him the use of the Royal yacht during Parliament's Prorogation."—(T. R. DAVIS, West Norwood.)

That yacht idea is very refreshing! Well, such are a few of the many suggestions that reached us. The rest simply rang changes on the peerage—Premiership—gift of orchids—country's thanks—ideas. With regard to the peerage award, those who made this proposition ought to know that a peerage is the last thing desired by a politician who is prominently engaged in the House of Commons. His acceptance of such an honour removes him from the real arena of party warfare to a Chamber that generally adjourns at five in the afternoon, and whose proceedings would prove particularly unsatisfying to a debater of Mr. Chamberlain's pugilistic tendencies. When a man receives a peerage he is often said to be "shelved," and I am sure no one wants to see the Colonial Secretary consigned to the gilded limbo of

the Upper House. Beaconsfield, as some of you may know, only accepted a peerage because of the honour conferred thereby on his wife—so, at any rate, the story goes.

The Rev. S. B. Adams, D.D., Vicar of Northmarston, Bucks, was agreeably surprised to find my extracts from his book, "Tastes and Habits," in our May number. This book was published as long ago as 1876, and is now "out of print," so its author was naturally somewhat astonished to find me quoting from it. "Schorne College, Bucks," writes Dr. Adams, "takes in THE CAPTAIN, which I never have seen till this sunshiny morning of May 18th. But to-day one of the Schorne boys sends over the May number to this Vicarage, from the school on the other side of the churchyard, and I am startled and stimulated by your references to my book of Essays, and especially to that reference to its position in a friend's library. . . . May I repeat the warning you are good enough to quote against the use, by the young at any rate, of memoranda of appointments, engagements, and duties generally. It simply tends to ruin the memory, and a schoolboy who is lost without his memorandum-book is in a bad way. . . . I love boys. I have preached to them on Birds'-Nesting, Snowballing, Games, Holidays, and other such topics. I have published a book of sermons called 'Our Boys.' I shall read THE CAPTAIN in future, and I hope your readers will eschew memoranda, whether in shirt-cuff or book form."

So writes our good friend. I trust Dr. Adams will always find THE CAPTAIN to his liking, for he is evidently one of those "old boys" who are perennially interested in the doings and the sayings, the thoughts and aspirations, of the young ones.

Mr. H. M. Gooch.—Those of our readers who started taking in THE CAPTAIN with No. 1 will recollect that our first Stamp Expert was Mr. H. M. Gooch. In January, 1901, however, the call of duty took Mr. Gooch to Australia, where, during his long absence, he has done a great deal of very useful mission work. Mr. Gooch has recently returned to these shores, and, though he will not resume his Stamp-Collecting contributions, he wishes, nevertheless, to be most kindly remembered to those CAPTAIN philatelists who knew him of old. I may mention that in the course of his Australasian tour Mr. Gooch spent three months in Victoria, three months in New South Wales, six weeks in Queensland, and then visited New Zealand (where he remained for seven months) and Tasmania. In July, 1902, he was joined by Mr. R. F. Drury, of Wadham College, Oxford, and together they made another journey round all the Colonies aforenamed, visiting many colleges and schools and addressing the universities. They separated last March, and Mr. Gooch then journeyed from Auckland to Fiji, and thence to Honolulu—Vancouver—the "Rockies"—Chicago—Toronto—Ottawa—Montreal—New York—Quebec, "and so home." In Canada Mr. Gooch spoke at the Upper Canada College (the Eton of that colony) and was there and elsewhere delighted to meet staunch readers of THE CAPTAIN. In fact, he met such all along the line. Mr. Gooch is to be congratulated on his thoroughness and enterprise. The experience he gained on this big round tour should provide him with excellent material for many interesting lectures and addresses.

"Life in the Mercantile Marine."—This is a cheery, breezy, informative book by "our" Captain Charles Protheroe. A good many CAPTAIN readers want to know about the Merchant Service, and so here's their chance! "When I was fourteen," writes the author, "by ceaseless pestering, for my mother had no wish that I should follow in the footsteps of my brothers, I gained permission to apply for a vacancy as apprentice in a shipping company." And in course of time young Protheroe paid down his £50 premium and sailed away "in a full-rigged ship of a thousand odd tons."

Here is a characteristic note on a sailor's luck in the matter of being wrecked—or otherwise:—

> I was talking a few chapters ago of the different sorts of luck, if any there be, that attended ships, and I think the same sort of argument applies equally to sailors. Perhaps some occult influence, drawing like to like, may be the means of guiding the unlucky sailor to the unlucky ship. However that may be, the fact that some sailors are much more unfortunate than others is beyond question. Like the pitcher that goes often to the well, that the sailor who goes often to sea must be wrecked at last (by the way, one of the most questions put to sailors by people ashore) is not always borne out by fact. Some will go to sea all their lives and have nothing worse to chronicle in the way of adventure than something stopping a long way short of wreck, whilst others are quite intimate with the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and for any length of time never seem clear of it.
>
> We had a case in point, one of many I have known, on board this ship bound for Melbourne, a member of the crew having a most disastrous re

cord, which there is not the slightest doubt was true. He had shipped on a vessel bound for the Colonies, but when off Portland was run down by another ship, and the crew being rescued were returned again to London. He then joined the *Dunrau Dunbar* (not to be confounded with the *Dunbar* wrecked at Sydney Heads) which was lost on St. Pauls, a pinnacle of rocks in the vicinity, and just north, of the equator Picked up and returned to London once more, one would think evil fortune for a time at least had nothing further to offer in this direction. But not so: pursued by his ill-luck he again signed articles, this time in the ill-fated *London*, which, as most people know, foundered in the Bay of Biscay, he being one of the few survivors. After he had told me the story I didn't feel easy in my mind with such a Jonah on board, but took comfort from the reflection that, after three misfortunes in succession, which are said to be the maximum number of such things, we had a good chance of reaching our destination safely.

"Life in the Mercantile Marine" is published by Mr. John Lane, the Bodley Head, London, price 3s. 6d.

Essex Roads for Cyclists. — It may be very bad taste (writes Mr. Larrette, in a postscript to his article on "Short Rides Round London"), but I cannot enthuse over the Essex roads. Those nearer London are sadly overrun by holiday folk, while both the routes to Southend present few attractions for me, as they are generally very rough. In the more remote parts of the county there are some pleasant lanes, and a few weeks back, to "nurse" the strong east wind, I took the train to Chelmsford. I rode against the wind to Braintree, and thence, right across country, through Thaxted (a magnificent church here), Newport, Clavering, Brent, Pelham, Buntingford, Cottered, Walkern, and Aston, to the great North Road at Knebworth.

There is some enjoyable lane riding to be had "far from the madding crowd" in north-east Herts, but to explore the little known (to London riders) part of the country the G.E.R. should be taken either to Broxbourne or Bishop's Stortford. None of the rides I have suggested in my article will appeal to the speed men, but those who follow the pastime of cycling for its health-giving and recreative properties, if they adhere to my directions, will be surprised to find so many beauty spots within easy distance of London.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Howard Jenkyns.—(1) A private secretary must be able to write shorthand, and it is of advantage to him if he can work a typewriter. He must be agreeable and brisk, and be able to make himself useful in many ways, socially and otherwise. (2) A private secretary with a fluent knowledge of several languages and a degree ought to be able to get £150 a year, with board and lodging, if he is lucky (3) A private secretary to an M.P. or titled person would have to write letters chiefly, and see visitors, and make himself generally useful on all sorts of occasions. He would get to know the inner workings of Parliamentary matters, and might himself become an M.P. some day, if he had enough money. It costs from £800 to £900 to become an M.P., unless you are backed up financially by your party. (4) Good private secretaryships are most difficult to obtain. They are mostly got through influence. Sometimes they are advertised for in papers like the *Standard*, *Times*, *Athenæum*, and *Academy*

C. M. W. sends me a very charming letter. She has been a nurse in a hospital for three years, and has for a long time subscribed regularly to THE CAPTAIN. Her CAPTAIN goes round the men's wards, then she sends it to an old patient, and after that it goes to still another old patient, or to the Seamen's Institute at Falmouth. The other nurses laugh at "C. M. W." for taking in a boys' magazine, but she notices that if it is left about they generally take a sly look at it! My correspondent suggests that readers of THE CAPTAIN who do not care to keep their copies, should send them to the nearest hospital or sailors' home, as such places are always in want of literature of this kind.

W. L.—As regards your question about studying for the profession of an artist, I may tell you that it won't be much use unless you have exceptional ability, as there are already a number of highly-trained artists who can get very little work to do. The certificates for the drawing exams. you speak of do not count for very much; they show that you have a certain amount of ability in designing, but when you come up to Fleet street to make a living all this sort of thing goes for very little unless you can strike out a good, strong, original line. There is no reason why you should not become an art master by following the course you suggest, but I cannot advise you to take up the five years' apprenticeship and pay a premium, with the idea of becoming an illustrator, because you might do your five years and then find it extremely hard to earn bread-and cheese at the end of it. Illustrators are born. A good many of the leading black-and-white artists of to-day have never been inside a school. Drawing seems to come to them naturally, as poetry and the writing of fiction do to poets and novelists. Still, there is no doubt that the course you suggest would qualify you to teach drawing in a school, which is a very different thing to doing illustrations for papers and magazines. Having given you this advice, I must leave you to settle what you will do in your own way.

W. T. C.—I am not acquainted with the respective merits of Brighton, Lancing, the Leys, Fettes, Glenalmond, Loretto, Eastbourne, or Bradfield, and if I were I should not like to make such invidious comparisons, in accordance with your request. They are all very good schools, and turn out very good fellows.

An Argentine.—I thank you for pointing out the mistakes in the Spanish expressions. I have forwarded your letter to the author of the story.

W. A. C.—You are a cruel critic, Mr. C. You mustn't dissect poetry in that way, my fellow fagger.

Anxious.—The cure for loss of hair depends upon the cause. If you have been ill, try a tonic for the general health. But this should be pre-

scribed by a doctor—not bought at random—and no doubt your medical adviser will instruct you as to what wash to use for your scalp.

The City Photographic Club.—Those of my readers with photographic proclivities will find this club an excellent rendezvous when in town. Situated at 54 Gracechurch-street, E.C., it is easily accessible from most of the railway termini. Here, in addition to being able to purchase all they may want in the photographic line, on payment of a nominal annual subscription, they may enjoy the advantages of membership of the club, which include free use of the dark-room, replete with developing paraphernalia, and reading-room, where they can partake of coffee and consult the photographic journals while their negatives are being washed, and, best of all, obtain free advice on matters photographic from the experts always in attendance. Demonstrations in the use of the most recent adjunct to minus-dark-room photography—the Pocket Dark-Room and the latest cameras, plates, papers, etc., are given every day, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. (Saturdays, 2 p.m.).

C. M. R. (Hove).—Appointments for commissions in the Cape Mounted Rifles are made from regiments at home, and from the ranks. In the former case it would be done through the Colonial Office. There is no literary examination. It is not expensive, and you can live on your pay. If you were seconded from the Home Army for service with the C.M.R., there would be no examination, unless you had entered the Army from the Militia or Imperial Yeomanry, in which case, on and after September, 1904, you would be examined in military subjects only.

J. C. Linekar (Colwyn Bay).—(1) Your name arrived after the list had been compiled. (2) An Official Representative undertakes to do all he can for THE CAPTAIN in the way of introducing it to non-subscribers. (3) Yes: C. C., which indicates that you are a member of THE CAPTAIN Club.

F. Lukey (Victoria, Australia).—"Floreat Schola Bedfordiensis" and "Porta vocat culpa" are the mottoes of Bedford Grammar School and Repton respectively. Mr. Fry will reply to your other question.

Soldier (Hackney).—Write to the Adjutant, London Rifle Brigade Cadets, Bunhill-row, E.C., or, if over seventeen, you might apply to Major the Hon. E. J. Mills, D.S.O., 31 Threadneedle street, E.C., concerning the West Kent Imperial Yeomanry.

O. P. A. (Sheffield). (1) THE CAPTAIN Club is composed of regular purchasers of THE CAPTAIN. There is no entrance fee. (2) Yes, providing each attempt is sent separately.

Non-Archer (Glasgow).—You can obtain a good 6ft. bow for 5s. from Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, London. 24in. arrows cost 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Merrie England (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—Clubbed. Have handed letter to Mr. Fry.

S. G. E. (London, S.W.).—CAPTAIN post card to hand. Do not understand reference to socks and shirts. Something, or some one, has gone wrong, for we have not yet started in the hosiery trade.

Lindsay D. Boyle (Highbury, N.).—The subject of your letter has filled everybody with the deepest regret. It is a painful topic, and one upon which I do not feel inclined to enlarge in this summer holiday number.

"Townite."—Congraggers on your success in the Boy Clerks' exam. Keep pegging away at your evening class work, and you will do big things as your various exams. come along. There is no O.R.C.C. of London, but numerous O.R.C.C.'s in the various districts.

Alex. Scott, Jun. (Tillicoultry, N.B.).—Should be only too glad to adopt your suggestion, but cannot see my way to at present.

William Armstrong (Edinburgh).—Clubbed. Am offering post-card albums as prizes: see Competitions Page. Suggestions for comps. noted.

H. F. Knight, C.C. (Paris).—The subject of your description has been dealt with so exhaustively in the public Press as to leave very little margin for your own personal observations.

C. C. Helt (Blundell's School).—Your mathematical puzzle lacks originality. Years and years ago, how many I dare not say, it was known in all the schools I knew of and among all the boys I ever met.

R. C. Tharp (Notting Hill, W.).—We don't know *who* he is. Ask Mr. Hassall. You seem to have come out of the deal very well.

R. S. Kisby (Preston).—Clubbed. Thanks for information *re* Assistant Clerkships in the Navy.

N. Ouchterlong.—To merit publication in THE CAPTAIN, a photo should possess some special interest. Your photo, by the way, is too dim for publication in any case. Thanks all the same, and kind regards to your friend.

"A Captain Cavalier" (Monkseaton, R.S.O.).—Avoid vague and misleading assertions, and cultivate a crisp style to take the place of the rambling manner you now have of setting down your observations. You write intelligibly, which, after all, is more important than all else.

L. Duffy (Southsea).—Your description of the Charge of the Six Hundred gives me the impression of a paraphrase of Tennyson's famous lines; in fact, probably quite unconsciously, you have interpolated some of his expressions. You are too diffuse. You must cultivate the power of expressing what you have to say within reasonable limits.

A. W. Hall (Kilmersdon).—You must write a letter to each author whose autograph you want, and enclose stamped envelope.

Ernest Neels (Leyton).—Yes.

Wallace Fish (Penzance).—Clubbed. Please send article on the old "Ding-Dong" mine to THE CAPTAIN Club pages, but keep it quite short.

Quies (West Dulwich).—Clubbed. Please send a stamped, addressed envelope for the names of the books. We cannot fill up our columns with information that only interests one reader.

Our Birthday.—Many thanks to M. Schinhelm, "March Hare," and others for their kind wishes.

Official Representatives Appointed.—"Model Engineer" (University School, Hastings), C. H. Millar (Rugby School), R. E. Thomas (Whitby), Hugh L. Burton (Worthing; late Burton-on-Trent), H. Davenport Rice (Ark House School, Banbury), H. Tyrrell Green (Hastings), E. A. Hill (St. Petersburg).

Clubbed. C. H. J. (Hoylake), "W. J." (Dulwich), T. H. Taylor (Warrington), Winifred Grant (Burnley).

Letters, &c., have also been received from "First Mate," Tom Edwards, W. A. Adams, B. Tailyor, Nora Simmonds (Ardwick, Manchester), Brian Craig (Napier, New Zealand), W. R. Brooks (Witney), J. L. Speck (Oxford), The Abbess (Cranbrook), Harry Retford (London), T. E. Curtis (Oldham), E. Rowe Duton (Weston-super-Mare).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"Best Value for a Penny."

WINNER OF £12 12s "HOBART" BICYCLE W. Wylie Stewart, 312 West Prince's Street, Glasgow

HONOURABLE MENTION J. Burnard, A. Atherton, Ernest Neels, T. J. Fisher, Charles Hopkins, F. Wardley, Frida Phillips, J. W. Ridge, Victor Towers, Alfred Scholfield, A. B. Elliott, J. H. Weeks, J. C. Matthew, Nora Simmons, Noel Edward Lean, M. N. Abbay, F. Hughes, H. R. Farrar, Ernest W. Kenyon, B. Bickerton, J. W. Dransfield, Leonard J. Smith, William A. Mann, G. Williamson, Arthur Wheeler, James H. Walker, William A. Frame, Hope Portrey, R. G. Purcell, W. Carter, Norman Crawford, Chas. Gordon McClure.

No. II.—"Hidden Books."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BENSTINK'S "SELECTED" CRICKET BAT: James H. Walker, 502 John Williamson Street, South Shields.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. M. Hayman, 19 Pembridge Gardens, Bayswater, London, W.; W. E. New, 3 New North Road, Attleborough, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Mackenzie, Maud Harvey, R. C. Woodthorpe, Ethel J. Shelton, William Armstrong, Edgar Redman, Harry Valentine, Charles James, A. Const, Samuel McClure, Arthur Wheeler, A. B. Newcomen, P. Perkins, H. B. Gunn, Irene Henderson, A. McMillan, F. E. Petter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT as above: James H. Skuse, Ballykean Rectory, Porterlington, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Agnes L. Steuart, Osborn Cottage, Broxburn, N.B.; E. F. Lawrance, Mitford Cottage, Archbold Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Wright, Charles E. Peacock, J. E. Gruchy, C. P. Durrant, Maurice R. Ridley, Arthur Atherton, C. R. Debnson, J. S. Tombs, W. J. Cowan, Basil H. Jewitt, Val. Murray.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT as above: A. Chapman, Albington, Wherwell Road, Guildford, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. M. Parsons, 31 South Avenue, Rochester, Kent; H. Hoyle, Spring Bank, Bacup, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. A. Mills, Arthur E. Miller, P. McCormack, Angus Munro, J. F. Bishop, James Sellar, W. A. Johnson, Kenneth Bellis.

No. III.—"Egyptian Puzzle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER: John Snellgrove, 27 Hotham Road, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. H. Walker, J. C. Matthew, Jack Loutet, Wm. A. Thomasson, J. A. Weller, E. H. Venables, Alexander R. Cousins, W. J. Coote, B. Whittle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW'S OWN COMBINED DEVELOPER: David Rankin, 2 Cadzow Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. A. Rankin, Percy Walter, Marie E. Dixon.

No. IV.—"Six Most Popular Living Englishmen."

WINNERS OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BATS: Henry J. F. Parker, 8 Avenue Road, Doncaster; J. C. Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth; Chas. Hopkins, 88 Kingswood Road, New Brompton, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts; Edwin H. Rhodes, Woore, near Newcastle, Staffs.; Owen C. Howse, 11 Culmstock Street, Clapham Common, S.W.; Harry Frits, Lyndhurst, Greys Road, Farncombe, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Armstrong, Basil Edis, P. Collier, W. Hewitt, A. B. Newcomen, Alix. Scott, A. A. Crabbe, Alf. H. Paul, G. N. Rigg, A. L. Adams, Agnes James, W. A. Oldfield, L. King, John W. Taylor, T. G. Newcomen, A. H. Cort, Edward A. Luff, A. W. Longstaff.

No. V. "Six Best Features in 'The Captain.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF LINDNER "FAMILY" PRINTING OUTFIT: Ernest Neels, 123 Grange Park Road, Leyton, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: George C. Anne, Château du Hurt, près Boulogne-sur-Mer, France; H. W. Port, 48 Middle Street, Brighton; Henry Inmen, 52 Mawbey Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRINTING OUTFIT as above: H. Everson, 136 Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Arthur S. Martin, Fair View, Camberley, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Harold V. Love, 5 Brandon Road, Southsea, Hants.; R. G. Davis, 54 Melody Road, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRINTING OUTFIT as above: R. S. B. Porter, The New Beacon, Sevenoaks, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Gerald Beard, Arden House, Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire.

No. VI.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "HOBBIES" 30s. CAMERA: Frank Buzzard, 33 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: John Brooks, Newlands, Avenue Road, Doncaster; John Gray, Greenfield Cottage, Alloway, Ayr, N.B.; Charles Allan, 458 Gallowgate, Glasgow; Cyril U. Whitney, 21 Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May O. Simpson, R. M. Esam, D. Robertson, John Pelson, T. H. Walker, J. A. Humphreys, Rennie Hopper, J. Richardson, E. Arthur Miller.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF 10s. "SCOUT" CAMERAS: C. L. Graham, Manor House, Tonbridge; W. J. Jones, 14 Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.; Angus Mennie, 22 Lancefield Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. Bateman, H. Ratcliffe, Nellie Bancroft, T. Harold Chester, Mary Chilton, H. Taylor, Claude H. Burfield, J. E. Hargrave, J. F. Iredale, Allan Poland, W. L. Taylor, W. Bennet Clark.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF 10s. BROWNIE CAMERAS: Hubert Haward, Woodstock Corner, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.; Frank R. Howse, 11 Culmstock Street, Clapham Common, S.W.; Alan B. Peck, 3 Rawlinson Road, Southport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Lindley, W. Pryce Jones, C. H. Grantham, Theo. White, S. G. Turner, H. Beattie, G. S. Neal, Jack Brooks, R. E. Dickinson, E. J. Robinson, H. N. Singleton.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (FEBRUARY 1903.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: C. V. Hamilton, Cottealoe, Battery Point, Hobart, Tasmania.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Dallas F. Grahame, 12 Lorne Crescent, Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Natal).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

5s. DIVIDED BETWEEN: Rupert Scott, Annabrae House, Brisbane Road, Launceston, Tasmania; and Brian Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini Tal, Kumaon, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Digby Gordon Harris (India), Frederick James English (Byculla, India), Frank Brierly (Trinidad), E. F. Leplastrier (Australia).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE JUNE COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—We hope to publish a selection of the best "best values," together with the winner's definition, next month.

No. II.—A fair number had the list quite right, especially in Class II. Good substitutes for No. II. were "Night and Morning," and "In the Middle Watch," for No. VI. "Vice Versâ," and "Looking Backward;" and for Nos. X and XII, "The Haunted House," and "Oliver Twist." The correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

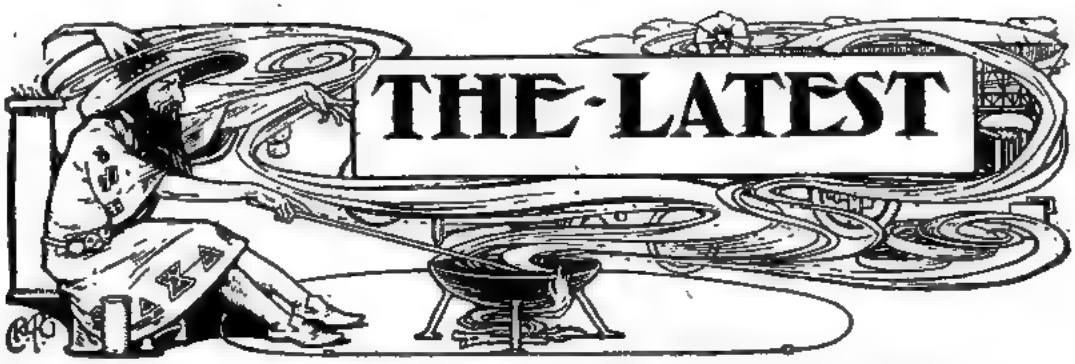
III. The "Egyptian Puzzle" proved somewhat difficult, although capable of more than one solution, the prizes being awarded to the senders of the most neatly executed solutions.

No. IV.—The Editor's List of "The Six Most Popular Living Englishmen," is as follows: H.M. The King, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Roberts, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. C. B. Fry. Only one competitor had the list entirely right, but a great many had only one wrong, so neatness counted considerably.

No. V.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:—The Long 'Un, The Athletic Corner, The Run of the Charter Car, Lower School Yarns, The Will and the Deed, The Isle of Fortune. Next on the list came Dulwich College, the Competitions, and "My Run for Life." A good many competitors had the voted list quite right, so that neatness had again to be taken into consideration.

VI.—Some exceptionally good artistic effects were submitted in Class I., while the photographs in Classes II. and III. were quite up to the average.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS' COMPETITION: A photograph was successful in Class I., and in Class II. a pen and ink sketch obtained the prize, while in Class III. the award was divided between the senders of a photograph and an essay respectively. This Competition is now discontinued.



The Latest for Bathers.

Just now everyone's thoughts are of the sea, the glorious sea. Bathers will find that "Ayvad Water Wings" afford ample opportunities for sport in the water. Moreover, they give confidence to non-swimmers, and enable them to learn quickly. They can be carried in one's pocket, and when inflated will support anyone in the water. They are to be obtained of Messrs. Molleson Hughes and Co., 27 Almond-street, Liverpool.

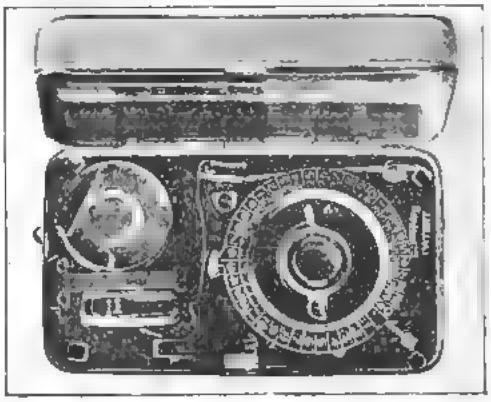
THE AYVAD WATER WINGS.

Turbine Steamers for the Channel Services.

Messrs. Denny Bros., the noted shipbuilders of Dumbarton, have kindly sent THE CAPTAIN the accompanying photo of the new "turbine" steamer, which they recently built for the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. A similar vessel is now being run by the Brighton company.

To Save Trouble in Saving.

By means of the "Empire" Savings Bank Money Box, recently introduced by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., you can save any given number



AN INGENIOUS MONEY-BOX.

of sixpences up to 40. You must make up your mind before closing the lid, for, once closed, the bank cannot be opened until it contains the requisite number. The money box costs 6d.

THE SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY'S NEW TURBINE STEAMER FOR THE CHANNEL SERVICES.

The Latest in Buoys.

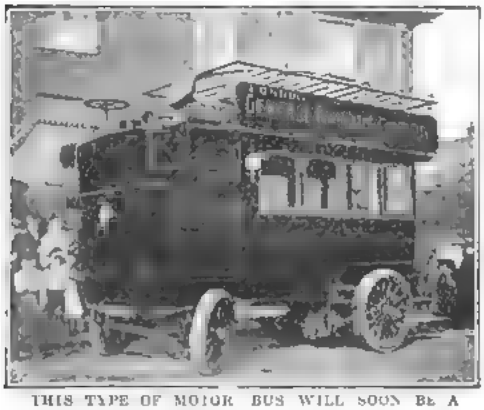
A series of interesting experiments is now taking place in certain German harbours in connection with an electric buoy, which is lighted by an electric current generated by the action of the waves. This will be a great improvement

AN ELECTRIC BUOY.

on all existing types of electric buoys, as the wires connecting with the power house on shore are thus dispensed with. The motion of the waves is utilised to operate a small dynamo, which in turn feeds the current into a storage battery, and by this means the supply for the lamp is kept uniform, even during long spells of the calmest of weather. Bells are also attached to the buoy, so that, in the event of fog, ships may still be warned of its whereabouts.

The Coming of the Motor 'Bus.

Nineteen out of twenty Americans will tell you that one of the sights that strikes them most when first visiting London is our "queer horse-drawn car"—meaning, of course, the typical London 'bus, which, in its thousands, rumbles and jolts through our principal thoroughfares. In the heart of the metropolis the street tram, such as is used to so large an extent in our provincial cities and in the U.S.A., has never been allowed to run. Consequently, the horse-drawn 'bus has multiplied and flourished. But "Tube" competition has forced the 'bus companies to look round and improve their methods of working, and one of the first results will be the use of the motor instead of the horse. Already numbers of motor 'buses, designed on what is known as the Fischer system, are being constructed for the London omnibus companies, and one of the first of these is shown in the accompanying snapshot.



THIS TYPE OF MOTOR BUS WILL SOON BE A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN LONDON STREETS.

The Pocket Dark Room.

Daylight loading cameras, now so popular, have at last been followed by the Pocket Dark-Room, which, in conjunction with the folding pocket-camera, completes what is aptly called "pocket-photography"; so that it is now possible for one to carry about one's person all that is required for the production of a photographic negative, the orthodox dark room being quite dispensed with. The Pocket Dark-Room possesses several advantages over most daylight developing machines; as, in addition to the developer being inserted in daylight, each negative is treated separately, and the process of development may be observed and is fully under control. On account of its extreme portability, the Pocket Dark-Room should find great favour with cyclo-photographers, to whom weight and space are considerations. It is made by the Pocket Photography Company, Ltd., 56 Gracechurch Street, E.C., where it may be seen in operation any day between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. The No. 1 size, now on the market, only costs 25s., and both plates and films may be developed in it.

MODELS TO SCALE. CONTRACTORS to the BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

"CLYDE BUILT" MODEL RACING YACHTS.

CAN ONLY BE HAD FROM US.

Built by our own practical and experienced Yacht-Builders.

"Tested in water under full Sail and Guaranteed."

NOTE.—All sizes given below are LENGTHS OF DECK ONLY, and do NOT include Bowsprits.

OUR FAMED RACING

These Yachts are neatly carved and finished. Fitted Keel, &c., and with our Satin made Striped cloth, taken

CLYDE MODEL YACHTS.

now so well known to manufacture. Beautifully enamelled, and well with Helm, Lead completely rigged brass fittings, from our Special Model Sail-Sails can be up & down.

As we have always a large demand for our yachts, we would respectfully request your order NOW, and we shall reserve the Design and Size you wish, as our output is limited, and all orders are executed in rotation. For Illustrations, &c., of our other designs of Model Racing Yachts, &c., send to-day for our "Complete Catalogue." Contains over 600 Splendid Engravings of our "Clyde Built Model Racing Yachts," Boat Fittings [Patent Sliding Steering Gear, 2/-, specially made Model Ensign or blue striped Sailcloth, 1/- per yard; Spider Hoops with Goose Necks 2/6, Gaff-Boom Irons, 6d., Flags, Cord, Anchors, Blocks, &c.]

Price, carriage free :—

No. 1.	Length 16 in.	6/6
No. 2.	" 18 in.	8/6
No. 3.	" 20 in.	10/9
No. 4.	" 21 in.	12/6
No. 5.	" 22 in.	15/6
No. 6.	" 23 in.	17/6
No. 7.	" 24 in.	21/-

No 1 Size is Bermuda-rigged, the other Cutters rigged as per Engraving, but Nos 4, 5, 6, and 7 having Flying Jib extra.

Our latest design "SHAMROCK III."

Magnificently carved from selected lines, and beautifully enamelled. Sails made from our Specially made Model Striped Sailcloth. Varnished Spars, Brass Fittings, &c. Sails, &c., fitted with Hooks, Eyes, &c., and all running so that they can easily be raised or lowered. Complete with Rudder, "Fin Keel," &c.

No. 1.	Length 20 in.	15/6	No. 3.	Length 24 in.	27/6
" 2.	" 22 in.	20/-	" 4.	" 26 in.	35/-

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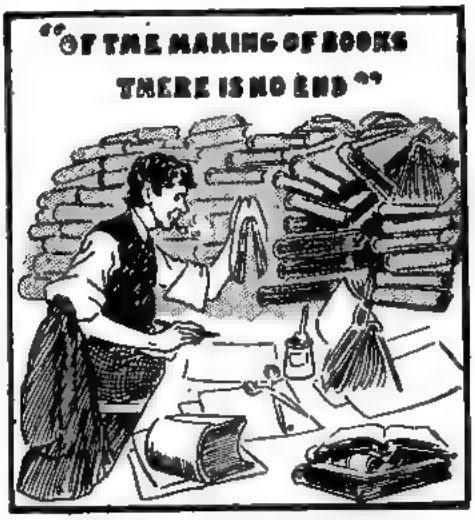

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See "CAPTAIN" Competitions for AUGUST, on page 483.

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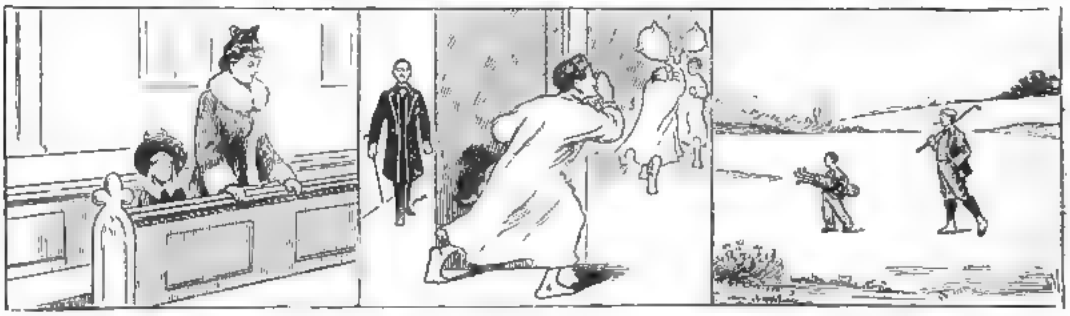

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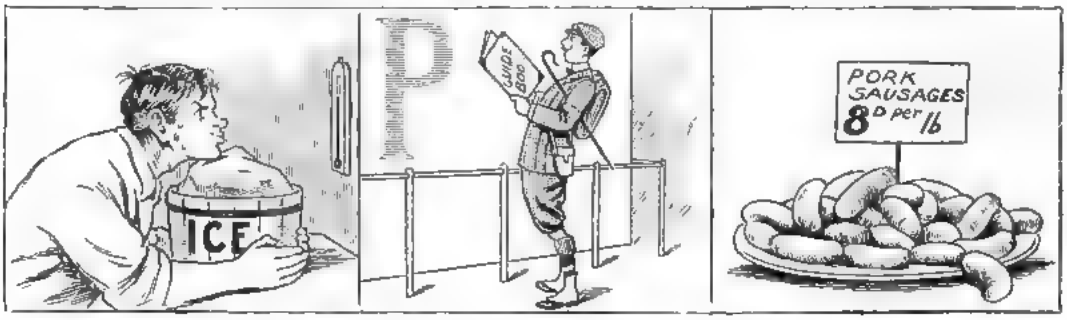

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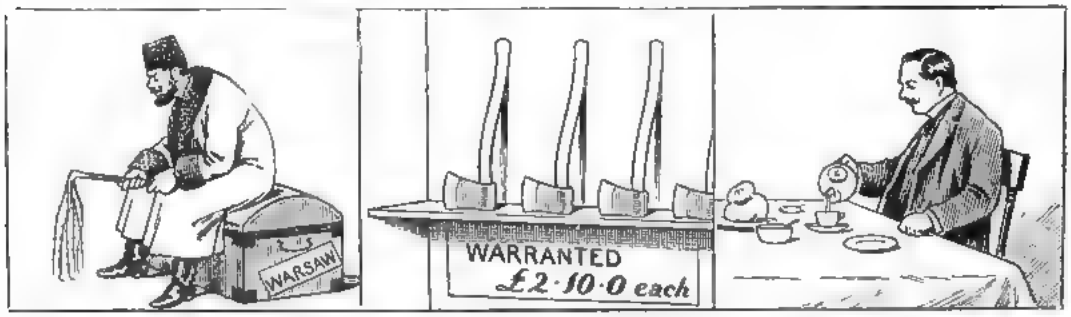

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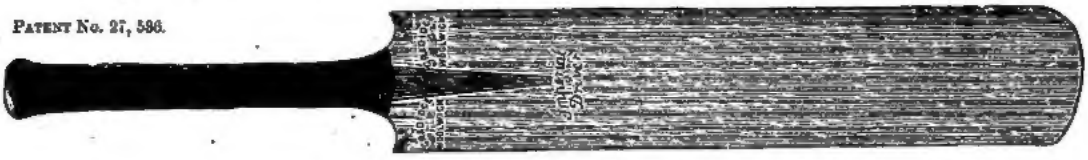

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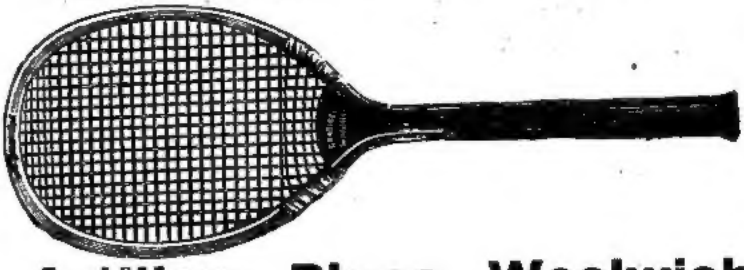

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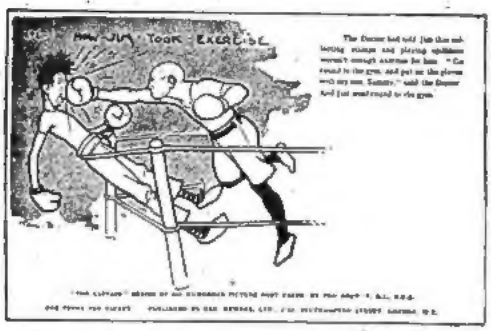

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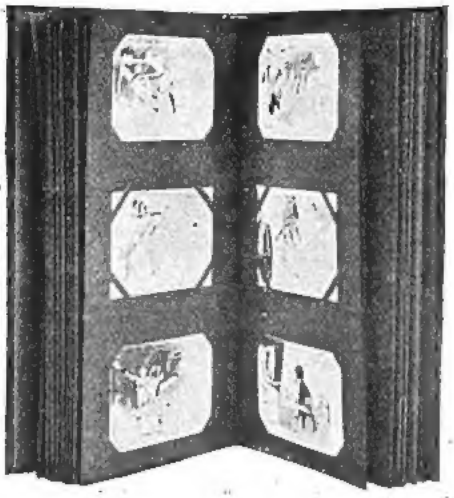

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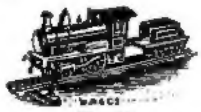

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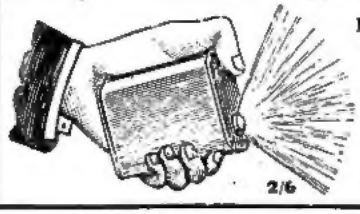

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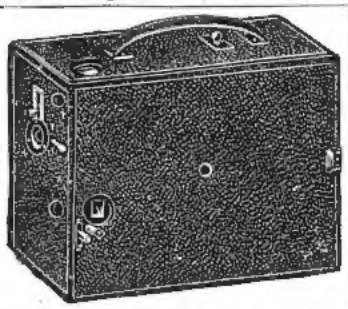

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